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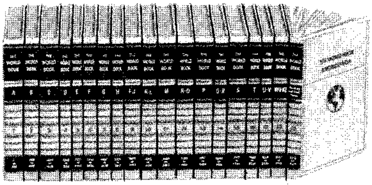

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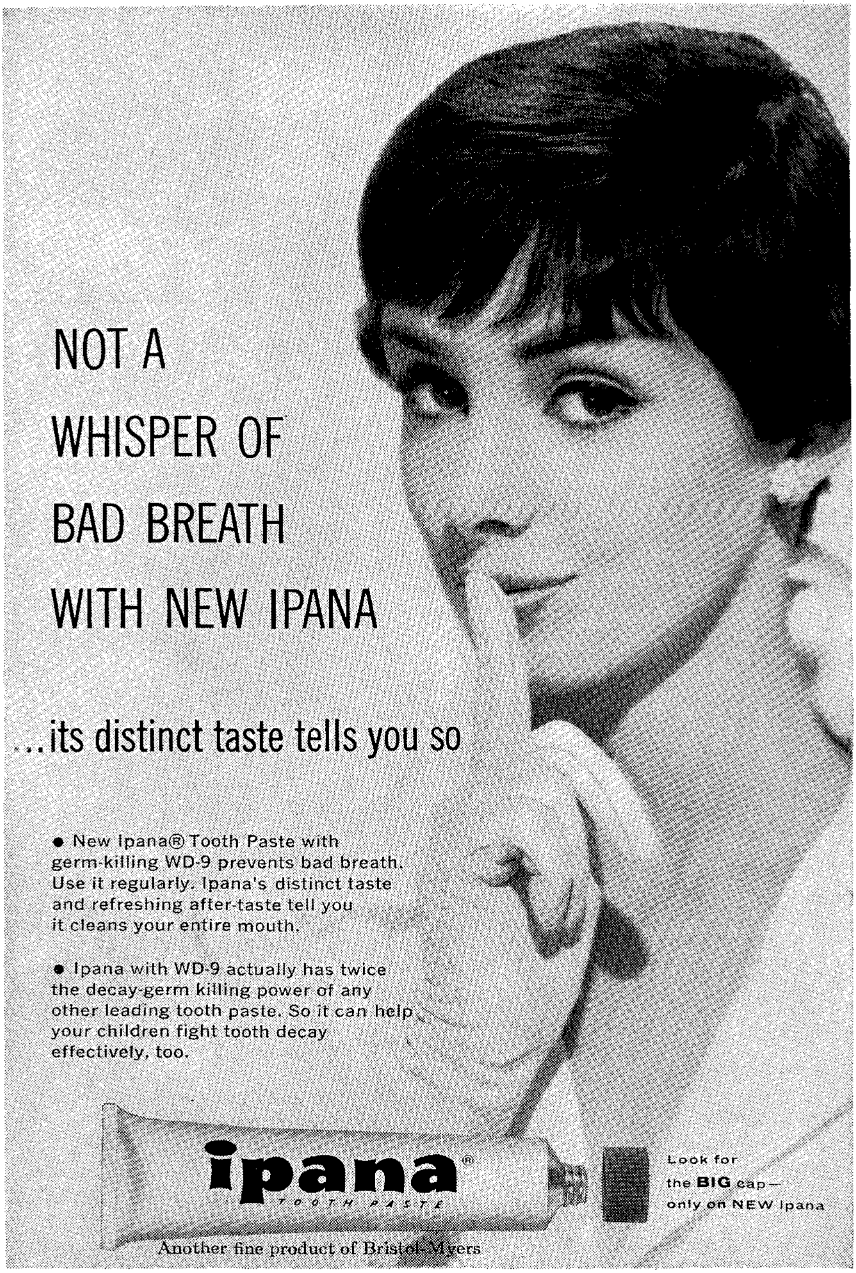

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Dear Reader:

Martin Iger and camera: they both sprout wings.

AT FIRST GLANCE, mild, slight Martin Iger might be mistaken for the stereotype of a college professor. But far from being the retiring type, the 30-year-old New Yorker is a photographer who has a habit of getting his pictures the hard way. Shooting CORONET's spectacular new interpretation of New York City (p. 111), for example, meant that Iger had to spend the better part of seven frigid February days leaning out of the window of a City Island Airways Piper Pacer as he aimed his camera at the city far below. Iger's assignment was to capture the absolute vertical view of New York's concrete and steel profile. This took some doing, since to get the perfect perspective the pilot first had to climb, then dive in a steep spiral. As the plane dropped, Iger had to hang over the side and snap his picture at precisely the right moment. If he missed, the whole procedure had to be repeated. Sometimes Iger, who soloed after five hours' instruction when he was 17, took the stick himself and showed the pilot how to get the desired angle. The photographic results, Iger points out, are comparable to what you would accidentally—and rarely—see from an airliner banking sharply over a particular building.

Iger, who used three Japanese Nikon cameras on this assignment, one with a long lens, and high-speed color film, first started taking pictures at the age of nine when a family friend gave him a cheap movie camera. He has been shooting away ever since—including a 14-month stint as an Army Signal Corps photographer—and works from an airplane every chance he gets. When he is not flying on the job, bachelor Iger, who expects to buy his own plane soon, is flying for pleasure. Just for variety, he sometimes takes pictures on the ground—and under water. Assigned to take candid close-ups of game fish, he corralled some pike and bass in an underwater chicken-wire enclosure and dove down after them in a rubber suit. "Everything went all right," Iger recalls, "until the suit sprang a leak. Then I got as wet as the fish!"

The Editors

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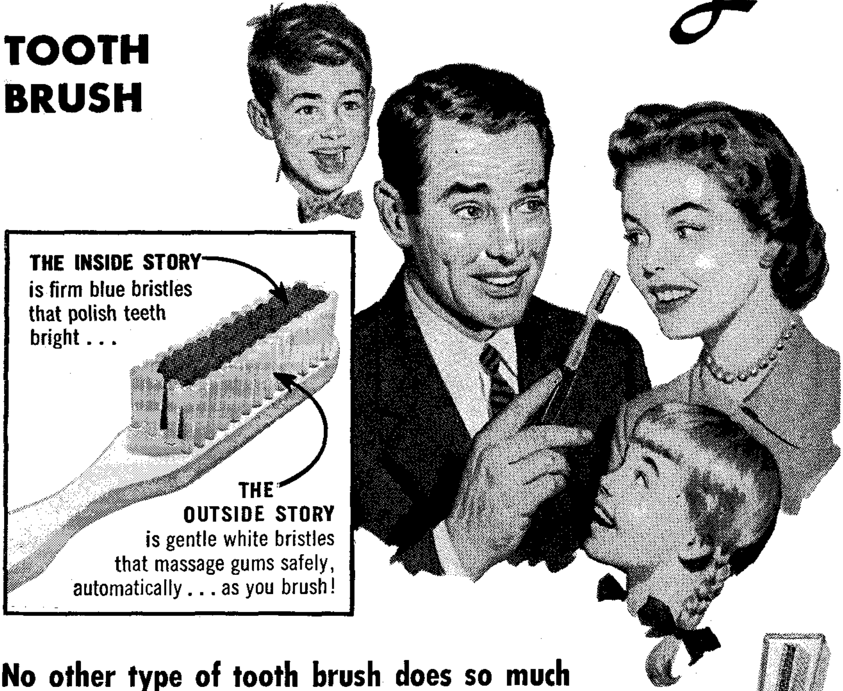
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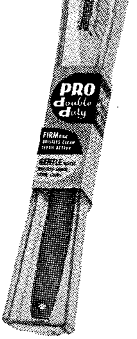
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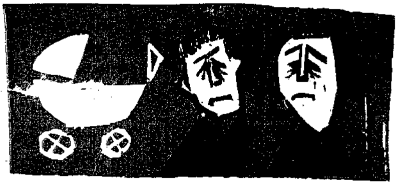
Photograph .... GEORGE BARRIS

ALL ABOUT YOU

Why your first-born rattles you; How disuse—not age—tires your mind; why accidents aren't accidental



FIRST-BABY BLUES

If, as a brand-new parent, you have trouble adjusting to the blessed event, don't get rattled. You're not alone: 83 percent of the couples interviewed by sociologist E.E. Le Masters of Beloit College, Wisconsin, had been kept awake by similar qualms.

The arrival of the newcomer can create emotional havoc, because you are finally delivered into the adult world—and must abandon your own lingering growing pains. Swept off your feet by romantic notions about parenthood, you may not have been prepared for the realities, Prof. Le Masters suggests.

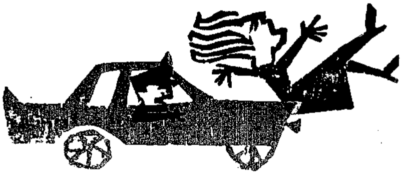
He found that most mothers lamented the loss of sleep, restricted social life, the extra housework—and their less trim figures. Fathers were disturbed about new economic pressures and the decline in their wives' responsiveness.

Badgering them both, said Prof. Le Masters, was lack of training for their new responsibilities, and the fact there was now a little stranger between them.

ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE

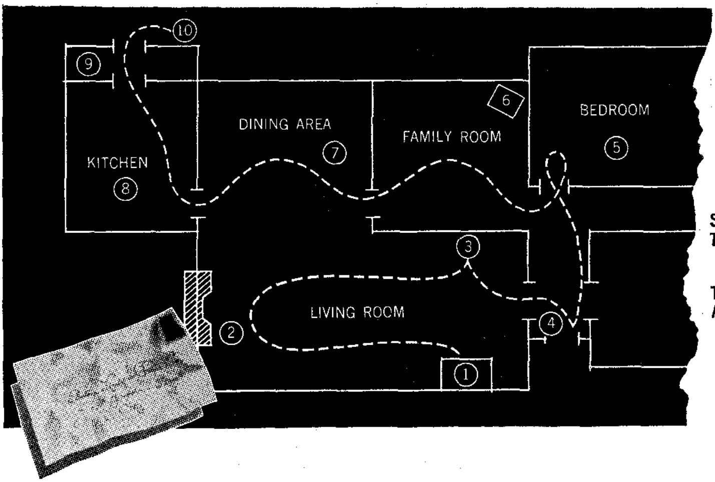
When your mental defenses are down, you are more likely to be felled by a slippery rug or a hard-hitting taxicab. For under emotional stress, you are more in the mood for getting into trouble, claims Dr. Henry W. Brosin, and you can become temporarily accident-prone.

In fact, over 80 percent of all accidents aren't accidental. Think back. Don't they seem to happen when you feel letdown, thwarted, angry or guilty about something? It seems, too, that the young and dissatisfied are plagued by accidents oftener than others. But this affinity, says Dr. M. S. Schulzinger, usually diminishes, as age and surer footing enable them to take life's stumbling blocks in their stride.



UNENDING WISDOM

Unlike a machine, the mind doesn't wear out with age—only with *disuse.* An 80-year-old is actually as mentally spry as a 12-year-old—provided he keeps his mind in gear.



Scene:
The Nelson home

Time:
A Saturday evening

The case of the crumpled letter!

1 The desk where Mr. Nelson opened his bills and wrote a letter to the electric company, protesting against their advertising that electricity gives more value for every dollar than any other item in the family budget.

2 Where Mr. Nelson looked at the electric clock to see if he had time to mail his letter before dinner.

3 The hi-fi set he turned off as he left the room.

4 Where Mr. N. paused to check the thermostat setting on the air conditioning system.

5 His daughter's bedroom where he watched her drying her hair with the electric hair dryer and admired the dress she had just ironed for her date.

6 The TV, with Junior riding herd.

7 The electric coffeemaker and the toaster, ready to do dinner duty.

8 The all-electric kitchen, where dinner was cooking and Mrs. Nelson was taking ice cubes from the refrigerator—and where the electric dishwasher and clotheswasher and dryer were waiting to do the chores ahead.

9 The back porch, where Mr. N. paused to think—realizing that his family *was* putting electricity to work in dozens of ways all over the house . . . ways he often forgot. So maybe the electric company was right about the value of his service.

10 The trash can into which he tossed his crumpled letter.

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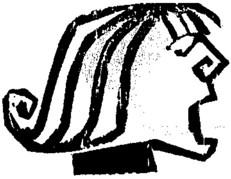
ALL ABOUT

The real reason Junior plays hooky

To test the learning powers of senior citizens, Columbia University instructors taught volunteers Russian (because no previous know-how could help them in mastering it) and found that as long as the urge to learn is lively, age is no handicap.

Technically, you learn fastest at age 22. But it takes about 60 years before you start climbing down from this peak. Moreover, age has its compensations. Your memory tends to become more accurate.



THE VOCAL IMPULSE

Ever wonder why some people who stutter can nevertheless sing with ease?

Formerly many scientists wondered about this contradiction, too. For they believed *all* vocal sound was caused when exhaled air from your windpipe set your vocal cords vibrating.

But the air current just carries the sound; the actual vibration of the vocal cords is caused by nerve impulses from the brain, according to a new theory of speech voiced by Dr. Esti D. Freud, daughter-in-law of the late Sigmund Freud.

Thus a man who can't talk to people without stammering can burst into song with no trouble at all, because, Dr. Freud says, singing is controlled by a different area of gray matter.

WHO IS THE TRUANT?

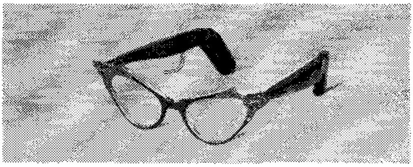
Is Junior playing hooky from school—with your permission—by coming up with such symptoms as stomach-ache, nausea, fainting, or by expressing fear of failure, his teacher or a classmate?

If so, he is probably suffering from "school phobia." And *you*, as an anxious mother, may be at fault, declares Dr. Leon Eisenberg.

The blame is yours, he says, if you are trying to escape domination by your own mother; or are turning to Junior for a fulfillment lacking in your marriage; or feel tied down by your youngster, yet act rejected and resentful when he tries to untie himself from your apron strings.

Based on his study of 26 cases from pre-school age through high school, Dr. Eisenberg points out that your problems and conflicts can communicate anxiety to your child. Your contradictory behavior confuses him. Typical: you tell Junior he must go to school. But your worried look and agitated gestures convey just the opposite.

ZENITH
presents another



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TELEVISION

Hunger insurance pays off

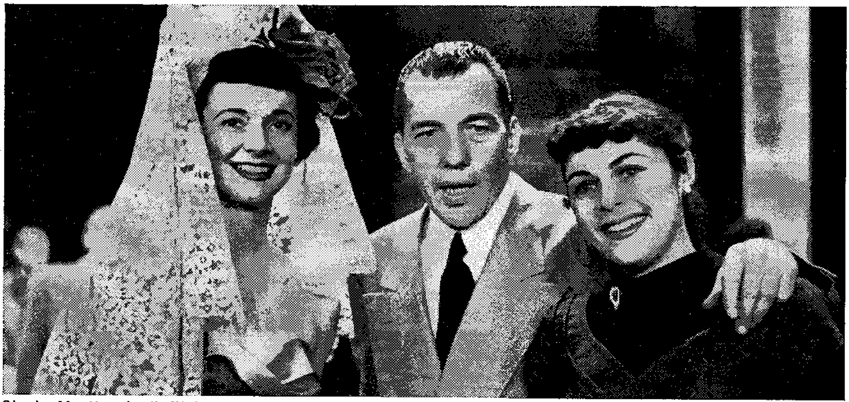
WHEN BROADWAY COLUMNIST Ed Sullivan launched his TV show in 1948, critics forecast a flop. This month **The Ed Sullivan Show** becomes ten years old—the oldest hour-variety program on TV. And ten years on TV is like 25 years on Broadway, according to those who should know.

What is the secret of this sentimental Irishman—who can't sing, dance, tell jokes or smile into a camera? Co-producer Marlo Lewis credits "Ed's taste, timeliness and showmanship in booking acts" and adds, "He doesn't compete with his entertainers for laughs or applause."

With a weekly budget of $50,000 (split between talent and production) Sullivan travels as much as 175,000 miles annually, shrewdly scouting and signing talent around the world. His top price, $50,000 for three appearances, went to Elvis Presley; it paid off in audience response.

"We try to schedule comedy and human interest items—out of newspaper headlines—every Sunday night," Sullivan explains. And he cleverly slots headliners when rival stations run commercials, to snare restless dial-twisters. Hardworking, worrying Ed, 56 and a grandfather, rarely takes a vacation. A pre-TV ulcer keeps his diet simple and his weight at 152 pounds. TV cameras, Ed claims, elongate his 5′10½″ and he uses special lighting and makeup to cover "chronic bags" under his sharp blue eyes.

Sullivan's constant drive is simply hunger insurance. "I've played vaudeville and semi-pro football, written screenplays and narrated newsreels for an extra buck," he says. Now earning $220,000 a year under his 20-year CBS contract, his take-home pay is $37,500 after taxes. Sullivan says simply of his ten years in TV: "I've been lucky, surrounded by people I like, get along with and understand best."



Gisele MacKenzie (left) hears about Opera Star Roberta Peters' record: 23 appearances for Ed Sullivan.

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MOVIES

MY FAIR LADY'S COMPOSERS, Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, have scored another delightful hit with their musical version of French novelist Colette's **Gigi.**

Gigi tells of the transformation of an awkward young girl into a social butterfly. But Gigi's education deals with the art of subtly mastering men, not phonetics, as in *My Fair Lady.* Her aunt and grandmother teach her how to eat a lobster gracefully, appraise jewelry and cigars, and captivate rich, love-nest-minded roués. Gigi, however, has her own ideas.

Set in Paris during the gay '90s, *Gigi* gives costume designer Cecil Beaton an opportunity to splatter the screen with brilliant color.

Leslie Caron makes an intriguing Gigi, although her songs are dubbed in by an anonymous voice. Louis Jourdan is aptly bashful and brash as the amateur roué who courts her, and Maurice Chevalier and Hermione Gingold add sophisticated humor to the plot.

Although Lerner's lyrics miss the sharp wit of his *Lady* score, Loewe's songs—especially the title tune—are particularly melodic.

At Maxim's, Leslie chooses a cigar for Jourdan.

THEATER

Captain Randall faces a dilemma: home or hotcha?

THE CHANNEL SKIPPER in Broadway's newest musical, ***Oh, Captain!***, has an ideal setup, shuttling between two cosy berths. In Britain, his frumpy, conventional wife has slippers and a warm hearth waiting. In Paris, a voluptuous, redheaded playmate keeps his dancing shoes ready. But such bliss can't last forever; not even in musical comedy. So complications arise; the British wife wins a weekend trip to Paris.

Oh, Captain!—adapted by José Ferrer and Al Morgan from an Alec Guinness film, *The Captain's Paradise*—has gay music by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans. As the wayward mariner, Tony Randall sings, dances and mugs hilariously in the comedy scenes. Abbe Lane, his Parisian light o'love, saucily belts out her songs, while newcomer Jacquelyn McKeever does an outstanding job as the stuffy wife. The show's high spot: a spirited sidewalk dance by Randall and famed ballerina Alexandra Danilova.

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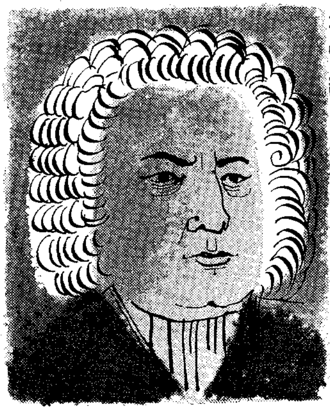
ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MONTH

MUSIC

The earth-bound immortal



Ellen Raskin

In 1734 one of the many small German potentates, Christian Ludwig, the Margrave of Brandenburg, died, leaving a collection of books and manuscripts which were auctioned off. Included was a bundle of unlisted, handwritten music that sold for only a few thaler. Eventually this bundle found its way, intact, to the Berlin Royal Library. Here it lay for more than a hundred years before it was opened. And then came the momentous discovery. The bundle contained the original scores of Bach's six *Brandenburg Concertos*—regarded by many as the most magnificent orchestral music he ever composed. The Margrave, who had commissioned the concertos, never so much as bothered to open the bundle.

Johann Sebastian Bach was born into an amazing musical family. So many of his ancestors and older relatives had been musicians that, in the part of Germany where they lived, *any musician* was called a "Bach." Orphaned as a small boy, Johann Sebastian went to live with an older musician brother. The brother was jealous of his talents, and restricted him to the study of musical exercises for beginners. But young Bach could not be thwarted, and often stole out at night to copy the music of masters by the light of the moon, because he was not even allowed to have a candle. At 18, he already had a job—as organist and choirmaster in the small town of Arnstadt. And while struggling dutifully to discipline unruly choir boys not much younger than himself, the ideas began to form which were to make him the unsurpassed master of organ music.

Once, just to hear Dietrich Buxtehude, the great organ teacher of Lübeck, Bach stole away from his job, tramped 200 miles—and stayed three months, much to the displeasure of church authorities. They did not like it either when they found out that he had trysts with a "strange maiden" in the choir loft and allowed her to sing in the choir. The girl became his wife, and Bach settled down to the life of a small-town burgher.

The lives of many of our distinguished musicians often have been as turbulent, glamorous or unique as their music. But not so with Bach. The positions he held—nine years as court organist at Weimar, six years as master of the orchestra at Cöthen and, finally, cantor of the Thomas School of Leipzig until his death in 1750—were minor and meagerly paid. His petty superiors never let him forget that he was only an underling

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RECORDS

and that, as in Leipzig, teaching Latin was as important as composing music. The towns in which Bach lived were rarely touched by the breath of the outside world, and he traveled little. Rearing a family—20 children were borne him by his two wives—was a duty that never ceased for the stocky, dyspeptic, serene-looking man whose double chin was as prominent as his wig.

The miracle of Bach's genius is that what he did in the course of his daily toil became immortal creation which transcended the boundaries of his circumscribed existence.

The varying musical needs of the church—for Sundays, holidays, funerals—inspired Bach to write the *Cantatas* and the *Little Organ Book;* to help him teach members of his family, he composed the *Well-Tempered Clavier;* and to soothe an insomniac count he jotted down the *Goldberg Variations*—all works of infinite beauty and lasting significance.

A man of simple piety and an unpretentious teacher, he composed "to the honor of the Lord most High, and that my neighbors may be taught thereby." The neighbors have become the world; the classical composers, the moderns, and even present-day jazz musicians have learned from Bach. —FRED BERGER

CORONET'S CHOICE FROM RECENT RECORDINGS

Bach, Concerto in D minor for Two Violins, Trio Sonata in C major, etc.: David and Igor Oistrakh; Decca DL 9950

Bach, Magnificat in D, Cantata No. 50: Prohaska, Vienna State; Vanguard BG-555

Beethoven, Violin Concerto in D major: Grumiaux, Van Beinum, Concertgebouw; Epic LC 3420

Brahms, Violin Concerto in D major: Menuhin, Kempe, Berlin Philharmonic; Capitol PAO 8410

Busoni, Violin Concerto: Szigeti, Scherman, Little Symphony; Columbia ML 5224

Chopin, Scherzos: Uninsky; Epic LC 3430

Couperin, Leçons de Ténèbres: Cuenod, etc.; Westminster XWN 18581

Duets with the Spanish Guitar: Almeida; Capitol PAO 8406

Festival Casals de Puerto Rico 1957; Columbia ML 5236

The Art of Galli-Curci; RCA Camden CAL-410

Gluck, Don Juan: Moralt, Vienna Symphony; Westminster XWN 18582

Gluck, Orfeo and Euridice: Stevens, etc., Monteux, Rome Opera; RCA Victor LM-6136

Granados, Spanish Dances: del Pueyo; Epic LC 3423

Handel, 12 Concerti Grossi: Lehmann, Bamberg Symphony; Decca Archive ARC 3084/87

Khachaturian, Violin Concerto; Saint-Saëns, Havanaise: Kogan, Monteux, Boston Symphony; RCA Victor LM-2220

Schubert, Trout Quintet: Festival Quartet, Sankey; RCA Victor LM-2147

The Union (based on Music of the North During the Years 1861-65): Bales, National Gallery Orchestra, etc.; Columbia DL-244

Vivaldi, Bartok, Móor, Jongen: N. Y. Philharmonic Cello Quartet; Decca DL 9946

Vivaldi, L'Estro Armonico (12 Concerti Grossi): Rossi, Vienna State; Vanguard BG 572/4

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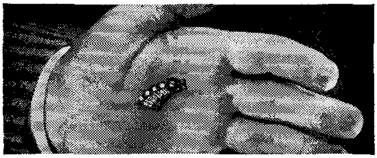

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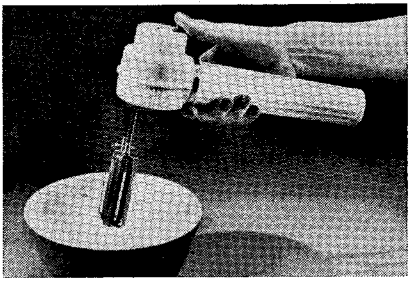
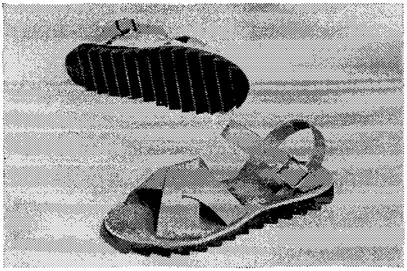
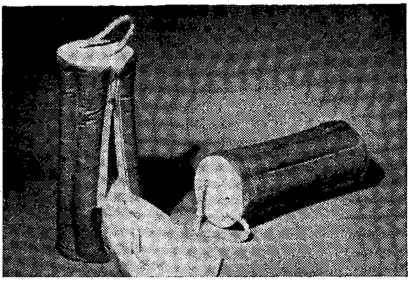
edited by Florence Semon



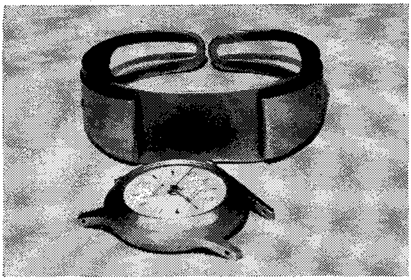
Portable mixer operates on 3 flashlight batteries and will mix, beat, stir and blend the way a big appliance does. Sturdy plastic with stain-resistant blenders. 10″ long over-all. White, yellow, pink or blue. $5.95 pp. Art Accessories, C-1, P.O. Box 163, Hewlett, N.Y.



Genuine ripple soles on these summer sandals reduce foot fatigue and make walking more invigorating. Handmade of natural tan water-buffalo imported from India. Ladies' and men's sizes 3 to 13. $9.65 pp. Bloom's Shoe Shop, Dept. CO-2, 311 6th Ave., N.Y. 14, N.Y.

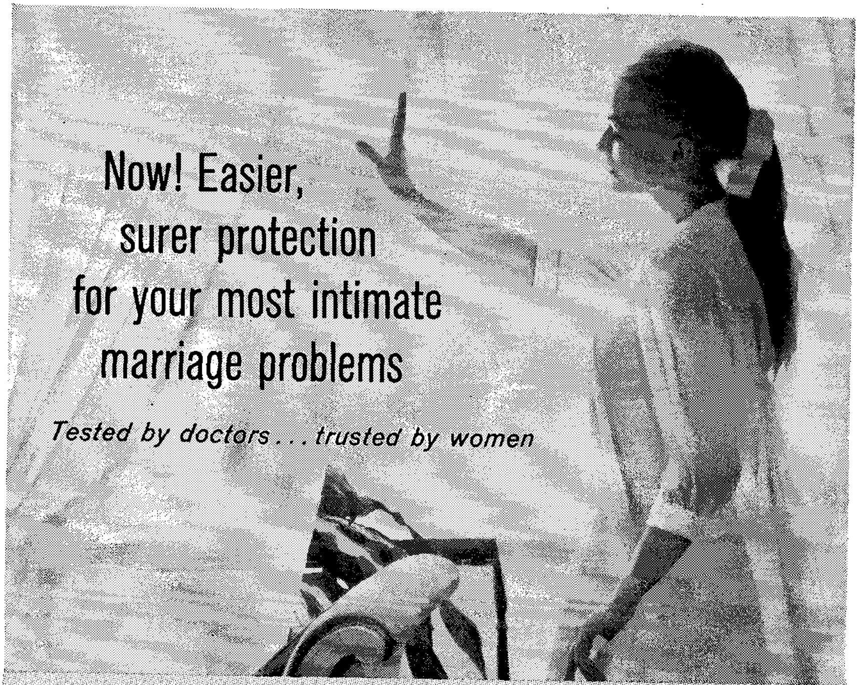


Zippered carry-all has many facets. Waterproof for bathing suit. Thermal to keep liquids hot or cold. Also inflates to form pillow for beach siesta. Of beige Krene vinyl with white trim. Rope handle. Measures 6½″ x 17″. $2.98 pp. Better Sleep Co., C-6, New Providence, N.J.



Ideal for summer is this man's contour stainless-steel watch band. Perspiration proof, will not tarnish or cause skin irritation. Easily attached to watch. Available in wrist sizes 6¼″, 6⅝″ or 7″. $3.95 pp. Don Juan Watch Bands, 8 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 3, Ill.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.



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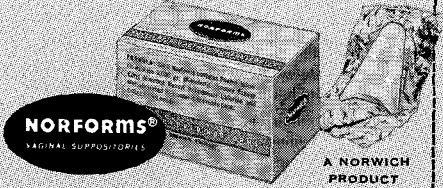

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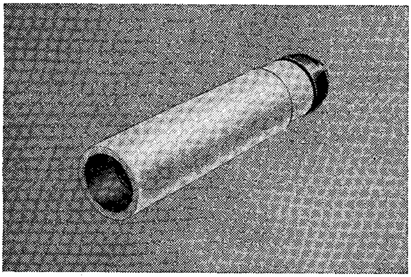
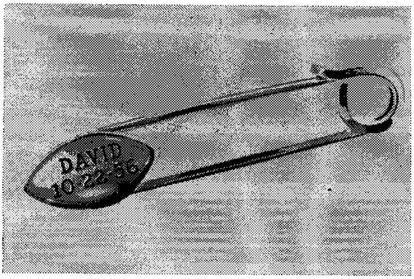
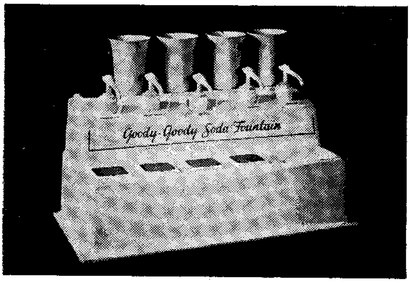


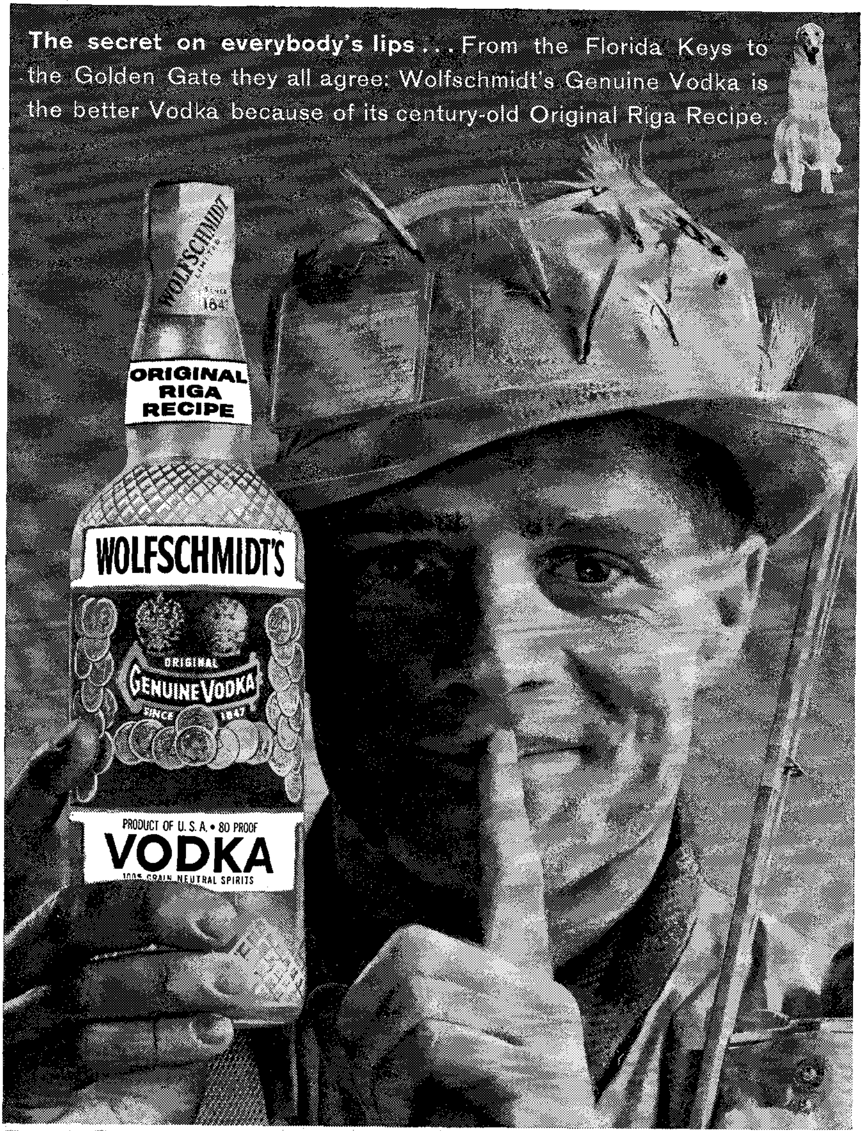
Exceptional buy is Satelliter telescope for observing man-made moons and comets. 7 x 50 precision ground lenses with diameters large enough to give a wide 12° field. Scope is 10″ long and weighs less than 1 lb. $9.95 pp. Edmund Scientific Co., COR., Barrington, N. J.



Personalized diaper pin is ideal gift for baby that "has everything." 24 kt. gold plate; has pin lock to keep it from opening accidentally. State name and birth date when ordering. $1.00 pp. Coleman Trading Co., International Airport, Box 5, Dept. CO., San Francisco 28, Cal.



Toy soda fountain works like a real one. Has 4 containers with individual pumps for syrups, and large container with pump for soda. Red and white durable plastic. Measures 16″ x 6½″ x 8″. Complete with 4 red tumblers, $6.95 pp. Reiss Bros. C-1, 54 E. 59 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.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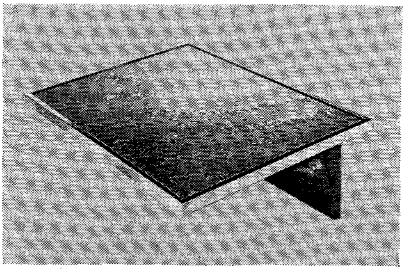
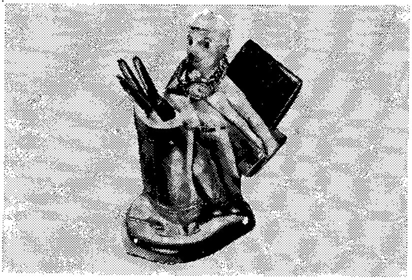


Drop-leaf table will give you extra work space. Extends only 2½″ from wall when not in use. Has burn and stain-resistant Formica top. Red, gray or yellow with stainless steel trim. 15″x20″. $9.95 pp. World Wide Trading Co., C-6, 12-05 43rd Ave., Long Island City 1, N.Y.

Ball-Kote revitalizes worn golf balls. Easily brushed on; covers discolorations and fills in surface nicks and scratches. Dries in 60 seconds. Leaves protective white finish. 2 oz. bottle with brush, $1.50 pp. Jedco Products, C-1, 400 Cedar Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.



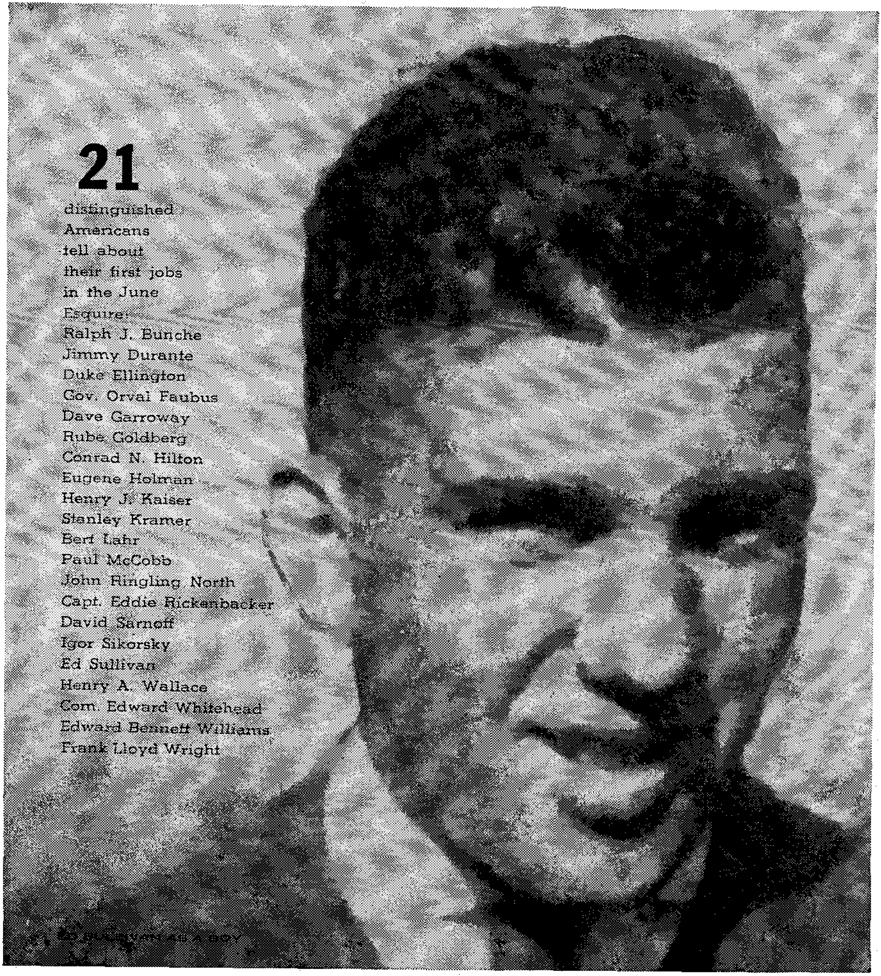
Caddie Laddie neatly holds everything from a man's pockets. Has wallet slot, watch holder, pen and pencil holder and tray for keys, change, etc. Makes a wonderful Father's Day gift. $2.95 pp. Strader Manufacturing Co., CR-6, 259 Strader Ave., Cincinnati 26, Ohio.

For additional mail order products see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper beginning on page 163.

THE SUMMER JOB I HAD AS A BOY

The Editors of Esquire asked twenty-one distinguished Americans to lean back and tell about their first jobs. Ralph J. Bunche was a messman on a steamer plying the Pacific. Former Vice-President Henry A. Wallace sowed corn and conducted his earliest agricultural experiments. Frank Lloyd Wright was likewise a farm hand. David Sarnoff was a telegrapher. Conrad N. Hilton worked in a general store on the frontier. Ed Sullivan was a caddie. Jimmy Durante sold papers. Of the many stories that these distinguished Americans have written for Esquire, some are frankly sentimental. Others are hilarious. Others are significant because they preordained the later careers of these men.

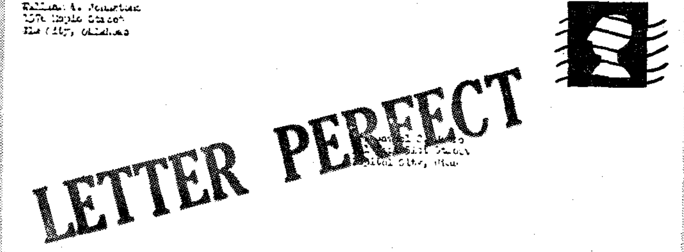
All of the stories, we feel, will warm the cockles of your heart, and perhaps cause you to wax nostalgic about your own first job. Don't miss this memorable seven-page feature in the June issue of Esquire, illustrated with some rare boyhood photographs of the men concerned. The June Esquire is now on sale.



21

distinguished
Americans
tell about
their first jobs
in the June
Esquire:
Ralph J. Bunche
Jimmy Durante
Duke Ellington
Gov. Orval Faubus
Dave Garroway
Rube Goldberg
Conrad N. Hilton
Eugene Holman
Henry J. Kaiser
Stanley Kramer
Bert Lahr
Paul McCobb
John Ringling North
Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker
David Sarnoff
Igor Sikorsky
Ed Sullivan
Henry A. Wallace
Com. Edward Whitehead
Edward Bennett Williams
Frank Lloyd Wright

ED SULLIVAN AS A BOY



LETTER PERFECT

An editor, noted for his caustic wit, received a lengthy verse, written on perfumed paper and tied with pink ribbon. The title was "I Wonder Will He Miss Me?"

The editor read the poem, frowned and returned the material with a letter saying: "Dear madam, if he does, he should never again be trusted with firearms." —SHELLY STARR

In Tennessee, a letter to a penal farm inmate was returned to the post office marked "Escaped."

The post office returned it to the sender stamped: "Moved. Left no forwarding address." —JOSIE ROSENBLATT

Seven-year-old Ruthie couldn't seem to return the books she'd borrowed from our local library when they were due. As a penalty, her mother sent word that she could not check out any more books until further notice. After several weeks, the little girl arrived one day triumphantly bearing the following note:

"Ruthie has learned her lesson. Please let her have all the books she wants.

"Love,
"My Mother" —JOAN S. MITNIK

In a letter of complaint to his city council, a North Carolina fire chief wrote:

"The new plastic rain hats you bought for the Fire Department have tags on them reading, 'Do not use near heat.' " —MAURICE PEACOCK, JR.

A letter received by a syrup manufacturer read: "Dear Sir: Please send me my money back. After taking six cans of yore corn syrup, my feet ain't any better than they was before." —*The Coupler*

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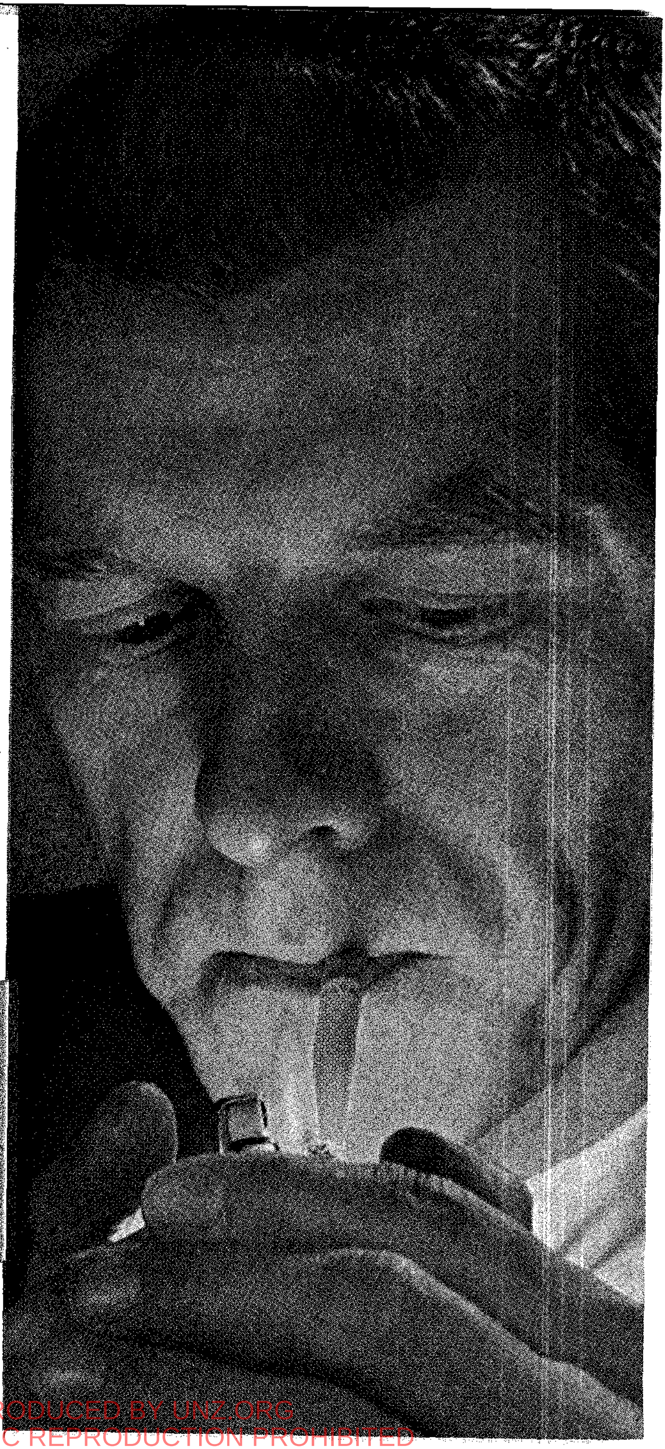

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CORONET
JUNE 1958

A veteran hunter debunks the myth of "ferocious wild beasts" and tells why he regards ignorant Man as infinitely more dangerous

The gentle jungle

by Alexander Lake

I PROBABLY KNOW the wild things as well as anyone, and I assert that it is Man who is the dangerous animal—seldom the wild creatures.

The gorilla, for instance, contrary to public belief, is one of the least dangerous of all African big game. It is true that his howl is nerve-shattering, and that his habit of beating his chest, grimacing and threatening an intruder, is frightening. And when he tears up a small tree by the roots and lumbers towards you banging his breast with one hand, and threatening you with the tree in the other, few men can stand and call his bluff.

For it *is* a bluff if you haven't pestered or badgered him. And if you'll stand unmoving, he'll slow to a stop, tear the tree to pieces with his teeth, then turn away grumbling and croaking at you over his shoulder.

However, if you wound him, or return his threats, he'll crush you to pulp against his chest.

The truth is that African or any other big game animals are not dangerous to men who know their habits and characteristics; and who act accordingly. Danger is for the ignorant, the careless, the inept, the mentally unstrung.

Missionaries in Africa's hinterland, for example, meet a larger variety of wild animals in a year than most hunters do in a lifetime. Yet, entirely unarmed, the missionaries think little of penetrating beast-infested jungles, crossing reptile-haunted savannahs, climbing forested mountains inhabited by gorillas and leopards, fording rivers teeming with crocodiles and hippos, and wading through bogs in which pythons lie dunked in cool pools and deadly water snakes swarm.

Walter J. Wilwerding of Minneapolis, who has made close-up photographs, drawings and paintings of everything from lion to crocodile, asserts that gun-support on a big game camera safari is pretty much window-dressing; he has no guns in his outfit. True, he encounters drama now and then—an elephant once tried to tip Wilwerding's boat over—but, well—no guns.

A Norwegian named Reider Aas used to sit on a camp stool at a waterhole north of Lisala on the Congo River and *talk* to the animals that came to drink there.

He believed that animals' fear of Man was but the reflection of Man's fear of animals; that animals sensed fear emanations, and responded in kind. He maintained that anger stems from fear, and that animals who were not afraid were never angry.

He prowled among snakes, and held consultations with big game beasts. He was never attacked, although he said that at times he had to talk fast to prevent larger game from roughing him up.

Hundreds of farm boys in Africa's game areas throw stones at buffalos to scare them from the cattle pastures; hurl sticks to frighten away elephants that have invaded the garden, and rout lions by chasing them with the family car.

In America, as in Africa, Man is also the most dangerous animal. (Each year American hunters kill or maim more of their fellow-hunters than all the wild animals do in a decade.) Yet there are the true hunters, too—and more of them than most imagine—whose hunting is incidental to their appreciation of the beauties and wonders of Nature. Geologist Luitpold Sachse, whom I taught to hunt in Africa, was such a man.

One morning after we'd returned to camp from a spooring lesson, he said, "Today, when we stopped to take a breather in the shade of that baobab tree, I lay flat, ear to the ground, and I swear that I heard the sound of grasses growing. I even thought I heard worms chewing

their way through the dark, and beetles digging graves for their prey. I became aware of unseen life—everywhere."

True hunters know there's no hurry—they know there's today, tomorrow and tomorrow. There are mirages to marvel at—and brilliant birds. There are the odors of spices—the cinnamon scent of lilies, the pungent sap of broken branches, the delightful stink of dung; sweet smells and sour ones—each arousing memories of other years and far places.

Woodsy odors and dew-spangled spider webs; the chirping of birds and chipmunks; the wind, rain and snow; clouds and shadows, sunrises, sunsets, and stars wheeling round the clock-face of the sky; the chuckling of a stream; leaves whispering by moonlight; the lonely crying of a loon—those are the true hunter's loves. They are also the loves of the animals.

Having studied hundreds of hunters in Africa's big game areas, I have come to the conclusion that while almost all men like to *hunt*, few actually like to *kill;* and that most hunters watch the death of an animal they've shot with a sense of guilt—a feeling they quickly push into the subconscious by convincing themselves that the successful killing was proof of manhood.

Professor Hans Schoulder, an Austrian psychologist, became a professional African hunter long enough to complete a psychological study of about 60 of his hunting clients. He wrote:

"Almost all men who hunt for sport are aware that few big game animals are vicious, or vengeful, yet the moment a kill is made, an odd psychological inversion takes place—the hunter attributes to the dead creature the malevolent traits of the animals that populated his childhood fantasies and dreams.

"Thus the usually mild-tempered elephant becomes a rampaging monster; the lazy—usually cowardly—lion becomes a fiendish killer; the deer-eating cougar and the frolicsome black bear become nemeses of the human race. It is from these revived childhood fantasies that most hunters' tales of derring-do are born."

I always think of Schoulder's conclusions when I listen to hunters relating the killing of a black bear. Here, the guilt feeling is unusually strong because all hunters with any

experience know that the black bear is an inoffensive beast that never attacks humans—even under severe provocation. So, having slain one, the hunter makes the bear out to have been a raging, snarling, fighting demon.

Actually, the American black bear is a powerfully muscled, strong-fanged, heavy-clawed, fleet-footed animal that could, if he wished, be a terrorist. Instead, he is almost always good-natured in a world that is far from kind to him. Although often gaunt from hunger, tormented by flies and insects, tortured by wasps, concerned about the safety of his cubs, baited by dogs and hounded by hunters, he persists in being a whimsical, somewhat melancholy wag.

I have spent hours in the woods laughing at his clowning. I've watched his delight as he licked honey from his paws, and admired his patience as he crouched beside a stream waiting to scoop out an unwary fish. I've watched him comforting his wife, frolicking with his babies, teetering in pliant trees, wrestling with stumps. And never have I known him to attack a human.

Early in my career as an African guide, I learned that in most men the "urge to kill" died out almost entirely after the novelty of being on a hunting safari had worn off. Men who at first had to be restrained from blasting away at every beast they saw, sooner or later experienced a reaction that made them reluctant to kill—even for meat.

George Vossos, for example, a wealthy Armenian-Greek, was a kindly and courageous man. During the first weeks of our safari, his rifle boomed enthusiastically. But by the time we'd entered the area north of Lukanga Swamp in Northern Rhodesia, he was missing every shot. One morning I accused him of missing a duikerbok deliberately.

He looked embarrassed, and said, "He making his ears at me and I thinking he liking me. So my bullet, he missing him."

"George," I said, "we'd better call this trip off."

"No," he said. "It is for me the winds and the nice smells and the little birds. And also, the bugs."

From then on, animals seemed to know they were safe from us. On a few occasions when we came upon lions sleeping or lolling in the shade of scattered trees, we moved within 15 yards before they became alarmed, and loped away.

One day when I'd shot a Tomson's gazelle that had been gamboling in the sunlight, George said sadly, "Too bad, the shooting of him, the Tommy. He was gold in the sun on him. Then the wind coming under his hair and he making like white under the gold. He was happy on the inside of him, the Tommy, and he cannot stop it—the dancing in the legs."

◆

SIGN ON A STUDENT bulletin board at the University of Wisconsin in Madison: "Expert typing, 25 cents a page. Good speler."
—ROBERT NORRIS

A POLITICIAN WHO NEVER KISSED A BABY

He keeps doing the "wrong" things—yet keeps on winning elections. They call him "Fantastic" Governor Furcolo

by HAL CLANCY

THE ATTORNEY, a young man with vague p
ambitions, went into court on a hopeless ca
client had already been held in contempt
judge—a powerful political figure in western
chusetts—had announced that he would se
the defendant to a month in jail.

"Now, Foster," a nervous friend said to
torney, "don't go in there and say the wrong
like you usually do. If you get the judge angry
never get elected dog catcher."

But the attorney's first move was to dem
hearing on the charge, on the technical grou
the contempt had occurred, "if at all," outs

courtroom. The judge glared—but agreed. "And now," he asked icily, "are you finished?"

"Not quite," the attorney said. "I respectfully suggest that the honorable judge disqualify himself on the ground that he has already said he intends to sentence the defendant, and we haven't held the hearing yet."

The judge, purple-faced, disqualified himself as soon as he was able to recover his speech, and the attorney went on to win his fight to keep his client out of jail. But everyone agreed that angering the judge amounted to political suicide.

"I've been on the bench a great many years," that worthy stormed, "and no one ever had the gall to ask me to disqualify myself before. But, you know—it took brains and courage. I'd vote for that lad."

The judge got his chance to do that. And the attorney, Foster Furcolo of Longmeadow, became the first person of Italian extraction to be elected to Congress or to a constitutional office from Massachusetts and, finally, to governor of the Bay State.

DURING his long career, Furcolo has—just as he did in court that day—utterly destroyed himself politically at least once a year. He is noted for getting the best advice and then disregarding it. He is, by general consensus, the unchallenged Massachusetts champion of the unpopular act and the impolitic statement.

For example, in Congress, back in 1949-50 when it was popular to call for a cut in defense spending, Furcolo was making "alarmist" speeches. Among other suggestions, he wanted the Government to assemble our top military and industrial experts for the purpose of conducting a sort of "educational audit" to determine whether we were providing facilities and encouragement sufficient to induce young men and women to acquire the scientific knowledge which he insisted our country was going to need desperately before many years.

"Fantastic Foster," they began calling him. And yet, somehow he managed to keep going, winning every political office he sought from that time on, with the sole exception of the U.S. Senate—and he has his sights set on that for 1960.

When Furcolo should be worrying about something impolitic he has said or done, he is more likely to be playing a few hands of bridge, shooting a round of golf (100 plus), or—his favorite relaxation—driving in the country.

But even this is misleading. Actually he is a tireless worker who may hold three or four conferences at his home before arriving at his office at nine. Lunch is, more often than not, a sandwich at his desk. Dinner is a business meeting. He spends the evening—either at his suite at the University Club or at his home—seeing visitors he was unable to see during the day.

He tries to keep Sunday free for his family, but the telephones usually start ringing before he is home from church and, before the afternoon is over, he is usually back at the job of being Governor.

Furcolo has a fantastic memory. Part is due to a natural faculty—

part to a habit of writing notes to himself. He will jot down anything he wants to remember on a scrap of paper and put it in a pocket. At night, he empties his pockets and goes over all the notations. Sometimes he has as many as 50.

His friends are constantly giving him pocket notebooks, but he still prefers his own system. In this, as in everything else, he is independent.

There is nothing belligerent about his independence, however. Quite the opposite. His manner is gentle, deferential, almost apologetic. He never raises his voice. He will listen with rapt attention to anyone who wants to offer advice or criticism, and he never argues with them. This leads many who do not know him well to think he is in agreement with their counsel—until they see the headlines the next day.

But his manner does encourage advice, and everyone gives it to him. And he listens. Any time. Any place. Once he rode up and down in an elevator five times—while a group of civic leaders waited at a luncheon—because the elevator operator wanted to straighten out the Governor on certain amendments to the Workmen's Compensation Law.

Furcolo has the extreme courtesy peculiar to very sensitive people and this, coupled with a genuine humility, often gives a first impression of naïveté and indecisiveness. Actually, he has a shrewd, perceptive, orderly mind; and he didn't come up through the political jungle on elocution and the sincere look alone. He knows the ropes.

Some of the misconceptions about him spring from the fact that he will go to great lengths to avoid throwing his weight around. But even his bitterest enemies don't confuse this with timidity. And his courage, which is extraordinary, is not limited to politics.

Furcolo, who will be 47 on July 29th of this year, is a muscular, solidly built man with 180 pounds spread over a five-foot ten-inch frame. An intercollegiate boxing champion—undefeated in four years of competition at Yale—he keeps himself in excellent physical condition.

Once when he was slated to address a group of bitter sales tax foes, feeling ran so high against him that there was actually fear of a riot. A large contingent of police appeared to escort the Governor through the angry crowd.

"Your Excellency," the officer in charge told him, "we're going to form a square around you. Stay in the middle. We have definite information that people in there are planning to cause serious trouble if you appear."

"I'm not going in there looking like a South American dictator," the Governor said, flushing angrily. "Not a single officer and no member of my staff is to set a foot in that hall until I have finished speaking. That's an order."

The staff waited, and the nervous police waited—outside. Furcolo walked through the crowd to the stage where he made a speech, urging a sales tax. He didn't convince a person in the hall, so far as the tax was concerned, but they knew what he had done and they cheered him.

The Furcolo story actually begins

in the 1890s when Uncle Lorenzo Furcolo came to Boston as an immigrant from Naples. Lorenzo settled in New Haven, Connecticut, saved up $50 for transportation, and sent for his younger brother, Charles. Charles arrived in the winter of 1898, ten years old and unable to speak a word of English.

Both brothers did well. Lorenzo prospered in business and became the first Italian-born citizen to be elected to the Connecticut legislature—as a Republican. Charles was graduated from Yale's medical school, married Alberta Foster of New Haven, a girl of Irish descent, and, in 1908, began his internship at Mercy Hospital in Springfield, Massachusetts, the city he still lives in.

FOSTER FURCOLO was born in New Haven in 1911, during a visit by his mother to her family home. He and his brother Charles—23 months Foster's senior—spent their boyhood in Longmeadow and Springfield; living in Longmeadow and going to school in Springfield.

Foster was a better-than-average baseball player (star second baseman on the Longmeadow Whirlwinds and at Springfield High School), but even as a boy he liked boxing. Both boys attended Yale, graduating from the college in 1933 and from the Law School in 1936. Charles is now in public relations and lives in White Plains, New York, with his wife, two children and his mother.

It was during law school that Foster met pretty Kathryn Foran of New Haven. She was a year younger than he and had attended St. Mary's Academy and worked as a secretary at the General Electric plant in Bridgeport. They were married at St. Joseph's church in New Haven three months after his graduation. A few months later they rented a small house in Longmeadow.

Dr. Furcolo provided his son with a desk and "enough floor space to seat one client—which was more than adequate, unfortunately—" in the reception room of his medical office.

In those days, Springfield had a special prosecuting attorney, Philip Caporale, to handle criminal cases involving a maximum penalty of two-and-a-half-years. Furcolo looked him up and asked permission to prosecute some of his cases—free.

"You want to come in here and do my work for nothing?" Caporale asked.

"Yes," Furcolo told him, "and I'm going to ask the judge to call on me to defend any persons who don't have the money to engage counsel."

As a result, Furcolo spent whole days in court, prosecuting this case, defending that one. And in six months he had more actual trial experience, both as prosecutor and defender, than most lawyers get in ten years.

He struggled along—innumerable cases, few fees—for a year and a half and then was invited to enter a partnership with Springfield attorney John Noonan (later a judge). The early training began to pay off and Furcolo built a solid and lucrative law practice.

But the more he succeeded in his law career, the more he itched to get into politics. Springfield in those days was a Republican city so—characteristically—Furcolo decided to be a Democrat.

"Foster, this is plain silly," his father said. "You have a substantial law practice. You have a wonderful future in law. The worst thing you could do would be to chuck all that to start a new career in politics running as a Democrat in a Republican area. Forget it."

Furcolo thanked his father for the advice—and promptly entered the contest for District Attorney of the Western District covering Hampden and Berkshire counties. He lost.

The following year, 1943, he was in the Navy. He became a lieutenant, junior grade, and served aboard the U.S.S. *Kershaw* in the Pacific during most of the war, participating in the Okinawa invasion.

In 1946, he returned to civilian life—and politics. Advisers told him to go after any local office except the Second District Congress seat. Rep. Charles Clason had held that for 12 years and was unbeatable.

Furcolo, of course, sought election for the Second District seat. The Democratic National Committee said it was hopeless and refused to give him any money for the campaign. Furcolo was licked again—but the election was so close that some of the morning papers carried him as the victor.

"Now I'm ready," he said. "Next time I'll win."

He did, and again in 1950, this time defeating Chester Skibinski, a former member of the Massachusetts Labor Commission.

"Stand pat," his advisers began to urge. "You can be re-elected to Congress for the rest of your life."

But in July, 1952, Massachusetts Gov. Paul Dever offered Furcolo the appointment as state treasurer to fill an unexpired term. Stepping from Congress to the post of state treasurer is similar to leaving a major leagues ball club to play in the minors. It was a preposterous suggestion—which Furcolo accepted promptly.

"I wouldn't leave Congress to be a state treasurer," he explained, "but to be senator or governor—yes."

He was clearly unable, because of an acute shortage of funds, to enter the contest against incumbent U. S. Sen. Leverett Saltonstall in 1954. Besides, Saltonstall was a Massachusetts tradition. Furcolo had been a popular treasurer and had had no difficulty being elected to the post in 1952 when his appointive term ran out.

He was advised to seek another term as treasurer or try for a return to Congress.

He challenged Saltonstall, instead. It was a weird campaign. The Furcolo forces ran through their funds quickly and, finally, weren't able to rent a hall or provide refreshments. So they bought a coffee urn and Mrs. Furcolo and women friends of the Furcolos put up sandwiches. The campaign caravan somehow kept rolling—though it resembled a broken-down trolley car when compared with the efficient Saltonstall express. Nevertheless, it was close.

"We learned a lot," Furcolo said. "Next time we'll win."

But the next shot at the Senate was six years away—in 1960. Meanwhile, he decided to seek the governorship in 1956.

This bordered on the ridiculous. He had just lost an important election. The Republicans had ruled for four years under the immensely popular Gov. Christian Herter. His heir apparent was Lt. Gov. Sumner Gage Whittier, a great vote-getter, a superb campaigner and a shrewd and resourceful politician. It was doubtful that Furcolo could even win the nomination.

But he did. And he went on to campaign as though he expected to win the governorship. Mrs. Furcolo displayed an amazing talent for winning friends and influencing people in speeches that often began, "I don't know too much about politics, but—"

Furcolo won—resoundingly.

He rented ($5,000 a year) a 15-room brick colonial house on a two-year-lease—with, optimistically, an option for a two-year extension—in Newton where Hope, five, and Richard, three, attend nursery school. Their other three children, Charles Mark, 17, David, 14, and Foster Jr., 13 are away at boarding school.

In his first year as governor, Furcolo had a dismal record in legislation. However, it was a record of his own choosing. He flatly refused to compromise with the legislative leaders and stuck to his recommendations—such as the sales tax—even after it was quite clear that passage was impossible.

He comes up for re-election this year and, as has been the case in almost every Furcolo campaign, he doesn't stand a chance. His opponent isn't picked yet, but it will probably be either State Attorney General George Fingold, Christian Herter, Jr., or former Speaker of the House Charles Gibbons.

Furcolo's principal problem will be to win the support of Massachusetts' powerful Irish vote. Just to help out—in typical Furcolo fashion—he horrified political supporters by writing and publishing a book last year called "Let George Do It!" It was all about political rascality—with most of the rascals Irish.

By the time the campaign begins in earnest, everyone will agree that Furcolo doesn't stand a chance. That's consistent. He has always, according to the political experts, done and said the wrong things and has never had a chance—but, as the record shows, he has usually won.

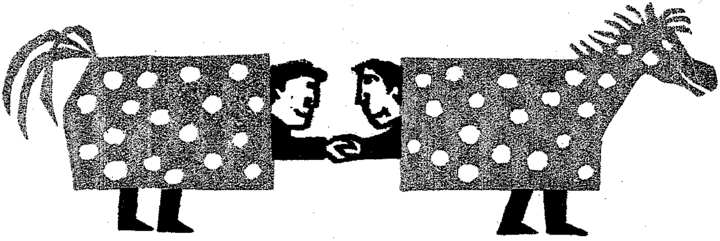
On the Distaff Side

RECENT SURVEYS show that four out of five women haters are women.
—The Lion

MY WIFE does the most wonderful things with leftovers. . . . She throws them out.
—Las Vegas Sun

WHAT A PITY it is nobody knows how to manage a wife but a bachelor.
—The Flame

GRIN and SHARE IT



THE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL agent sat in his office and, when the phone rang, picked it up with a cheery "Hello."

A woman's voice said, "I have a flock of chickens, and I want to know if I put a rooster in with my hens how long it will be before I can expect to get fertile eggs."

"Just a minute," said the courteous farm adviser, as he reached across the desk to get the pamphlet which might have the vital information.

"Thank you," replied the lady, as she hung up.—*The Waggin' Tongue*

I'VE BEEN A file clerk too long," wailed an office girl at lunch.

"What makes you say that?" asked her companion.

"This alphabet soup. I just found myself eating the letters in order."

—*Wall Street Journal*

A SAILOR WAS so frightened at the prospect of having a tooth pulled that the dentist sympathetically gave him a big shot of whiskey.

"Feel any braver now?" he asked.

"Do I feel any braver?" snarled the sailor. "Brother, I'd like to see anybody try to mess with my teeth now!"

—*The Lion*

A HOUSEWIFE WAS complaining to the repairman about her new washer and dryer that was supposed to be so wonderful it did everything but scrub the kitchen floor.

The repairman tossed a few socks and a shirt into the machine and turned on the switch. The machine then proceeded to wash the clothing, dry it, fold the pieces neatly and flip them across the room where they landed tidily in the left-hand dresser drawer.

"Well," asked the mechanic, "what's wrong with that?"

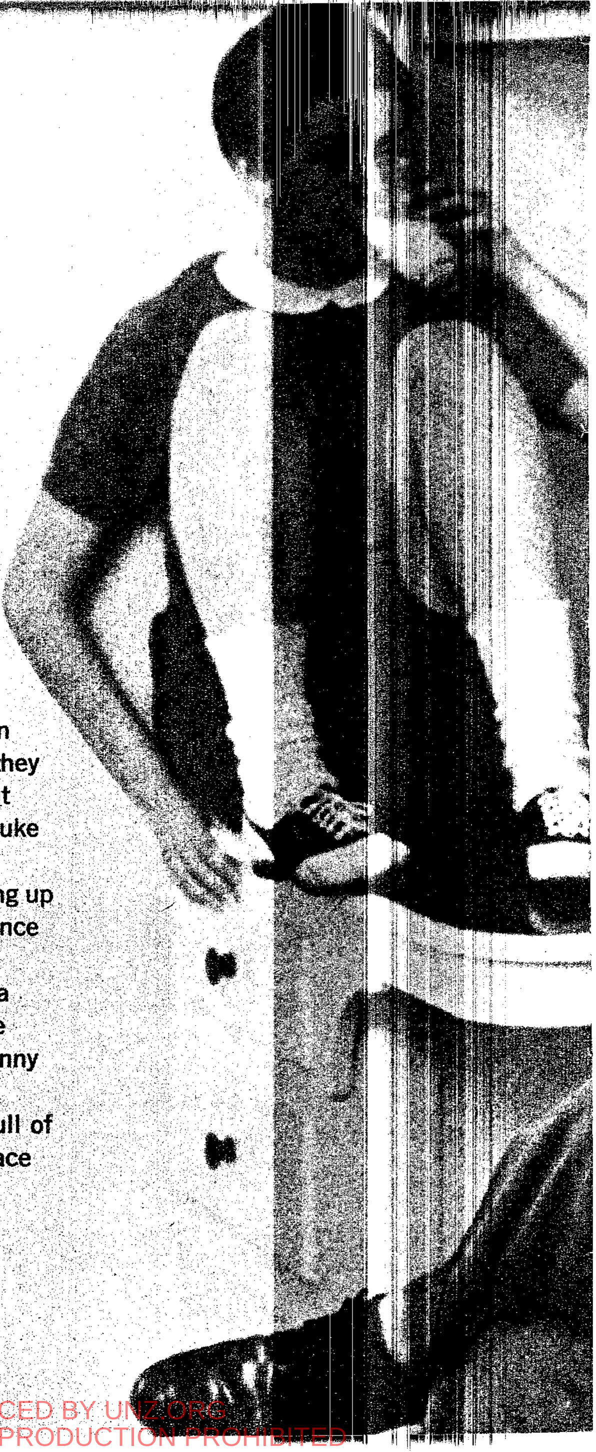
"I'll tell you what's wrong with that," screamed the housewife. "I always keep my husband's socks in the right-hand drawer!"

—*Wall Street Journal*

Text by Richard Kaplan
Photographs by John Rees

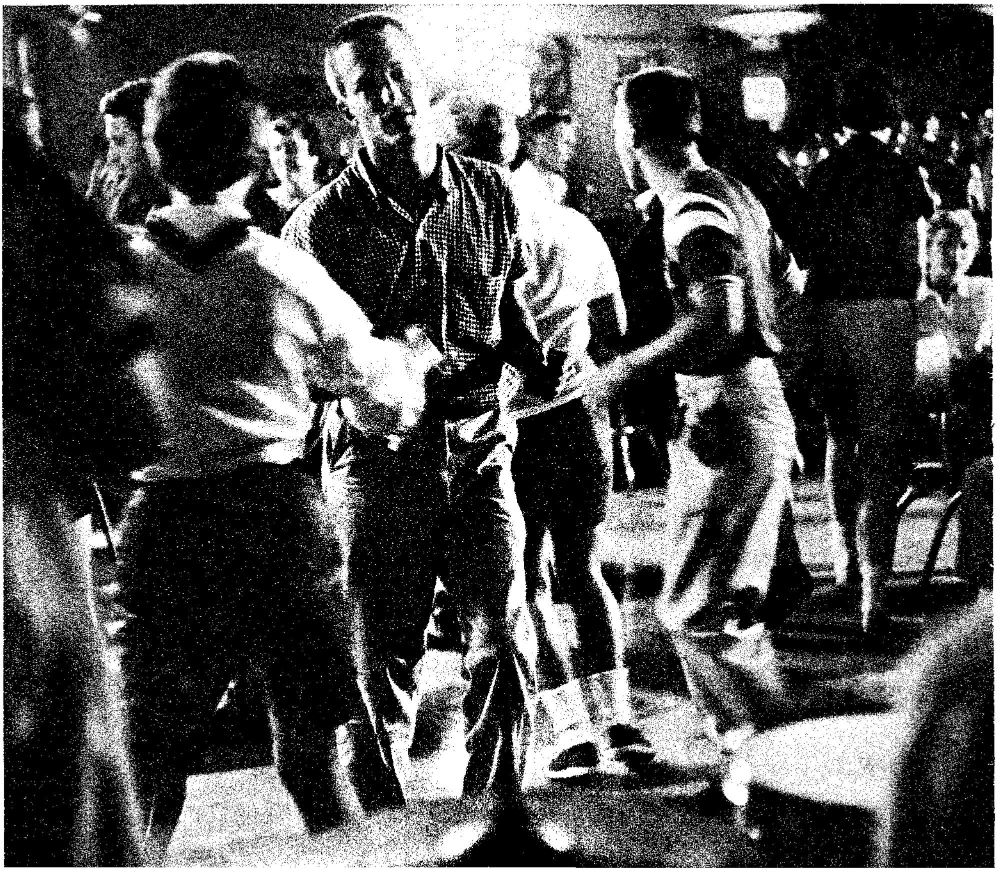
Two kids in a quandary

For over a year Renny Miller, 20, and Beverly Carlson, 19, of Youngstown, Ohio, had been "going together." Suddenly, they found themselves slipping out of their carefree whirligig of juke boxes, jalopies and marathon phone calls (right). But growing up has its confusing moments, since it also means growing apart. For both teenagers, this was a bittersweet springtime. At the crossroads of adulthood, Renny and Beverly decided to drift apart and walk alone. Now, full of questions and doubts, they face a restless stage of life that neither will ever forget.



RENNY MILLER FIRST BECAME aware of Beverly Carlson in the cafeteria at Youngstown University. He was a crew-cut sophomore majoring in business administration; she, a freshman secretarial student. Through a mutual friend, Renny arranged to take the dark-haired coed out that Saturday night. "We went to three different places," Beverly recalls. "It was new and exciting to me." After that first date, Renny took Beverly to his home, roused his mother out of bed and introduced her. The following Tuesday, they were talking about "going steady"—a convenient, companionable teenage relationship. Renny dated other girls occasionally—and Beverly knew it. But she was secure in the knowledge that he was her special boyfriend, with whom she could share the bruises and joys of life. The couple bought matching shirts and Renny gave Beverly a set of keys to his car. They even set up a joint bank account with a balance of $10.

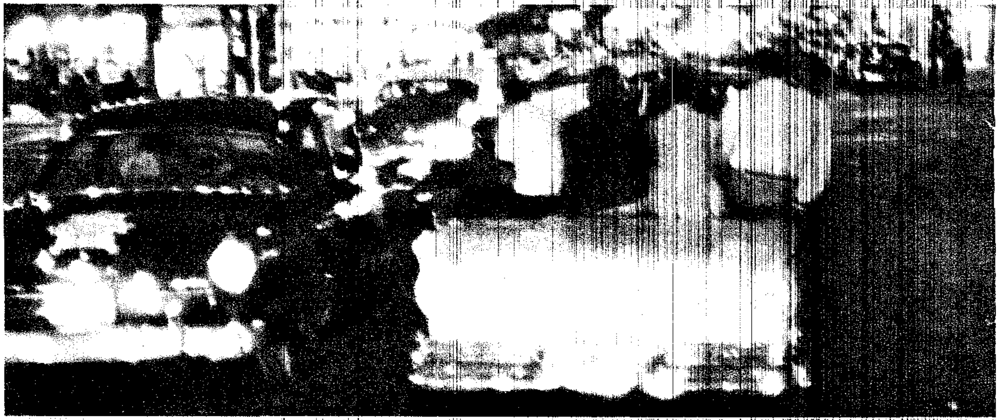
Renny and Beverly share love of dancing. Below, they jitterbug at a teenage hangout.



At Beverly's home, Renny fixes her hair. Before big prom, he also helped her buy a gown.

Brimming with youthful energy, they play catch with plates, while drying dishes. Only Beverly could get Renny to do kitchen chores.

His convertible packed with friends (below), Renny heads for downtown movie theater. Moments later, he was stopped by police and warned that he had too many people in car.



AT FIRST, RENNY AND BEVERLY burned the social candle at both ends. Every week, they'd pile the gang into Renny's 1955 convertible (which he shared with his kid brother Richard). Then it was off to a movie, a picnic, a dance—or maybe just down to a steel mill to watch orange bursts of flame leap from the huge furnaces. There were minor annoyances, too, such as the time Renny's father docked him the use of the car for a week after Renny had dented it twice. Or when Mrs. Carlson took the telephone out of Beverly's room to punish her for bleaching her hair. But slowly their tastes matured. They began to grow out of the boisterous rock-and-roll stage. All of a sudden, Elvis Presley records became "too much noise." And with this coming of age came new, sometimes confusing emotions: tenderness and a deep need to prove one's self as an individual.

As auto radio blares, Renny and Beverly show friends a new way to do the "Lindy" (above).

There are gentle moments, too. His forehead scraped in a friendly tussle with college wrestling star, Renny gets the kind of consolation (right) that makes bruise worthwhile.

GRADUALLY BUT PERCEPTIBLY, things began to change for Renny and Beverly. "What are we going to do with our lives?" became a more important question than, "Where do we go this Saturday night?" Renny and his best friend, Severn Ker, rented a power saw and earned pocket money by cutting up the dead trees that littered the back yards of Youngstown residents. Left to her own devices, Beverly took a part-time job. When they did get together, it was mostly to quarrel over little things. Beverly's mother no longer had to ask, "Is it serious with you and Renny?"

Old roughhouse days (below) were gone forever after couple had first squabble (right).

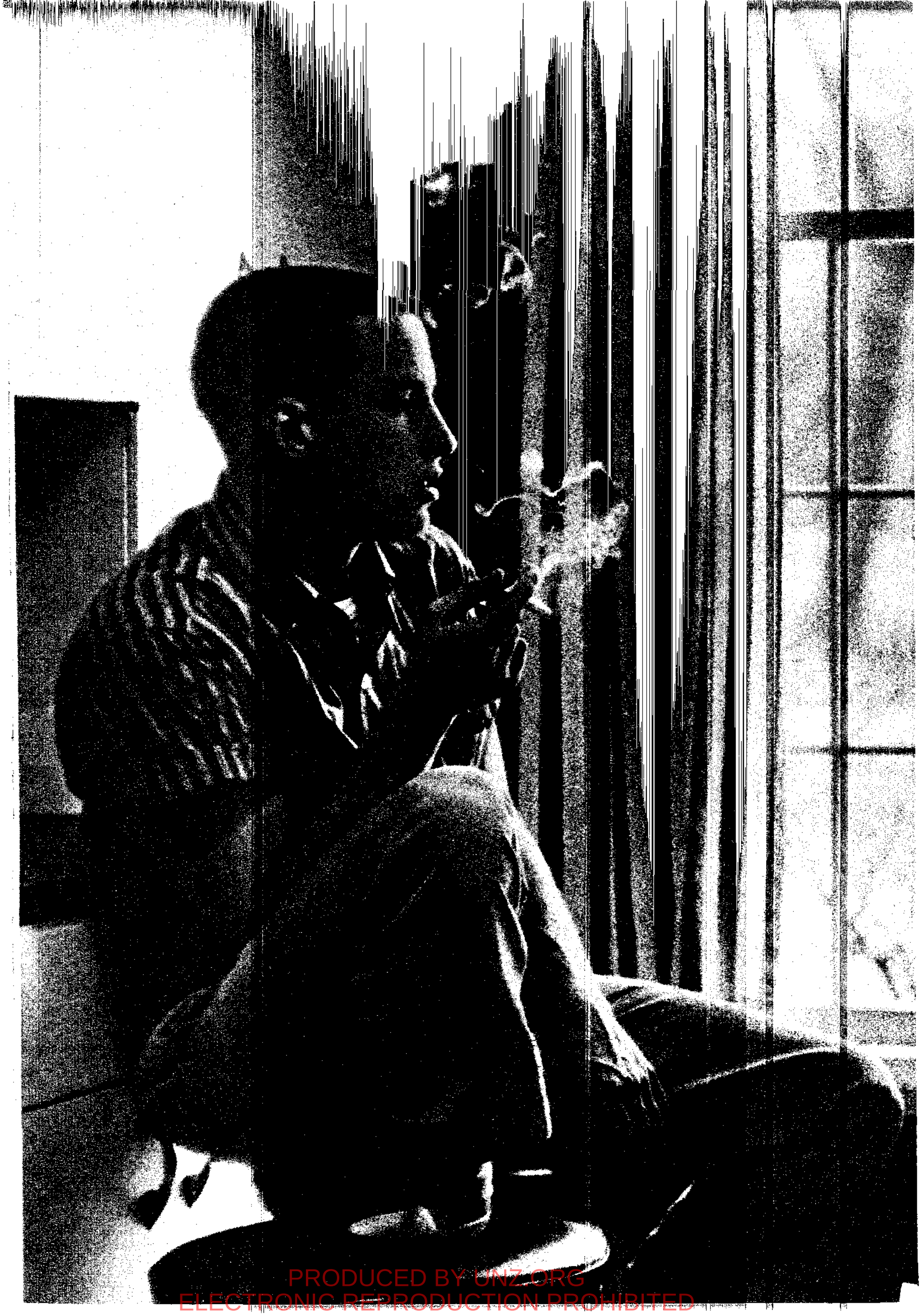
Renny felt he could work his saw sideline into a career in the lumber business. For the moment, his ambition overshadowed his romantic feelings.

Self-reliant Beverly modeled dresses at Youngstown shop. Later, she landed a job in an attorney's office.

TODAY, Renny Miller and Beverly Carlson no longer go out together. Last fall, Renny quit the university and entered a forestry school in Tennessee. He wasn't able to visit Youngstown very often. When he did, Beverly was either busy or ill with a month-long cold that eventually forced her to drop out of school. It soon became a familiar case of "out of sight, out of mind."

Beverly now goes out with other boys. Her bedroom is filled with cuddly stuffed animals given to her by her different dates. It is a little strange, looking at the one Renny gave her, especially when the record player is spinning out the melody that used to be "our song."

But both youngsters are growing up. They are beginning to understand what has happened. Recently, Renny finished his forestry course and returned to Youngstown. He phones Beverly occasionally, although he knows their relationship can never be what it was. Beverly, too, has no regrets. "What I used to think was important really isn't," she says. "I feel so very close to being out on my own."



THERE WAS A TIME in my life when I worried about the prospect of dull and purposeless middle years; the time when the fledglings leave their nest to wing away on their own. However, I have discovered not a month goes by that my wife and I aren't called to the rescue.

Just last week my youngest daughter phoned long distance during my favorite television show. She wanted my wife to come to her house immediately to spend a few days.

What's a man without a woman? A virile case of twitters, jitters, confusion, delusion—and a faint suggestion of indigestion

by K. N. Hardin

"Don't tell me we're having another grandchild!" I exploded, making a bee-line for the phone.

"I heard that remark!" my daughter snapped irritably. "It isn't a baby this time. My wisdom teeth have to be removed."

My son-in-law got on the phone and hinted (facetiously, I presume) that *I* should foot the bill since the dental surgery should have been done years ago. I announced that when he married my daughter he married her wisdom teeth, too. It just goes to show that brides, like gift horses, might well be looked in the mouth.

My wife agreed to help out.

At first I was annoyed at having my routine interrupted. But I soon began to look forward to baching it for a brief spell.

It would be a relief to eat whenever and whatever I pleased, and to read late into the night and not be told that I'd be groggy the next morning.

I hinted darkly to my wife that I was going to live it up while she was gone. But she was unimpressed. She asked me how I planned to go about it, since I couldn't see to drive at night and couldn't stay awake past ten o'clock.

When I came back from the office the next day I tossed together a ham sandwich and a honeydew melon for supper. (My wife claims both give me indigestion.) Then I settled down with the afternoon paper. I must confess, though, that it wasn't long before I caught myself reading interesting bits of news aloud—just to hear a voice.

When it came time for bed, I was surprised at how empty the house seemed. I kept hearing noises I couldn't identify; and I found myself checking all the doors and windows, which is something I never do when my wife is home.

Finally, I went to the back door and invited in the current occupant of the canine-flophouse that my wife runs for dogs passing through the neighborhood. At that time, our dog house for transients was occupied by a large, foul-tempered vagrant who snarled at me when I let him in, sniffed suspiciously around the house, and then went to sleep under the coffee table.

But my protection did not last the night. When the telephone suddenly rang, he leaped across the room, dragging the coffee table on his back, and clawed frantically at the front door. I regretfully let him out. I slept fitfully.

The next day I invited my nine-year-old grandson over to spend the night with me. He persuaded me that he *always* looked at the late, late show on television, so it was well into the night when I began hunting for the pajamas that my wife keeps on hand for all of her grandchildren. My grandson sat silently on the edge of the bed and eyed me patronizingly.

Finally, in desperation, I snarled, "Where the heck does your grandmother keep those pajamas?"

"In the top dresser drawer in the sewing room," he replied.

"Why didn't you *tell* me?" I roared.

"You didn't ask me," he said calmly.

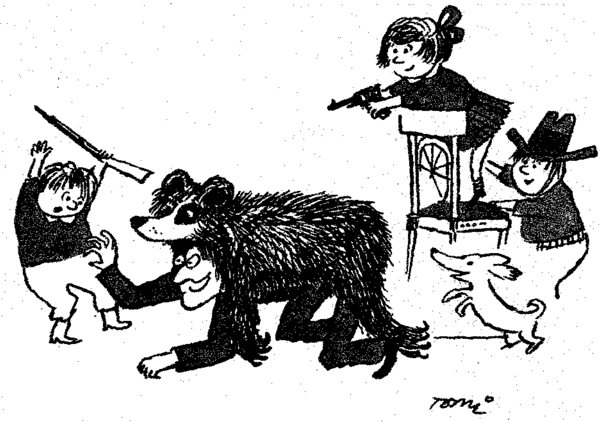
After I had tucked him in my wife's twin bed and turned off the light, he asked if I knew any ghost stories.

"No!" I snapped.

"*I* do," he informed me. And before I could stop him, he ran through his repertoire of stories about werewolves, witches, ghosts, creatures from outer space and thugs who steal into houses during the night and clobber innocent sleeping people.

When he had exhausted his supply of horrifying tales, he paused and in a hushed voice, said, "Grandpa, listen how those stairs keep creaking all the time. Sounds like someone sneaking upstairs and downstairs . . . upstairs and downstairs. . . ."

He fell asleep and I listened carefully. It really did sound as though someone were going upstairs and downstairs . . . all night long.



The next day my oldest daughter called and asked me to spend the night at her house.

"What'd you *bring* us?" my grandchildren chorused as soon as I arrived.

"That's all you care about—what'd I *bring* you!" I fumed, distributing bubble gum.

"If you'd quit bringing them something every time you come, maybe they'd quit asking," my daughter complained.

I had hoped to relax and enjoy

some adult conversation. But my grandchildren wanted me to play Grandpa-Get-Us — a game which originated many years ago when I crawled under a bear rug and frightened my oldest grandson so successfully that it has since become a family ritual.

It used to be a vigorous game in which I cavorted on all fours and kicked up my heels. These days I just sit in a chair and jump at the kids now and then.

I finally retreated to what my daughter and her husband call their guest room. I'd venture to wager they're not often troubled with guests who overstay their visit.

There was barely enough room for *me* with those collapsible clothes dryers covered with diapers cluttering up the place. Then when I opened the closet door, large bundles of ironing tumbled around my ears. My son-in-law kept his bullet-loading equipment for his target pistol in one corner of the room, and I was never quite comfortable smoking a cigar with all that gunpowder around.

I finally fell into a light sleep, vaguely aware that small people were constantly going to the bathroom, getting drinks of water and changing beds.

Early the next morning I had the feeling I was being stared at. Then I heard small voices close by.

"Who *is* it?" I heard one mumble.

"I don't know," another answered, "but *it* has on Grandpa's pajamas."

I rose up in bed and little people tripped all over themselves racing out of the room. My 13-year-old grandson came in at that moment. "They didn't recognize you without your glasses on or your teeth in," he explained.

I fumbled around on the table. "Where *are* my teeth?" I demanded.

My grandchildren had come back into the room by this time and they went into mild hysterics.

"The baby threw 'em in the potty!" one of them divulged, giggling. "But Mama is washing them off. She says you won't know the difference if we keep our big mouths shut!"

My wife called that morning. I was happy to hear she would be home by suppertime. But the news did put me in something of a stew since I had to dash home after work to wash dishes and make up the beds.

I wouldn't have gone to all that trouble except that I've always told my wife that any half-wit could keep house with one hand tied behind him.

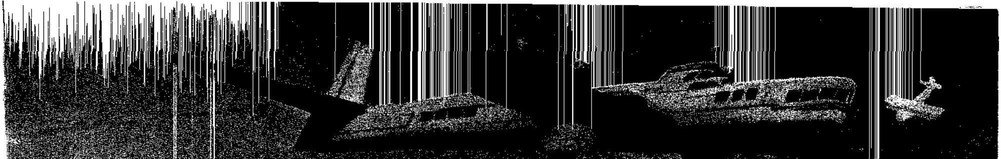
"Well, how'd things go?" she asked when she got home and found me panting in my easy chair.

"Everything was fine," I gasped.

Women seem to think everything falls apart when they're not around.

Try It

BRITISH PHYSIOLOGIST Hughes Birdwater strongly advises persons in the intellectual professions to massage their nostrils as often as possible. He says it helps bring blood to the head and leads to clearer thinking. —*Dagens Nyheter*



Russia's flying Frankenstein

by *Marvin R. Weisbord*

BETWEEN SPUTNIKS and jet airliners, Russian technology has made headlines recently. Few people, however, recalled the headlines made by the *Maxim Gorky*, a super-plane the Russians built in 1934 to dramatize their aviation know-how. Its builders claimed the *Gorky*, with eight engines and a 210-foot wing-spread, was the world's largest land plane.

Actually, the *Gorky* was a flying propaganda mill. Housed in some 20 compartments were a sound-movie theater, radio station and photo laboratory. The print shop in one 6-foot-thick wing could run 8,000 two-page newspapers an hour. Fifty bunks in the other wing provided sleeping space for the 23-man crew, and several bureaucrats, too.

The huge, bat-like plane would swoop low over peasant towns, its radio loudspeaker blaring. Reportedly, the "voice from the skies" could be heard on the ground from ⅝ of a mile up. Beneath the wings, appropriately-red electric bulbs spelled out propaganda slogans.

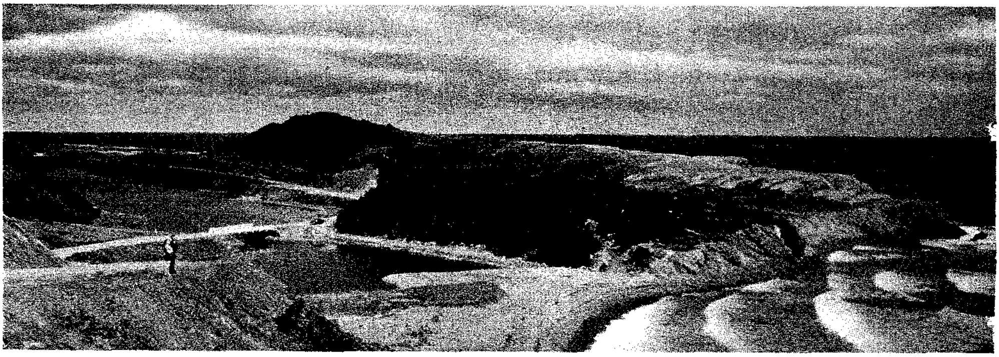
The hard-earned rubles of Soviet workers—$3,000,000 worth raised by subscription—financed the *Gorky*. Every part was machined in Russia to prove the country's engineering skill.

For a year the *Gorky* was the pride of the USSR. When it landed at a town, people would stream through it, receive literature, and watch propaganda films in the theater. Some were treated to a flight.

On May 18, 1935, 37 proud workers from the Central Aerodynamic Institute, which had designed the machine, boarded the plane and soared over Moscow. Through the windows they watched a gnat-like light plane buzz about the *Gorky*, dramatizing its immensity.

Veteran pilot Nikolai Blagin started a loop in the light plane. Suddenly a gust of wind seized the tiny craft and rammed it between two of the *Gorky*'s engines. Like a wounded vulture, the big plane headed down, its pilots fighting for control. Then [illegible] blew to bits in the air, scattering bodies and wreckage [illegible]. It was the worst air disaster [illegible]

20 island hideaways



Manitoulin Island, near Detroit, is rugged, beautiful.

HAVE YOU EVER LONGED to spend a summer vacation on some forgotten hideaway island? Such islands *do* exist, and much closer to home than the South Seas. Dotting both coasts of North America, and in our largest lakes, are an amazing variety of little-known islands where you and your family can enjoy comfortable isolation on a beachcomber's budget.

Over good highways and by short connecting toll bridges or ferries, you can drive your car straight into forgotten corners out of Old World Europe, or onto lazy subtropical islands beside shimmering blue lagoons. Within 600 miles of Boston, for instance, is an idyllic island with the warmest sea bathing north of Florida, and costs so low that a family of four can vacation there for $72 a week.

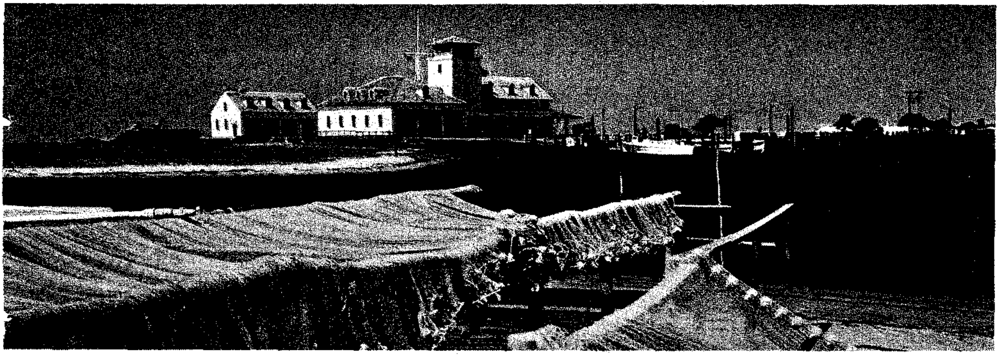
You can pick from an island settled by descendants of shipwrecked pirates who greet you in quaint Elizabethan English to other islands where jolly, rotund Icelanders meet you with a hearty "*Velkomin.*" And, if you are willing to take a short overnight boat ride or brief air hop, you can vacation under a foreign flag in tax-free islands where imported luxuries sell at a fraction of U. S. prices.

Because they are off the beaten

Quaint Old World villages,
secluded beaches and
fine fishing await you at these
little-known,
low-budget vacation retreats

—close to home

by **NORMAN D. FORD**



Nets dry in sun at Ocracoke Island, pirate-haunted, surf-fishing haven off North Carolina coast.

tourist track, these islands remain delightfully uncrowded, unspoiled and uncommercialized. With few exceptions, you won't find resort hotels.

Apart from evening clambakes and fish barbecues, weekend fishermen's square dances and boat trips to neighboring islands, there are almost no organized entertainments. You are left free to loaf, or to beachcomb for bits of decorative driftwood, or to sample some of the finest fishing spots in this hemisphere.

You can hobnob with lighthouse keepers, rake clams, study nature, paint, swim, sail or relax to your heart's content. Villages are so small, islanders so embarrassingly hospitable, you find yourself a part of the community almost from the moment you arrive.

All these islands have comfortable accommodations ranging from waterside housekeeping cottages to historic gabled inns and picturesque salt-water farms among the pines. Rates at many are unbelievably low and, as a rule, children are charged half price. But accommodations are not unlimited. So be sure to get confirmed reservations before you go.

Wherever you live, you'll find a choice of restful, uncrowded islands within a few days drive. For an average fare of $7 or less—some islands cost nothing to reach—ferries will take you and your car to all of the islands but three.

Beginning in the Northeast, here is a handpicked selection of easy-to-reach islands combining the utmost in beauty, uniqueness, and inexpensive rates.

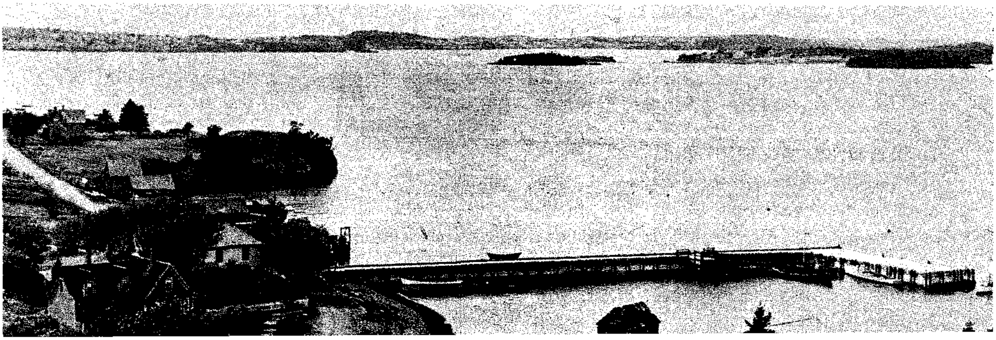
NORTHEASTERN ISLANDS

Cape Breton Island Without even boarding a ferry, you can drive across Nova Scotia's new Canso Causeway (some 500 miles northeast of Portland, Maine) into a yesteryear world of Scottish and Acadian villages among scenery that staggers the imagination. The skirl of pipes still echoes through Cape Breton's cloud-mantled lochs; and in the villages, red-cheeked lassies weave wonderful hooked rugs (from $5) and matching homespun skirts and sweaters (from $15 a set). Scores of villages dot the island-speckled coast and the silvery Bras d'Or Lakes inland. Housekeeping cabins rent from $20-$45 a week, occasionally higher, and many a tourist home beside the sea supplies full room and board for two at $70-$90 a week.

For a really atmospheric vacation, turn off Cape Breton's Highway 4 at Grand Anse and drive the causeway over Lennox Passage onto Isle Madame. Here at quaint Arichat village is a bit of the France of l'Acadie. Isle Madame has some of Canada's finest beaches and a delightful village hotel charging $35 a week for two, meals extra. For information write: Nova Scotia Bureau of Information, Provincial Building, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

The Fundy Isles A three-hour voyage from St. Andrews, New Brunswick, takes you to Grand Manan Island, only 200 miles northeast of Portland. Between gaunt cliffs and surf-pounded headlands, villages of snug cottages nestle among piles of

Cottages rent for $15 a week on Canada's Campobello Island, scene of FDR's summer home.



colorful lobster pots. Full room and board at small guest homes and hotels runs from $35-$50 a week (unlimited lobster is taken for granted).

Closer inshore are two smaller, completely unspoiled escapist gems —Deer Isle and Campobello Island. Tiny guest homes on both charge $4 a day with meals, and a few rustic cottages rent for $15-$20 a week. For information: Board of Trade, Grand Manan, New Brunswick, Canada.

The Magdalens Fifty miles out in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, 500 miles east of Quebec City, and reached from Prince Edward Island by a one-hour flight (round trip $22.85) or by overnight ferry (one way $9.40) which carries your car ($17.25 one way) lies that utterly fascinating crescent-shaped archipelago—Quebec's French-speaking Magdalen Islands. Long sand runs and causeways let you drive from island to island. Hotels and family pensions, known for some of the finest French cooking in Canada, charge about $35 a week with meals. For information: Tourist Branch, Provincial Publicity Bureau, 106 Grand Allée, Quebec, Canada.

Prince Edward Island Canada's smallest province, an incredible island of gently sloping beaches and sylvan charm some 450 miles northeast of Boston, is linked to the mainland by luxurious auto ferries ($3). Over tree-shaded byways you can drive to Scottish and Acadian villages beside sun-warmed surf (70° all summer). Green fee at one of Canada's best golf courses is only $7 a week. Housekeeping cottages run $25-$35 a week, and $50-$60 at beach hotels or $20-$30 at village guest homes covers a full week's board including piled plates of lobster, oysters, and homemade desserts. For information: Prince Edward Island Travel Bureau, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada.

St. Pierre et Miquelon Only 12 miles off Canada's coast, and linked to Nova Scotia by weekly boat ($20), is a tiny transplanted corner of Brittany. The tricolor still waves over these two rocky isles, France's last remaining outpost in the New World. The shops of St. Pierre, a former bootleg base, are bursting with imported bargains. Hotels and pensions charge $4-$6 a day for a comfortable room plus free wine and some of the finest unpretentious French cooking outside France. For information: French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

The Fox Islands These 400 lazy, spruce-studded islands freckle Penobscot Bay in the center of the Maine coast and provide scores of delightful escapist spots in charming settings. To Deer Isle, reached by toll bridge, artists flock to paint Stonington, the perfect fishing village. Then there is dramatically beautiful Vinalhaven Island. Swan's Island is an untouched ocean outpost inhabited by fisherfolk. Neighboring Isle au Haut has only a single hotel. Monhegan Island, ten miles offshore, is a square mile of soaring cliff, forest, moor and meadow.

Daily mailboats serve all the islands from local mainland ports, and guest houses and inns with a turn-of-the-century flavor provide full room and board for a low of $42 to a high of around $70 a week. For information: Department of Industry and Commerce, State House, Augusta, Maine.

SOUTHERN ISLANDS

Cedar Key Few tourists turn off Florida's U.S. 19 at Otter Creek, about 100 miles north of St. Petersburg, and drive 20 miles down a dead-end road and across a rickety wooden causeway to this forgotten island village. Those who do, discover a haphazard subtropical ghost town full of twisting creeks, fish houses, houseboats, turtle crawls and tiny beaches. Fishing here is among Florida's finest, and you can explore neighboring jungle keys by boat.

Waterside cottages rent for $30-$35 a week. For as little as $76 a week, two can stay at the atmospheric, balconied Island Hotel, and feast on a steady diet of turtle steak, stone crabs, broiled pompano and oysters with heart of palm salad. For information: City Clerk, Cedar Key, Florida.

Grand Bahama Island For $15.50 round trip you can board a scheduled airliner at Florida's West Palm Beach and 30 minutes later step out into a slow-paced Bahamian island village under a luxuriant mantle of swaying palms. Old-fashioned stores sell duty-free British imports. You can rent a powered skiff for $10 and battle with bonefish, barracuda and snapper.

Grand Bahama's best buy is its luxurious 68-acre resort colony where, in summer, for about $90 a week apiece, or $78 if you picnic midday on the beach, two can spend

Totem poles and other relics speckle square-mile Vancouver Island, near a full week with meals included. For information: Development Board, Nassau, Bahamas.

Ocracoke Island Though a free ferry and new road now link this 16-mile sliver of windswept sand to the Carolina Banks resorts, 150 miles east of Raleigh, North Carolina, few but sports fishermen drive into Ocracoke Island's unhurried village. White frame cottages flanking irregular sandy lanes house friendly fisherfolk descended from Elizabethan buccaneers.

You can sample the finest surf fishing on the Atlantic coast, jig for flounders and explore shipwrecks and historic spots. All island hostelries specialize in seafood, and rates with meals run from $80-$105 weekly for two, housekeeping cottages $30-$55. For information: Civic Club, Ocracoke, North Carolina.

Sanibel Island Just a few miles and a short ferry ride ($1) from Florida's busy U.S. 41 at Fort Myers is a serene tropical island fringed by the world's third most famous shelling beach. Adjoining is Captiva Island. Its sandy trails lead off a single road past traders' shacks to isolated hotels and modern housekeeping accommodations at $42-$55 for two and $72 for four per week. Bring your stoutest fishing tackle for some of Florida's best tarpon fishing, and repellent for the mosquitoes which keep tourist crowds away.

Much the same thing can be found on Boca Grande Island to the north, and its tiny offshore paradise of Cabbage Key. For information: Sanibel-Captiva Business Association, Sanibel Island, Florida.

Tangier Island Anyone seeking an entirely different island vacation can do no better than take the mailboat (50¢) from Crisfield, Maryland, out across Chesapeake Bay to historic Tangier Island, some 100 miles from Washington, D.C. Settled in 1686 and practically unchanged since, Tangier is an atmospheric, religious island village of weathered frame houses on narrow picket-fenced streets. Wheelbarrows are used to haul freight and the dead are buried in front yards. There is good fishing and unlimited scope for painting and photography. Two small guest houses charge around $40 a week with delicious seafood meals. For information: City Clerk, Tangier Island, Virginia.

MIDWESTERN ISLANDS

Apostle Islands Fishing villages on these 22 islands clustered in Lake Superior off Bayfield, Wisconsin, about 75 miles east of Duluth, remind you of the Maritimes. Artists come to paint the driftwood-littered beaches, ruined lighthouses and ancient Indian cemeteries. For $70-$98, with meals, you can spend an unforgettable week at the mansion-like château on Madeline Island. For information: Mrs. Thomas Vennum, 4209 Country Club Road, Minneapolis 24, Minnesota (after June 20, Château Madeleine, La Pointe, Wisconsin).

Beaver Island Thirty-two miles by ferry ($2.70, cars $10) out in Lake Michigan (some 180 miles from Milwaukee), this green island welcomes you to a bit of Old Erin. St. James village is populated by Irish fishermen from Donegal. Housekeeping cottages are $35-$50 a week. For information: Beaver Island Civic Association, St. James, Michigan.

Hecla Island When Iceland's Mount Hecla erupted in 1873 and buried their farms, many displaced Icelanders migrated to this rugged, wooded Lake Winnipeg island (some 500 miles northwest of Minneapolis) and built villages and farms like those they'd left behind. Via a ferry, you can drive right up to Gull Harbor Lodge where rates are only $90 a week for two, with stupendous Scandinavian meals. You'll find out-of-this-world fishing, color-packed villages and, in the evenings, jolly Icelandic dances at Hecla village. For information: Office of the Deputy Minister, Department of Industry & Commerce, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Isle Royale On this primitive archipelago far out in Lake Superior is the nation's least crowded National Park, about 350 miles north of Milwaukee. Over 200 small islands comprise Isle Royale, an untouched wilderness where half-tame moose wade through cliff-walled fiords and there are no cars, roads, telephones or towns. You can camp at improved sites, or stay at waterside inns and lodges for $57-$78 a week with meals. Almost daily ferries charging $6-$7 will also carry your own boat for $5 more. For information: Superintendent, Isle Royale National Park, Houghton, Michigan.

Manitoulin Island For a wonderful back-to-nature family vacation at fishing camp prices, discover this large island on Lake Huron's north coast, 200 miles north of Detroit.

Fishing camps rent resort-like cottages at $30-$42 a week, usually with a boat thrown in free. There are also anglers' hotels and lodges providing full board at $6-$8 a day. For information: Department of Travel & Publicity, 67 College Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Washington Island For 91¢ you can take a cruise from Wisconsin's scenic Door County (250 miles north of Chicago) across Death's Door Straits to another piece of Old Scandinavia. This 26-square-mile chunk of yesterday is liberally sprinkled with quaint churches, cheese factories, shipyards and timbered community houses. You'll find an abundance of small inns and lodges at $7-$9 a day with meals, and numerous cottages at $35-$50 a week. For information: Washington Island Tourist Bureau, Washington Island, Wisconsin.

PACIFIC COAST ISLANDS

Gulf Islands Sprinkled between the mainland and Vancouver Island, some 150 miles north of Seattle are a dozen timbered islands so warm and sunny that Canadians call them the "Poor Man's Caribbean." At tiny seaside settlements tucked away among sandy bays and coves, you'll find peaceful seclusion at surprisingly low cost. Salty retired British Navy men run many guest houses and lodges for $23-$55 a week with meals. They'll also see that you join in all island activities, which often include traditional English garden parties.

Alternatively, housekeeping cottages are available for $30-$45 a week and on Savary Island, which resembles Hawaii, a small hotel charges $55.50-$69.50 a week with meals and a free golf course by the sea. Average ferry fare is $6 round trip, plus $10 for your car. For information: British Columbia Government Travel Bureau, Parliament Building, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.

San Juan Islands Between Washington's snow-peaked Cascades and the rugged Olympics, 85 miles northwest of Seattle, over a hundred wooded islands float in a cool, green sea. Some are cleft by deep fiords and all have driftwood-cluttered beaches and woodland walks. Each inhabited island—Lummi, Orcas, Lopez and San Juan—has its own special charm.

Housekeeping cottages average $65-$75 weekly for two to four people; but if you reserve well ahead, others can be had for as little as $30. Allow $3.60-$4.60 per car for ferries and $1.50 per person. For information: San Juan Island Chamber of Commerce, Friday Harbor, Washington.

Vancouver Island Choose any small up-island resort on this big 14,000-square-mile island northwest of Seattle and you're guaranteed a restful vacation. On this miniature continent you can drive to flower-adorned Victoria town and to glacial lakes and deep, cool forests; or take a daylong cruise for $4.80 through sinuous fiords to Indian fishing villages and roaring logging camps.

Fifty dollars a week will cover room and board at most of the less expensive resorts; and for $30 a week you can rent a rustic cabin on a secluded cove swarming with lusty salmon, or a more modern cottage at $35-$50. Ferries charge about $10 round trip per car, $3.60 per passenger. For information: Victoria & Island Publicity Bureau, Box 1000, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.

Diplomatic Relations

THE ATTACHÉ OF A FOREIGN EMBASSY in Washington was speeding along a Kentucky highway when a state patrolman roared up and signaled him to the side of the road. The officer took out his pad of tickets and asked for the driver's license.

"Is anything wrong?" the diplomat inquired innocently.

"Anything wrong? Mister, you were doing 75 miles an hour back there."

The attaché then produced his papers and pointed out that the letters on his license plates meant *corps diplomatique* and that, according to the law, he was entitled to immunity from traffic regulations.

The patrolman scratched his head and demanded a clearer explanation. Fifteen minutes later, after conducting an exhaustive, and exhausting inquiry, the officer grinned as he turned away, saying, "Well, mister, you probably counted on saving about 20 minutes at the speed you were going. I reckon the time I've kept you here has made it up to the regular speed limit. Take it easy now. Let's not have any more international incidents in Kentucky."

—J. MELTZER

by Jane Kesner Ardmore

Amid discord, she found a new theme for living.

EVEN ON HER own movie set, she doesn't look much like a movie star, this pint-sized girl with the large eyes and the long child's hair. She looks more like Alice in Wonderland—a slightly disillusioned, older Alice who doesn't always get enough sleep and smokes a few too many cigarettes—but still Alice who ate the cookie and nibbled the mushroom and found herself little, big, little, big in quick crazy changes of fortune.

Julie London was her very littlest Alice in the summer of 1953 when Jack Webb walked out of her life and the wonderland *Dragnet* had built ceased to be wonderful.

She is her biggest Alice today, a solid hit on records, a busy actress with three new pictures: *Saddle the Wind* (just released), *Voice in the Mirror, My Strange Affair*—and a fourth, *Man of the West,* co-starring Gary Cooper, in production. She isn't quite used to herself as this somebody, she's scared but she's learning. . . .

The first day of each new picture is still zero hour. Julie's eyes are solemn with fright, her insides shaking. But no one shunts her into a bit part, and she doesn't have to fight for a line as she did as a starlet. She is a star in billing, if not in confidence, and one of these days perhaps she'll find a cookie or a mushroom that will make her the right-sized girl forevermore.

Right now, she's come a long way in just feeling like a human being, a free soul doing a job because she's Julie London and not because she's a celebrity's ex-wife. She doesn't wince any more when she hears "Dum-da-dum-dum." She long ago stopped listening for that certain telephone call. She's making a life for herself and her two little girls.

It isn't strange that the girl is shaky. At 15 she left school, got a job running an elevator and met Jack Webb. That's pretty young to tackle a world where nothing's in sequence, and Julie brought with her little in the way of preparation.

She was a dreamy girl who had grown up in San Bernardino. She didn't like school too much, she didn't like other kids too much. Her parents, singers Josephine and Jack Peck, had a radio program that was broadcast from the California Hotel; and Julie was used to wandering around in a world of adults, musicians mostly, who hung about the Peck house and talked music.

The only close friend Julie ever had was Caroline Woods. (Caroline is still her one close friend, is living with her, and working with her as secretary and stand-in.)

At Arrowview Junior High, Julie was "a gentle, quiet girl," says Caroline, "without much self-confidence. She was always writing poems and plays. Occasionally we double dated for dances or to see a movie. Julie never seemed to care much about dates."

"I didn't care about dates, because I didn't have 'em," Julie says. "Caroline dragged me along but I wasn't what you'd call madly popular. I was sort of old for my age and didn't fit. A lot of people thought my silence was indifference. They still think so."

It was because she wanted so to be free that her parents agreed, when they moved up to Los Angeles, that Julie could quit school and try a job. "They were never strict with me. They trusted me and I never took advantage of that. They had so much faith. And they certainly never worried about me and boys. I didn't like boys much."

She met Jack Webb in a jazz joint. He was six years older. She could feel comfortable with him. He was more like the people her parents knew. He was crazy about music and they both worshipped Bix Beiderbecke, Billy Butterfield, Benny Goodman, et al.

There was something about Jack's restless ambition that went straight to Julie's heart. He wasn't content to be a clothing salesman, he was full of furious ideas. He'd turned down a scholarship at the University of Southern California to get a job and support his mother and grandmother.

He'd lived a wretched childhood in a slum section of Los Angeles—he told her how he'd hunted for junk in garbage cans—and he was going to climb if it killed him.

She understood Jack, she understood his longing and he understood her quietness.

Their steady dating ended when he went into the service. On the walls of one barracks a year or so later, he recognized pictures of Julie. She'd become a pin-up girl, a starlet. There was one very provocative shot of her, an *Esquire* shot, Julie prone in a wet metallic drape. He wrote and kidded her.

One of those quick switches had changed her life. Sue Carol, the wife of Alan Ladd, had ridden up in the store elevator where she worked and suggested Julie come in to talk about a possible career in pictures. Julie thought it was all pretty silly, she didn't even know who Sue Carol was. But an actor who was working part time at the store explained that Sue was an important actor's agent and he made an appointment for her.

So Julie was in the movies, but not with a bang. She worked for four years, and it was a struggle every minute. In between pictures she went back to her job on the elevator.

Today she and Caroline will look at each other in moments of sheer astonishment, "Did you ever think we'd grow up and drive around in a *Cadillac*?" And the answer is—no, they didn't. Caroline had married one of the musicians she met at the Pecks' house. Julie was happy just having a job—$150 a week at a

Jack Webb's frenetic wooing of success contributed to his ultimate breakup with Julie.

studio, or $10 in the elevator. She was free, on her own, alive. She lacked completely the furious drive Jack had.

He was even more restless when he came back from the Army. She visited him once in San Francisco where he was working on a local radio program called *Pat Novak for Hire*. He went at it as if he were on a coast-to-coast show with top rating and fighting to stay there. He was hungrier than ever, especially since his hunger now included her.

They were engaged in San Francisco and got married when first the writer, then Jack, quit *Pat Novak* and came back to Los Angeles. Jack had a 1941 Buick convertible, a battered typewriter and a thousand feverish ideas. He worked as a free-lance radio actor and scrambled for bit parts in movies.

"When I got pregnant, we were completely broke," Julie says. "Jack tried to dream up a 13-week show so that we could pay for the baby. He dreamed up *Dragnet.*"

THE IDEA had been suggested to Jack some time before by Sergeant Marty Wynn, a detective from the robbery squad who acted as technical adviser on a film, *He Walked by Night*. Wynn, talking with Jack on the set, beefed about the hokey quality of crime and crime detection Hollywood style, and suggested a radio series based on actual cases. With the baby coming, Jack looked up Wynn. June 3, 1949, *Dragnet* had its first airing over NBC as a summer replacement.

It was as if Jack and Julie had nibbled the mushroom. Within two years, they shot up to a white house in Hollywood (payments $150 a month)—*Dragnet* was the most popular show on radio. In nothing flat they jumped to a $200,000 house with five servants—*Dragnet* was the biggest thing on television.

But there was a price. Jack was all things to *Dragnet*, organizing, directing, acting in and sometimes writing 50 high-quality TV films a year.

It was bewildering. Julie had known he had drive, but she'd had no idea how desperate that drive was. "All of a sudden, Jack and I couldn't even sit down at the kitchen table and eat a sandwich together. We were lost."

At least *she* was lost. She trailed about the big house, took care of the children like a mechanical girl. Jack was working so frantically, 18 hours a day with his brain child, and another six dreaming about it.

One morning, as he left for the studio, he said, simply, "Goodby." Julie said, "Goodby, see you tonight." He said, "Fine." He kissed her.

She didn't see him for two days. She called him at the studio.

"I just wanted to find out if you're coming home for dinner."

"I don't know," he said, and she didn't recognize the voice, it was that far away.

"Well, when you find out let me know," she said.

The weeks passed and Julie went to Europe, when it became evident that he was never coming. . . .

It was a very small Julie who stumbled off that tourist flight in Paris. She carried seven-month-old

Lisa, three-year-old Stacy clung to her skirts. They were all three suffering bad reactions to smallpox vaccine. They'd been awake all night.

For three months this pathetic trio wandered vaguely about Paris, with side wanderings to Rome and London. They knew no one, spoke no French, no Italian. It was pretty lonely.

One day, sitting on a park bench, Julie started dreaming of a peanut-butter sandwich. On the instant, she sat bolt upright, staring at the children as if she hadn't seen them in a long while. "If *I'm* homesick," she thought, "what about them?"

Julie pushed the carriage and dragged Stacy, as fast as she could go, to the nearest steamship office. And soon they were on the *Queen Mary* homeward bound. She'd made a mistake. She'd tried running away and found it didn't work.

"I guess I was in a state of shock. The divorce in November, 1953, *was* a major shock. My mother and dad had been so happy and well-adjusted. I'd never thought of divorce. I'd never been around it."

She'd run away partly because she didn't want to talk about it. She still doesn't. "That part of my life is over and gone. Why keep bringing it up? Why make Jack miserable? Or me? The important thing to learn is that you're not *sentenced* to that life, you can have a different one. What you have to do is face it. Be with people you know, people who love you. Let them help you."

Julie's dad helped. "Stop brooding about your lost happiness," he said. "If you have to look back, look back at the unhappy moments."

The children helped. "This is where I was lucky. I had always wanted babies, all my life, and I had them. They were there needing love and I wanted them to have it, a whole world of it as I had when I was a child."

After about six months, Stacy asked the inevitable: "Are you married to my daddy?"

"No, darling, not any more."

"But he is still my daddy?"

"He will always be your daddy, darling."

And, fortunately, the children can see him on television. They never miss a show. Stacy tells Lisa all about him. This helps bridge the time between visits.

THE BIGGEST PROBLEM Julie had was to become a whole girl again, to find some way of life. It wasn't a matter of money. The divorce settlement had dumped in her lap $100,000 plus her car and a share of the house, plus a $100,000 trust fund for herself and a $50,000 trust fund for the children, plus $18,000 a year alimony. The newspapers had made much of that.

Julie thought of dress designing, she thought of dress manufacturing, she thought of a record company. She didn't have the courage.

Bobby Troup helped. Bobby and his trio were playing at a small bistro in Los Angeles when Julie dropped by one evening with friends. He thought her "the most strikingly beautiful girl I'd ever seen" and they talked long that night.

Afterwards, Julie said, "I felt like a girl again, like a woman out of limbo. Here was a nice guy who wasn't trying to rush me. He *liked* me!"

For a year and a half, Bobby told Julie she could sing and should sing. He couldn't argue her into auditioning. But he kept the piano humming at her house, and Julie sang in spite of herself. One night they were having dinner at Johnny Walsh's 881 Club. She said casually that if she ever did sing in a club, this would be the kind. Bobby put the thought into immediate action, and she found herself booked there.

The morning of her opening night, she wakened—with laryngitis and a huge fever blister on her lip. The doctor sprayed her throat but, when it was almost time to go on, she hadn't the least idea what would happen.

The 881 was packed. Her mother and dad and Caroline were there and a lot of other people, strangers who'd probably come just to see somebody's ex-wife. That's how it felt. Bobby was playing across the street, and she'd made him promise to stay away.

And then she was standing in a small spot of light and the boys were playing, "From This Moment On." "I opened my mouth and noise came out. All the faces blurred and ran together."

Johnny Walsh had booked her for three weeks, he kept her ten. Bobby Troup brought over some people from Liberty Records and they signed her for an album, "Julie Is Her Name." "Cry Me a River," from the album, went right to the top. It was a natural for a girl who had cried a river. Overnight, Julie was a new size, but she didn't believe it. There are five thousand people who make *one* record. She had to prove this success wasn't just an accident.

Bobby Troup arranged more recording sessions. The first one had gone easily. Julie had sung the songs she had been singing for ten weeks, with the boys who'd worked with her at the club.

She made two more successful albums. But when she walked in to record the fourth, she recalls, "there were 26 musicians running a wild brass figure that almost blew you out of the room. It sure blew me out. I was so scared I didn't come back for a week. And when I did, it was to sing against the sound track they'd recorded."

This album, "About the Blues," proved another natural. All her life, the blues will be her song. She was taking steps, gaining strength; and Bobby was there behind her, believing in her, handling all the business details.

The night before production started on *The Great Man,* Julie walked the floor at home wishing she could break a leg. José Ferrer had called her in at Rosemary Clooney's suggestion to play the highly dramatic part of the nightclub singer, another quick shift in scene and fortune. "I didn't know whether to be honest and tell him I didn't think I could play it, or just get to the set and let him find out."

She got to the set and played it to the hilt. Overnight she was an actress, with picture bids rolling in.

Julie still has to keep proving that success isn't an accident. And she'll probably keep on proving it all her life. But with each step, she is an iota less frightened.

She worried, for example, that she might not be able to cry for the hysterical scenes in *Voice in the Mirror.* She not only cried, she was still crying when the scene was over and the crew had gone to lunch.

"It's a pleasure, this career, the greatest pleasure I've ever had. I can't claim victory yet, but I'm a better person for what's happened. Things happen to everyone—unexpected, dreadful things—it's hard to know why. And you either fall on your face or become a richer person, valuing what you have."

Someday, perhaps, this pint-sized girl with the quart-sized eyes and the long child's hair will nibble a cookie or a mushroom; and, like Alice, she'll rub her eyes and sigh, "I have had the most curious dream."

Serves Him Right

A MASTER COUNTERFEITER, after years of labor, finally created his masterpiece: a $15 bill.

Entering a store, he bought a dollar's worth of merchandise, gave the $15 bill to the proprietor and waited calmly for his change.

The proprietor, without batting an eyelash, opened his cash register and placed the $15 bill in it. Then he removed two $7 bills and handed them to his customer.

—HENNY YOUNGMAN on JACK PAAR'S "TONIGHT"

Is the accused sane or insane? With his life often hanging in the balance, "12 bewildered laymen" must ignore modern psychiatry—and rely on an ancient "eye-for-an-eye" ruling—in deciding his fate

ARE WE EXECUTING SICK PEOPLE?

by Terry Morris

A YEAR AGO, in West Virginia, a 14-year-old boy was convicted of first degree murder for bludgeoning a nine-year-old Cub Scout to death.

The stolid, gum-chewing young murderer readily confessed beating his victim with a piece of wood and then stabbing him with a penknife. The reason he gave was that he believed the little boy had $15 on him, the day's receipts from selling tickets to a Scout benefit. As it turned out, the child had no money.

The sole issue at the trial was whether the boy was legally insane and, therefore, not criminally responsible for his acts. To reach a verdict, the jury was instructed by the court to apply a sanity test which had been established by English law in 1843:

Did he know what he was doing; and, if he did, did he know it was wrong?

The jury heard psychiatrists for the prosecution testify that the boy was a "constitutional psychopath." Medical experts for the defense asserted that the boy showed such an absence of affect—such a vacuum of normal emotions of remorse, or even interest in his own fate—that he was obviously suffering from a severe mental disorder.

But the jury had to turn a deaf ear to this testimony. The 1843 rule was the only one it could apply: did the boy know what he was doing and did he know it was wrong?

The boy had confessed to the crime and described it in detail. So, the jury concluded, he knew what he was doing.

Did he know it was wrong? His lack of feeling of remorse simply indicated that he was a heartless killer. Obviously, he knew that murder was wrong but he just did not care.

Having answered both questions in the affirmative, the jury found the boy criminally responsible and brought in a verdict of guilty in the first degree. Since, in view of the boy's age, the prosecutor had not asked for the death penalty, a sentence of life imprisonment was mandatory.

In no case, of course, could the boy have gone free. But the possible verdicts included second degree murder and a finding, sought by the defense, that he was insane and required commitment to a mental institution.

The legal definition of insanity derives from the trial in England in 1843 of a Glasgow woodturner named Daniel McNaghten, who shot and killed the secretary to British Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel because he thought government agents were after him. McNaghten's delusions of persecution were so patent that the jury's verdict was "not guilty—by reason of insanity."

From that day to this, with the exception of New Hampshire and, recently, the District of Columbia, the McNaghten "knowledge of right from wrong" formula is basically still the standard test of legal sanity in this country.

The defense of insanity is raised chiefly in cases involving the capital crime of murder. Anyone accused of murder must be given a fair trial or hearing of the charges and the best defense that can be offered in his behalf. But what kind of fair trial of the issues can be conducted under concepts of mental disorder current in 1843?

IN THE COURTROOM, the alien and antagonistic viewpoints of law and psychiatry clash head-on. The sensational murder trial of John Francis Roche in 1954 illustrates how the McNaghten rule has little or no relation to the facts of mental life as we know them today.

Roche had confessed to committing four murders in eight months. The last of these was the rape-murder of a 14-year-old New York City schoolgirl. The facts of the case were not in dispute; the issue was whether Roche was insane at the time he committed the crimes.

The defense psychiatrist testified that Roche was a schizophrenic. The psychiatrist for the prosecution testified that Roche was a "severe schizoid psychopathic personality" without psychosis and therefore, legally sane. After less than two hours' deliberation, the jury returned the verdict of guilty. Failing upon appeal, Roche was electrocuted.

Yet, in the opinion of the battery of top criminal lawyers who defended Roche without pay, a madman had been executed and the McNaghten rule had claimed still another victim.

Among psychiatrists, dissatisfaction with the McNaghten "knowledge of right from wrong" test for insanity is so strong that more than 10 percent of the country's leading specialists refuse to examine a patient if they will have to testify in court.

A recent murder trial, People v. Horton, underlines how psychiatric half-statements and legal double talk are about all the McNaghten rule permits.

Norman Horton, 18, left his college dormitory one evening and hitch-hiked home, some 60 miles. Stealthily, he entered the house, picked up a knife from the kitchen and walked silently to the bed where his father was sleeping. The young man fatally stabbed his father, left the knife near him and then thumbed his way back to college, arriving early the next morning.

When Horton was apprehended, he stated in his confession:

"Well, if my father was dead, I would not have to take the exams and everything would be all right. I would have my mother's love and we could live happily ever after. I mean I got thinking and I got to thinking what I wanted to do and I just thought it was the best solution. . . . It is his fault and I am paying the consequences. It is through his fault . . . that I am homosexual and just everything. . . . But after this has happened, I feel very sincerely that it is all passed and, as I say, I never wanted so much to live and to make more of myself than now and, to tell you the honest truth, I have never felt better."

The People's psychiatrist described Horton as a psychopathic personality, adding that this "diagnosis does not constitute insanity." But, on the other hand, he stated that neither did it constitute "normalcy." All in all, he concluded, Horton did know the nature and quality of his act and knew it was wrong and he was, therefore, legally sane.

On the stand, the defense psychiatrist tried repeatedly to make a full response to the questions asked him but all his attempts to qualify the required "yes" or "no" answers were ordered stricken from the record and the jury was asked to disregard them.

Finally, the district attorney asked: "You concede then, Doctor, that this series of connected activities seemed to be rational?"

Witness: "Seemed to be rational . . . as (in) the case of a paranoid praecox. They are a whole series of connected activities, yet they are a most serious and most malignant form of schizophrenia. Just the ability to rationalize doesn't make it rational."

This answer was also stricken from the record and the jury instructed to ignore it.

The jury delivered a verdict of first degree murder, carrying the death penalty. The case was taken up to the New York State Court of Appeals where the verdict was sustained.

Judge Van Voorhis, however, wrote a vigorous dissent. With a man's life at stake, he demanded, why did the trial court judge, in charging the jury, fail to present the theory of insanity offered by the defense? What kind of consideration could the jury give a defense which they had been told was irrelevant?

Dr. Manfred S. Guttmacher, who

for more than 25 years has been Chief Medical Officer, Supreme Bench, Baltimore, Maryland, sums up the razzle-dazzle courtroom procedures under the McNaghten rule this way:

"... That the truth, in legal cases in which medical issues are of paramount importance, should be reached by biased partisans noisily developing certain facts and skillfully concealing others by relying on an esoteric and narrowly restrictive procedural formula, and by leaving the final decision to 12 bewildered laymen, is ... as a method of truth-finding . . . both unique and unscientific."

TO BEGIN WITH, juries of these "12 bewildered laymen" are not immune to the popular prejudice against pleas of insanity as a means of beating the rap or literally getting away with murder. When they are prevented by McNaghten restrictions on medical testimony from hearing the whole truth, it is no wonder that many verdicts represent rough justice, roughly arrived at.

Yet, particularly among trial judges and prosecutors in our criminal courts, considerable hostility and resistance exist toward any changes in the McNaghten formula. Underlying the hostility are skepticism, suspicion and fear of psychiatry thinly veiled under the protest that, if they are given more leeway by our courts, psychiatrists will eventually usurp the function of the jury.

Another argument is that psychiatry is far from an exact science and undue weight must not be given to the "head-shrinkers" who are, after all, as corruptible and biased as any of us.

Enlightened legal opinion, however, goes along with the state of New Hampshire, which found its own relief from the McNaghten rule as far back as 1869.

The New Hampshire rule says simply that an accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the result of mental disease or defect.

In 1954, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia handed down a decision which also overthrew the McNaghten rule and adopted substantially, the New Hampshire rule.

The case was an appeal from a verdict of guilty in the rather unremarkable case of a man, Monte Durham, charged with housebreaking and robbery. Durham had been in and out of mental hospitals four times in six years. At his trial, a psychiatrist testified that he was of unsound mind, but he was convicted and sentenced.

In sending the case back for a new trial, Federal Judge David Bazelon stated that an accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the product of mental disease or mental defect. Juries can find "not guilty by reason of insanity" if the defendant was suffering from a diseased or defective mental condition at the time of the act; and the act was the result of such condition.

Psychiatrists have greeted this "Durham rule" enthusiastically. Without the right-wrong test and the restriction of categoric "yes" or "no" answers, medical opinions can be communicated to the jury in forthright and unequivocal language.

The psychiatrist, thus, can function in his true professional capacity: he can state whether the defendant is suffering from a recognized mental disorder and give the basis for his opinion; he can describe the disease and its effects, especially in regard to judgment, social behavior and self-control; and he can state whether in his opinion the crime was the product of the mental disease.

In legal circles, reaction to the Durham rule is more circumspect. Chief targets for criticism are the lack of definition of mental disease and of the word "product." How can any aberration or abnormality be excluded under the rule? How can the jury determine whether the crime was the product of the mental disorder and not an act the accused would have committed anyway?

At present, the only formulated alternative to both the McNaghten and Durham rules is in the draft of a Model Penal Code offered by the Council of The American Law Institute to its members in 1955.

The proposed definition reads: "A person is not responsible for criminal conduct if at the time of such conduct, as a result of mental disease or defect, he lacks *substantial* capacity either to appreciate the criminality of his conduct or to conform his conduct to the requirements of law."

Liberalizing and updating our legal definitions of insanity and criminal responsibility are essential first steps in bridging the 100-year gap between the processes of law and the insights of modern psychiatry. Increasingly among the various states, thoughtful, responsible men from both professions are investigating ways and means to narrow the present abyss between the two points of view.

But the issues are far broader than the revision of the McNaghten formula. The philosophic basis of our criminal laws is still "an eye for an eye" and their chief function is to place blame, establish guilt and exact punishment.

On the other hand, psychiatry seeks to determine how dangerous a criminal is to society, how far he can be deterred by punishment and whether he can be treated and salvaged by therapy.

But where does the non-partisan, non-professional public stand? Are we sufficiently weaned from concepts of retaliation and retribution to accept, instead, concepts of therapy and treatment?

Are we executing sick people? Perhaps some soul-searching is in order.

Deft Definitions

OLD AGE: That time of life when a man flirts with girls but can't remember why. —*The Lion*

GIRDLE: Polite name for a plain old-fashioned pot holder. —*The Lion*

ASKED TO DEFINE "medieval," a college freshman wrote "Partly bad." —*Quote*

lose five pounds in three days

HIGH-ENERGY

How would you like to spend a "lost weight weekend" in which, during the short span of three days, you pare off as many as five pounds? You can—by starting a simple, safe and effective eating program that physicians call the "high-energy diet."

One of the major discomforts and dangers of most slimming diets is gradual loss of energy. Sugar and other energy-giving foods are usually omitted or cut to the minimum, portions of approved food are small, and appetite appeal is deadened by the endless repetition of prescribed low-calorie dishes. The dieter may lose weight, but lassitude, nervousness, weakness and boredom mean that he or she cannot (or will not) stay on such a diet for very long.

This is *not* the case with the new "high-energy diet." It is one you can enjoy. High-energy dried fruits—rarely featured in a reducing program—combine with small but vital amounts of high-protein foods and make for appetizing, satisfying meals, even during the three-day 720-calorie "crash" schedule that melts away the first five pounds. And, after your "lost weekend," the diet provides for even more generous meals, up to 1,000 calories, which will help you shed from one and a half to two pounds a week.

Surprisingly, the flavorsome dried fruits, with their concentrated energy-providing sugar are fairly low in calories. Dried apricots (4 halves) cooked without sugar, for instance, contain only 51 calories; dates, 23 calories each; small figs, 51 each; peaches (3 halves) 77; prunes (4 small ones) 77; raisins (2 tablespoons) 50 calories.

They also contribute varying amounts of Vitamins A, B1 and B2, as well as calcium, phosphorus, iron and protein. The phosphorus and calcium together aid in the metabolism of fats and sugars, and act as a carrier of fat in the blood. Phosphorus plays an important part in changing sugar into glycogen and in the burning of sugar and fats to produce energy.

So here it is—the simple "crash" menu for Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the first three days of the "high-energy dried fruit diet" that will pare off up to five pounds:

by Florence Brobeck
*Noted home economist, author,
and nutrition expert*

DRIED FRUIT DIET

Breakfast: 4 prunes cooked without sugar; whole-grain cereal with skim milk; clear coffee or tea.

Lunch: 1 lamb chop (all fat removed) with 3 sliced mushrooms steamed in bouillon (all bouillon should be made from cubes), then cooked with chop; 1 piece whole-wheat toast; 3 dried apricots cooked without sugar; clear coffee or tea.

Snack between lunch and dinner: 2 tablespoons raisins.

Dinner: same as lunch.

Snack at bedtime: whole-wheat cracker, 1 cup skim milk.

Of course, you should never embark on any diet without first consulting your doctor. Exactly how much weight you must lose should be *his* decision, not yours. But if he's given you the go-ahead—and you still have a way to go after the first five-pound loss—the simplest path to follow is an expanded version of the three-day "high-energy diet." Here, with the calorie count rising to approximately 1,000 a day, you are permitted a wider range of food, with more seasoning. But the dried fruits remain an important factor. They may be eaten either stewed without sugar or right out of the box. Combined with the other foods, they guarantee that the one and a half to two pounds a week which you lose are shed to stay. The dried fruits also provide bulk for healthy regularity, which is imperative in any diet.

How long you remain on this expanded "high-energy diet" depends on how much weight you wish to lose.

Here are sample menus for two complete days:

Breakfast: 4 small prunes cooked without sugar; 1 egg, boiled or poached, seasoned with chopped dried basil or oregano; 1 thin slice toasted whole-wheat bread; clear coffee or tea.

Breakfast: ⅔ cup cooked oatmeal with 1 tablespoon raisins; ½ cup skim milk; 1 piece whole-grain toast; clear coffee or tea.

Lunch: 1 cup bouillon seasoned with onion salt; 1 whole-grain cracker or rye crisp; 1 cup pot cheese (mixed with skim milk or buttermilk) on 4 chopped lettuce leaves, with ½ cup chopped celery and 1 tablespoon lemon juice sprinkled over all; 1 cup skim milk; 2 tablespoons raisins.

Lunch: 1 hard-cooked egg seasoned with freshly ground pepper and chopped parsley; ½ cup string beans cooked with 3 sliced fresh mushrooms and with fresh lemon juice sprinkled on when done; 3 or 4 prunes cooked without sugar, drained and stuffed with pot cheese; clear coffee or tea.

Dinner: ½ cup tomato juice seasoned with dash of Worcestershire sauce; a small serving (4 ounces) of roast lamb or veal, with all fat removed; ¼ cup lima beans or beets. (Cook quick-frozen vegetables as described on package, without butter. When done, add teaspoon dry marjoram or basil to pan, cover tightly, remove from heat and let stand covered 5 minutes. Stir and serve.) 1 or 2 stalks celery; 1 slice whole-wheat bread; 4 halves cooked dried apricots and 2 tablespoons of their juice; clear tea or coffee.

Dinner: 1 cup bouillon seasoned with dried soup greens; 6 ounces of broiled flounder or sole, garnished with sliced fresh mushroom broiled with the fish; ½ medium potato, baked and seasoned with 1 tablespoon skim milk, a dash of paprika and onion salt; ½ cup shredded cabbage mixed with 1 teaspoon cut chives and lemon juice or tarragon vinegar; 2 small dried figs; clear coffee or tea.

After the second day, swing back to the first day's menu. Keep going thus until you've reached your goal.

In addition to fruit, this expanded "high-energy diet" is loaded with basic health foods: milk, cheese, leafy green vegetables, whole-grain or enriched cereals and bread, as well as meat, fish, eggs and other high-protein foods in small amounts. Good seasoning is another factor in making it palatable and satisfying, so that you do not tire of the menus.

Happy eating—and reducing!

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Great grandfather of the atom

by ALBERT ROSENFELD

Greeks not only had a word for it, but they had Democritus, who explained it all 2,000 years ago

THE GREEK GENTLEMAN was serene and full of years—109 of them—rich, eventful, productive years. Now he was tired, and, with his intellectual powers beginning to fail, he decided it was time to die. He would, by merely starving himself.

When he calmly announced his intention, his younger sister reminded him that the women's sacred Festival of Thesmophoria was at hand. And since for three days she would be expected to discharge certain obligations to the goddess Demeter, his death at that moment would be most inconvenient.

The old man saw the point and good-humoredly agreed to hold off for the necessary three days. When the festival was over, he expired contentedly and without pain.

His public funeral brought out the whole town of Abdera, for the old man was Democritus, that universal genius best known to modern science as "the great-grandfather of the atom."

This great man whose name derived, like "democracy," from the Greek *demos,* meaning people, was held in awe by everyone, though no one in Abdera really understood what he was up to. He wrote and studied for days and nights at a stretch. He collected plants and rocks, experimented with floating objects, dissected animals, speculated on what makes the sea salty, theorized about thunder, lightning, magnetism.

He was among the first to perform crude scientific experiments. He worked out the world's first atomic theory—one which was not substantially improved on for over 2,000 years.

He believed that the *quality* of any object or substance—its color, its temperature, its softness or hardness, the degree of its interaction with other substances—depended entirely upon the *quantity, arrangement* and *motion* of its atoms.

We know today that if we add an extra oxygen atom to the two atoms which make up a normal oxygen molecule, we get ozone—which behaves quite differently. We know that we can, without adding a single outside atom, put together an alkali metal like sodium and a poison gas like chlorine and wind up with common table salt. We know that rescrambling the atoms on a surface can make the light reflect from it so that it looks green to us instead of red. We know that heat is merely the way our senses report the increased motion of atoms.

In brief, we know today that Democritus was right. But we know this from long experience in the laboratory. For a man to have made such an astute guess about the nature of things in the fifth century B.C. is nothing short of phenomenal. Yet it followed logically from the assumptions of his atomic theory.

It was inevitable that legends grew up about Democritus. He was reputed to be something of an early day Sherlock Holmes, with an uncanny ability to deduce rather amazing conclusions from the observation of details that escaped ordinary people. Once, for instance, a friend reported that, walking down the street with a female servant, he passed Democritus two mornings in a row. On the first, Democritus greeted the girl with: "Good morning, maiden." On the next, his salute was: "Good morning, woman."

Her status had indeed changed overnight. So had her manner—subtly, but enough to give her away.

When Democritus was not indulging in such fun-and-games, he was busy working out the details of his scientific theories (as scientific as it was possible to get in an age that had never seen a test tube, much less a cyclotron). He possessed an intellect that was not only profound but remarkably modern.

He put forth a theory of the creation of the universe that bears a startling similarity to present-day ideas, a theory of psychological perception, and a theory of evolution. An astonishing variety of subjects attracted his curiosity.

To cap his achievements, he produced a monumental system of philosophy which has often been rated with those of Plato and Aristotle.

He was also much esteemed in his day as an elegant literary stylist. Unhappily, of the 72 works of Democritus which are listed by Diogenes Laërtius, not a single one has come down to us intact.

Although the philosophical system he worked out was called materialism, the code of ethics he derived from it would today be considered highly idealistic. The cheerful serenity he preached and practiced earned him the label, "The Laughing Philosopher."

Not too many verifiable details

are known about any of the men who lived around the time of Democritus. But it is known for sure that he was born in Abdera, in Thrace, in the fifth century B.C. His father was apparently wealthy and influential enough to have entertained the Persian king, Xerxes, in his home.

Tradition has it that while the king's men baby-sat with young Democritus, they amused him by teaching him theology, astronomy, and other light pastimes. This experience seems to have fired him with two great yearnings: to acquire knowledge, and to travel to far places.

When his father died, Democritus let his two brothers have the major share of the estate. He was content to settle for the smallest share of the inheritance, which amounted to 100 talents (about $600,000) in cash.

This enabled him to visit great sages in lands as diverse as Egypt, India and Ethiopia. When he finally returned to Abdera, he was one of Greece's most learned men. But he was also nearly broke. Fortunately for him, his wants were few, and his brother Damasus offered to support him.

Despite his eccentricities, Democritus was well-loved in Abdera—which had a chance to show its true feelings for its greatest native son toward the end of his life.

There was an ancient law which said that no man who had failed to preserve his inheritance could be buried in his native city. Democritus, taking seriously his own maxim that "culture is better than riches," had spent all his on travel and study.

Faced with possible banishment, he took the manuscript of his most important work, *The Diacosmos*, and read it in the public square. The city of Abdera forthwith contributed 100 talents rather than see him leave. He lived to see bronze statues of himself erected in that same public square.

Even though no work of Democritus made it whole into the modern world, and even though he was a lone wolf who founded no school of philosophy, his ideas were a powerful influence on such later thinkers as Epicurus, Galileo, Bacon, Descartes, Kepler, Newton and Kant.

"He formulated for science its most famous hypothesis," says Will Durant, "and he gave to philosophy a system which, denounced by every other, has survived them all."

IN JULY CORONET

DEBUNKING SUMMER CAMPS

The author of hilarious best-seller, " 'Where Did You Go?' 'Out.' 'What Did You Do?' 'Nothing.' " tells why he won't let his kids join the league of pampered campers.

TRIPLE-THREAT MIRACLE DRUG

High blood pressure, heart failure and toxemia of pregnancy have finally yielded to a new triple-threat drug. Learn how it saves lives, time and money.

"Abortion in the United States," reported on below, is the result of a three-day conference of 43 experts sponsored by the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. The group included such authorities as the late Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, Dr. Abraham Stone, dean of America's marriage counselors, and Dr. Frederick H. Falls, past chairman of the American Medical Association's section on obstetrics and gynecology. Edited by Dr. Mary S. Calderone, and published in book form this month by Paul B. Hoeber, Inc., medical book department of Harper & Bros., this report represents the most comprehensive and authoritative body of information ever compiled on the vital subject of abortion.

THE TRUTH ABOUT

One million abortions a year

by Lester David

EVERY YEAR MILLIONS of American women—many of them average "nice" housewives and even teenagers—deliberately seek to end their pregnancies. As many as 1,200,000 of them may be granted their wish—through the performance of an abortion.

Thus, the practice of abortion—a hush-hush subject as far as the general public is concerned—is actually rampant in this country today. Why is this true? What are the reasons behind this phenomenon? Who is to blame? Who performs these abortions and under what conditions? Why would a woman want an abortion? And what effects does she suffer—physically and psychologically? How do doctors feel about abortion and the laws governing it?

This explosive report provides the shocking answers to such questions as it exposes one of the most crucial medical, legal and social problems of our times. Here are just a few of the startling facts which emerge from its 220 pages:

In 50 years of medical practice, one U. S. doctor performed a grand total of 40,000 abortions. At the height of his activity, he averaged 25 cases a week or about 1,300 a year.

In more than 20 years, another licensed doctor operated on many thousands of pregnant women who were referred to him by a "clientele" of 353 Maryland doctors.

Nobody knows how many more "specialists" are working more or less openly, taking referrals in exactly the same manner as surgeons who accept patients for tonsil or appendix operations.

There are a number of new drugs called abortifacients which can interfere with early pregnancy but are highly dangerous if misused. Studies on these recently developed compounds are now becoming known and doctors are alarmed that the drugs may be utilized in "uncontrolled" fashion by medical students or nurses who have access to them.

Abortion laws are so confusing that a woman can be refused a legal abortion in one hospital and be granted one by another institution a few blocks away.

This report knocks the props out from under the beliefs most persons have been harboring about this vast, hidden problem.

Up to now, for example, the accepted notion was that most women who seek abortions are the unmarried, unsophisticated and "bad" girls who "get caught." This is hardly true. Actually, the large majority turn out to be average housewives! Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, the late director of Indiana University's Institute for Sex Research, presented his facts, which revealed:

Fully 22 percent of the women in his sample who were ever married had at least one abortion by the time they reached 45. This compares with less than 10 percent of the unwed girls. These findings are now published in the third Kinsey report, "Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion," based on interviews with almost 8,000 women. The main study specifically eliminated from consideration women in prisons and inmates of homes for unwed mothers—in other words, it dealt with "nice" people.

Further corroboration came from the Maryland doctor who kept records of his abortions. Of his patients, 65 percent were married, widowed, divorced or separated, while only 35 percent were single.

Another major myth: that abortion generally or frequently leads to death, serious illness or mutilation. It does not when done correctly.

Dr. Milton Helpern, Chief Medical Examiner of New York City, reported that abortion deaths there hover annually around 28, remarkably low in a huge metropolis.

However, doctor after doctor issued an urgent warning that the gravest risk lies in self-induced abortion attempts. They cited such home methods as insertion of instruments and use of corrosive drugs and chemicals. Methods such as these are employed by uncounted numbers of women—and they can kill.

Right now, for example, one doctor revealed that the use of a certain type of chemical has zoomed among women. (*The report deliberately* *withholds its name to discourage attempts to obtain it.* ED.) Dr. Louis W. Hellman, professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the State University of New York, sounded this note of danger:

". . . there are styles in inducing abortions just as there are styles in women's clothes, and we happen to be in the midst of an epidemic of one kind of tablet. Why people should feel that these little tablets induce abortions, I don't know. Although they only cost around ten cents, they are sold to women at anywhere from a dollar to five dollars per tablet.

"They are highly poisonous, and when inserted they produce bleeding and ulceration, sometimes severe hemorrhage, but never abortion."

The dramatic high spot of the conference was the appearance of the Maryland abortion specialist. His astonishing testimony was probably the frankest, most graphic exposition of the subject ever presented by a physician and published in a report.

He was Dr. G. Lotrell Timanus of Rehoboth Beach, Delaware, a graduate of the University of Maryland Medical School. He was introduced as a doctor who "drifted into the task of carrying out abortions" which were done "very skillfully by him during a period of some 20 years or more in the city of Baltimore." Dr. Timanus believed he was functioning within the scope of the abortion laws but the authorities disagreed. In 1951, he was convicted of performing criminal abortion and sentenced to six months in jail. He is now retired from practice.

One of the questions Dr. Timanus studied during his active period was this: how many persons in the medical profession resort to abortion themselves? He found that of 5,210 operations which he performed, 401 were done on persons associated with the field. These included 270 graduate nurses, 58 doctors' wives, 20 student nurses, 26 sexual partners of doctors or medical students, four women medical students, four wives of medical students, 12 relatives of doctors and seven women doctors.

Seventeen of Dr. Timanus' patients were children ranging in years from 12 to 15 while a shockingly large number, 688, were girls in their late teens. The biggest age group represented was 21 to 25, with 1,834, followed by the 31 to 40 group with 1,312.

Women with large families represented only a tiny portion of the doctor's visitors. There were only 58 patients with five or more children and only 90 with four. As a matter of fact, in 92 percent of the cases the women had two or fewer children!

Some of Dr. Timanus' patients were repeaters. A total of 565 had had previous abortions, all performed by the doctor himself. The largest number were in the 31 to 40 age group, which had 204, second largest the 26 to 30s with 163.

Here is an actual transcript of Dr. Timanus' presentation which followed disclosure of his statistics. The questioners were other conference participants:

DR. JOHN ROCK (*Director of the Fertility and Endocrine Clinic, Free Hospital for Women, Brookline, Mass.*): I wonder if Dr. Timanus has any figures on the effect on subsequent fertility in these women?

DR. TIMANUS: No, but I have a number of letters from patients telling me that they are now mothers. I do not believe that a properly performed abortion can ever cause a woman to become sterile.

DR. ROCK: Did you have to keep many in for a second or a third day?

DR. TIMANUS: Not any.

DR. ROCK: They never showed signs of peritonitis?

DR. TIMANUS: No.

DR. HAROLD JACOBZINER (*An official of the New York City Department of Health*): Did you ever inquire of your patients as to the reasons for their seeking abortions?

DR. TIMANUS: Yes, I did. If I had to do it over again, I would have a social worker as well as a nurse in my office, realizing now the demand for knowledge about abortion.

DR. HAROLD ROSEN (*psychiatrist, Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore*): You built up a "clientele," you stated, of about 353 MDs?

DR. TIMANUS: Correct.

DR. ROSEN: I wonder what the proportion was of general practitioners and specialists?

DR. TIMANUS: I cannot tell you that. As far as I know, most of the doctors were general practitioners, many of them in the counties of Maryland.

DR. SOPHIA KLEEGMAN (*clinical professor of obstetrics and gynecology, New York University College of Medicine*): Did you have to give any rebates to these referring physicians?

DR. TIMANUS: No, never.

DR. JACOBZINER: To your best knowledge, how many physicians practiced your specialty in Baltimore, and what was the average charge?

DR. TIMANUS: I would say that at the time I was operating, there were two of us who did 90 percent of the work. The charge varied according to people's ability to pay. In the early days, the charge was $25, $50, $75, or $100, depending somewhat upon whether it was before or after the third month. In later years, it was $150 to $200.

In a summation, Dr. Timanus said this:

"Abortion laws do not meet today's needs and are generally violated everywhere. The more stringent the enforcement, the more deception is practiced by those involved. . . .

"I believe the fault lies with the medical profession. Girls seek the advice of family physicians and are given no help; they are almost pushed from the door."

Eye-opening facts came to light in a discussion of legal abortions and to whom they are granted. Private hospital patients obtain them a good deal more frequently than women in the wards. Many more abortions were granted to private hospital patients than to ward women on psychiatric grounds. Mental disorders accounted for 44.1 percent of the private cases—while only 22.5 percent of ward patients were aborted for the same grounds.

Commented Dr. Christopher Tietze, research director of the National Committee for Maternal Health: "It would seem then that the difference in incidence of therapeutic abortion between private and ward patients is not because the private patient can pay for the abortion and the ward patient cannot pay, but because the ward patient cannot pay for the psychiatrist."

What is the actual scope of abortion in America today? What, exactly, is going on and just how bad is it?

The conference's statistics committee reported that the frequency of abortion in the U.S. could range from between 200,000 and 1,200,000 a year, depending on how you project the figures in the surveys which are available. Various participants set the total between 500,000 and 1,000,000.

The vast majority, of course, are illegal. In a two-year period, there were only 1,309 *legal* ones performed in all of New York City!

Dr. Kleegman told the conference about a "new racket." Up to now, women generally have gone to abortionists—but a switch has come about. Said Dr. Kleegman:

"A woman seeking an abortion calls up a doctor. Another doctor, usually with a nurse, comes to her home by arranged appointment. She does not know this doctor, has never seen him before, and probably will never see him again. She has the abortion performed in her own home, with a fee in proportion to such a service."

Dr. Kinsey pointed out some interesting differences in abortion frequency and in attitudes between educational levels. The largest incidence of pre-marital pregnancies in his sample, he found, occurred among women who did not go beyond high school. Of single women who go on to college, fewer ultimately become pregnant before marriage.

But it's a different story when abortion is concerned. Of college-educated women who find themselves with child but husbandless, nearly 95 percent wind up with an abortionist. The percentage is smaller for those who never went beyond high school.

Dr. Kinsey also offered this strange comparison at the conference: among certain lower-level social and economic groups in the country, a child born out of wedlock does not handicap a woman in subsequent marriage. In fact, in many instances the women are proud of their illegitimate offspring. But it's different with college girls. Dr. Kinsey put it this way:

"I may go into a college and take the history of a college girl who is pregnant, and who says she is ready to commit suicide if she can't secure an abortion. That is the product of our education which is not teaching us how to avoid abortions, but to become hysterically disturbed over pre-marital pregnancy."

The report indicts the laws on abortion. These vary from state to state providing different penalties for the same offense; and are so vague 20 doctors can read 20 different meanings into them.

Prof. Fowler Harper of the Yale Law School sent the conference a review of state abortion laws dealing with illegal operations. There was no uniformity on penalties and culpability. Maximum penalties in six states provide a year's imprisonment for attempted abortion, 14 call for five years, eight for ten and one provides a 14-year term. All of these sentences also have fines. But five states do not specify any penalty for attempt, relying on a catchall provision penalizing attempts at any criminal offense.

When it comes to laws that govern legal operations, the prevailing rule in

this country is—on its face—a very simple one. Namely: abortion is illegal unless necessary to save the life of the mother.

Where does this leave the doctor? How does he know for certain that the woman will die unless the operation is performed? At what point is the mother's health in peril? How much peril is allowable, how much not? And how much does the possibility of mental damage weigh?

Obviously doctors are in a whirl of bewilderment when faced with a particular case. As Dr. Robert W. Laidlaw, chief of the psychiatry division at Roosevelt Hospital in New York, pointed out: "We can regret a ruptured appendix, but if we had a law which said that under certain circumstances you might operate on a ruptured appendix and in other circumstances you might not, we would feel shackled in the exercise of our medical judgment there, just as we now feel shackled in connection with the abortion problem."

Thus shackled—and frankly thus frightened—doctors refuse to perform abortions. The result is inevitable. Patients turn to those who will help them. And the illegal abortionists thrive.

Because of different interpretations, practices differ not only from state to state, but from hospital to hospital.

This jolting observation came from Dr. Robert B. Nelson, chairman of the sub-committee on maternal welfare of the Medical Society of the District of Columbia: "I don't see any way of performing an abortion legally in New York, the same one that could be done perfectly legally in Washington, D. C.

And this from Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, Director of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology of New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital, who described this situation preceding his appointment: "One of my colleagues from Brooklyn told me that he had turned down a patient in his particular hospital, but had told her to go to Mt. Sinai, because he was sure that she could have the abortion done there. She went to Mt. Sinai and it was done!"

Dr. Guttmacher added that this had been a perfectly proper procedure but the hospital did not want the prominence of its obstetrical service to stem from its leniency toward abortion, so officials tightened the procedures.

The result was a tremendous drop in the applications for terminations of pregnancies.

The problem of deciding is a great and wearisome one for physicians, often a heartbreaking one. How about a young girl who is going to have a child as a result of a criminal assault? Or a girl made pregnant by her own father in an incestuous relationship? Dr. Kinsey asked one conference member: "Do you want to repeat a remark you once made to me about your greatest regret in the profession you chose?"

"Yes," replied the doctor. "I sometimes wish I were an obstetrician in a Catholic hospital so that I would not have to make any of these decisions."

(*In Catholic hospitals abortion is never permitted, under any circumstances.* Ed.)

Who seeks an abortion? What kind of woman is she? Dr. Kleegman provided some revealing answers. The women who come to her in private practice, insisting they don't want their babies, fall into three categories:

1. She isn't ready yet. She has no valid reason for not continuing her pregnancy. It simply isn't convenient at the time. If she is allowed to talk out her reasons, and if a physician explains carefully why she should have her baby, she will in many instances be grateful for the support and go on with the pregnancy she really wants.

2. She has serious problems which she feels rule out a baby. These are economic, social and emotional. Says Dr. Kleegman: "In this group, if the reason is mainly socio-economic or chiefly emotional, I often use a great deal of persuasion to keep them from an illegal abortion. If I am successful by way of active and direct counseling (with which many psychiatrists may disagree) in persuading the woman to go on with her pregnancy, I promise her that after she has had this child I can help her to protect herself against any future unwanted pregnancy, a promise that I feel sure about being able to carry out. It is this promise that is the greatest help in persuading many a woman to continue a pregnancy that she would not otherwise carry on."

3. She is absolutely adamant. "I know the terrific frustration of a woman who wants a child and cannot have one," says Dr. Kleegman. "It does not compare with the intensity of emotion and determination of the woman who does not want a child, is pregnant, and *won't have it*. . . . such a woman . . . determined to have an abortion, usually finds some way of getting it. It is true that in the last five years there has been a sharp crackdown on the abortionists in New York City, so that many of these patients go much farther afield. Also the few abortionists practicing in New York have raised their fees from around $300 to $1,000 or $1,500."

How about the effects on the lives of women? From the experts' own studies and extensive research, from the facts and opinions presented at the conference, the study revealed that these are greater, deeper and longer-lasting than most persons, particularly the women themselves, realize.

This phase of the monumental report boils down to this: abortion, legal or not, can have and frequently does have a jolting impact on the woman, which can deal a hammer blow to the mind and emotions even 20, 30 or more years later.

Dr. Theodore Lidz, professor of psychiatry at the Yale University School of Medicine, defined in detail the psychological effects of abortion on women:

There is guilt. To a truly feminine woman, Dr. Lidz asserted, a growing baby is not a foreign body within her but an integral part of herself. There is a true unity between the two, and in losing it the woman is apt to feel she is losing not an extraneous, unimportant object but a living segment of her own body. Along with this comes a loss in self-esteem. She begins to despise herself because she put job or relations with husband above her real goal in life—creation of another life.

There is fear of retaliation. Said Dr. Lidz: "Even atheists still carry over enough of the belief in God with which they were raised to account for the conviction that 'something will happen to me because of what I have done'." A common form of this attitude among women is the fear that because of abortion they may not be able to conceive again or that malignant disease will develop.

There is self-punishment. This may reveal itself in a greatly stepped-up drive to achieve prominent positions in other fields, other than motherhood. Or there may be a general masochistic attitude toward the world to indicate she should be punished, too.

There is fear of what she has done to herself. This type of woman could be convinced she had forfeited the right to marry because she so injured herself that she would never be able to bear children. On the other hand, subsequent nervousness can be so severe she will never have peace of mind until she has proven to herself she can conceive again. This could result in wanton premarital love. Dr. Lidz believes the attitude is "probably one source of repeated pregnancies prior to marriage."

There is resentment toward her husband. If the abortion was performed at his insistence, a seething inner anger can be directed at him. She will feel that somehow, in some way, he should have made it possible for her to have the baby; that he considers his own career more important to him than the baby was to her; that he wants to have his own way in possessing her body while she had to degrade herself in having an abortion. All this corrodes a marital relationship. It can reach the point where the woman turns cold in her sexual relations and may even refuse to have intercourse at all.

There is a time-bomb factor. Emotions and conflicts aroused at the time of an abortion usually die down but they may burrow deeply. They can flame up many years later, causing severe mental reactions in an aging woman.

The psychiatrists made the point that adverse effects are not inevitable. Frequently, aborted women have children later, rear them with love, make excellent wives. But the danger is always there because a woman who chooses abortion or is driven to it "runs counter to the biological stream of life." As Dr. Rosen of Johns Hopkins pointed out:

> **The question of guilt arising from abortion is important enough to merit a recommendation by the conference that every patient should be seen by a psychiatrist after her surgery is over, even though she may have had no prior psychiatric history or treatment.**

To help millions of desperate American women, to prevent these ruinous psychological blows, the conference tackled the question of what could be done to cope with the entire enormous problem. A committee of specialists came up with a number of recommendations, some of which would run headlong into some moral and religious convictions.

They suggest that consultation centers be set up for women who seek abortions. Modeled after the ones now existing in Scandinavian countries, their main job would be to help women realize that abortion, legal or not, may not be the best or only solution for the problem that seems to be overwhelming them. Very often, women desperately hunting for abortionists are not even pregnant.

Contraceptive information, the committee recommended, should be made freely available to everyone who wants it.

Further, the experts urged emphasis on sex education, which should be started early, should be realistic and should be continuous. This would encourage higher standards of sexual conduct and a greater sense of responsibility toward pregnancy.

Finally, they demanded an overhaul of the existing abortion laws. They suggest that authoritative bodies such as the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, The American Law Institute and the Council of State Governments study the statutes of the various states and come up with a model law. This new law could then be presented to the states to replace their old ones.

Whatever the solutions, this is the problem, in the open at last, revealed in all its agonizing detail. The eminent specialists tell Americans that it can be regarded in no other way than as a "disease of society."

And, like any disease that threatens the human being, it must be faced, studied intensively and fought with every weapon we possess.

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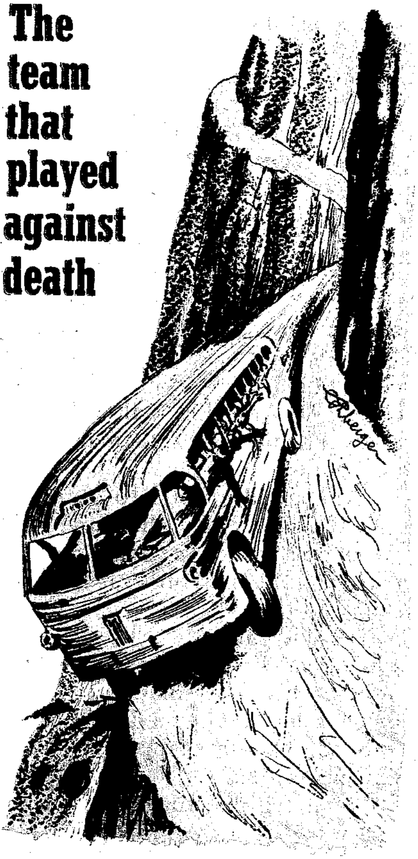
The team that played against death



by **MADELYN CARLISLE**

Without brakes, the bus hurtled down a mountain road at 110 mph. Inside, the 33-man football squad fought grimly to balance the odds.

THIS WAS IT, Jerry Tobin figured. If they could make this one—

Jerry was at the wheel of a bus with no brakes careening down a tortuous Rocky Mountain grade at 110 miles an hour! Behind him were the 33 players and coaches of Western State's football team, clutching their seats. Ahead was a curve with only space on its outer rim, and sharp waiting rocks far below. . . .

For Jerry Tobin, November 18, 1950, had started out like any other Saturday. Leaving home, he patted his four-year-old son's head and told him, "Take care of your mother."

His wife said, "Be careful, Jerry."

The big yellow bus he drove for Western State College high in the Rockies at Gunnison, Colorado, rumbled powerfully into life when he started it. You needed a lot of power for the long pull up to the height of Monarch Pass. After that you needed brakes and strong gears to fight the twisting grade that led down to Salida, thousands of feet below.

As he warmed the engine, Tobin, a wiry man in his mid-40s, pumped the brakes and saw with satisfaction that they gripped hard and fast. The gauge on the dashboard showed that they had their full 115 pounds of air pressure.

They left the gym at 8:30 A.M., the players lighthearted and talking of the victory they hoped to win over Adams State College, the team they would play that afternoon in Canon City.

Only one player, Tobin noticed, did not join in. This young man, a stranger to the mountains, had asked Jerry uneasily on their last trip, "Is this bus safe—really safe?"

Tobin had grinned. "Safe as a penny in God's pocket."

It was 10:20 when the bus at last labored to the top of Monarch Pass, where the sign said: Altitude 11,312 feet. Gauges all working. Motor not too hot. Brake pressure good.

For a moment the bus seemed to hover there, then it started its downward run. Tobin slid the shift lever into a lower gear and tapped the brakes gently as the bus picked up to 30 miles an hour that would be the safe speed all the way down. Maybe he'd let it hit 40 in the few straightways.

They were three miles below the summit when Tobin felt a sudden strange tremor in the wheel and from the back of the bus there was a low, ominous thump. His eyes went to the dials. Speedometer: just above 30. Air pressure gauge: 115.

His foot eased onto the brake . . . and a chill of horror ran through him.

The pedal went clear to the floor!

The gauge now read 30. And as if moved by a ghostly hand, the gear lever jerked. The bus seemed to leap forward.

Tobin knew the sickening truth. The gears, like the brakes, were operated by air pressure. Below 65 pounds the gear lever had automatically gone from second to neutral and remained there. He pulled the emergency handbrake, but that was like trying to stop the 12-ton juggernaut with a feather. The bus was running wild, with neither brakes nor gear to hold it back.

Not a man aboard had any doubt as to what had happened. "Ditch it!" someone yelled. "Run it into the bank!"

But the rock wall on the inside was a gray blur.

"Can you?" Coach Joe Thomas shouted into his ear.

"Going too fast. Got to ride it down."

Even as the words came from his lips, Tobin knew how crazy that was —17 miles, all downhill—six curves, counting three switchbacks, built for 40 miles an hour—yawning chasms on one side, jagged rock walls on the other. And the big yellow bus already hitting better than 60 miles an hour.

If he could get it into gear. . . .

Joe Thomas had the same idea. Crouching over the gear lever, he pushed until the cords on his neck stood out.

"Try kicking it!"

Thomas stretched on the floor, brought his foot smashing against the gear lever. The metal rod began to bend. Then it snapped off. Well, that was settled.

Tobin felt the tug at the wheel that warned tney were swinging into the first of the hairpin turns. The speedometer read 110.

Tobin knew that curve. There was an inside spiral first, then it circled outward above a 1,000-foot drop-off.

This was it—unless he thought of something.

Suddenly Tobin let out a yell, and they heard him plainly, for there was dead silence in the bus.

"All move to one side on the turns," he shouted. "Right on the right turns . . . left on the left."

As the bus hurtled toward the

sheer edge, every man aboard flung himself toward the inside of the bus, clutching at window railings and seats in a mad attempt to outweigh the pull of gravity.

Tobin fought the wheel that was trying to twist from his hands. Pain shot through his shoulders as strength he didn't know his 140 pounds possessed went into the struggle.

The drop-off was there, right beside them now, a dark blue of emptiness. With sick horror, Tobin saw that, for all the living counterweight, the bus was tipping outwards over that awful chasm.

Then there was a shuddering, grating sound. The bus was leaning so far out that its frame was scraping the tires.

Suddenly Tobin realized that the sound had stopped. The bus was righting itself. Miraculously, they had gotten around the first curve. But there was another just ahead.

The players hurled themselves across the bus. Again there was the scraping of metal on rubber. And now Tobin had a new fear . . . suppose the metal ripped a hole in a tire?

The grim game went on, perhaps the grimmest ever played by a football team. Left . . . right . . . left . . . each turn a screaming agony of suspense as the bus hovered on the edge of the abyss.

Even as they leaned out into space, a new and chilling thought was tugging at Tobin's mind. Not far ahead was a worse menace still—the railroad along which moved ore trains from mines in the mountains. One was due about this time, Tobin knew, because on other Saturdays the bus had stopped for it to pass.

Stopped. The word was a mockery now.

Tobin pumped the brake pedal—just in case—and tried to focus a mental image of the tracks in his mind. Suddenly it came to him that there was a narrow, rutted roadway running steeply uphill just before the crossing. He decided that if there was a train there he would try to swing the bus onto this trail. It would smash up, but some of them might get out alive. None would if they hit a train—or a train hit them.

The picture of an oncoming train was so vivid in his mind that Tobin was almost unbelieving when he saw that the crossing was clear. The bus shot over it, bouncing crazily, and even as the little roadway blurred by, he realized that he never would have been able to swing the bus into it.

They had been delivered from one menace only to face another, the first traffic they had encountered, a car going in their own direction—and another approaching in the opposite lane.

Savagely Tobin jabbed at the big black horn button. But no blast of sound emerged, and he almost sobbed with frustration. The horn, like the brakes, worked from the compressed air.

Tobin prayed that the approaching motorist would realize the bus was in trouble and moving with terrible speed—and swung the wheel to the left.

The bus careened out of its own lane and hurtled straight toward the oncoming car. It was a wild chance . . . one in a hundred . . . one in a thousand maybe . . . but the car went off on the shoulder in a shower of dirt and grit.

With all his strength, Tobin jerked the wheel to the right. The bus seemed to leap from the road, leaning far to the left and screeching on two tires. Then, incredibly, it righted itself.

Traveling at almost 120 miles an hour, they had missed both cars by inches.

They were now rolling toward Salida. The highway skirted this town of 4,500 people, but there would be cars swinging out onto it. A truck came toward them and went past with a "whosh," then a car. How long would it be before someone swung onto the highway at an intersection, its driver thinking himself safe in this reduced speed zone?

Tobin's silent prayers had been pleas for help. Now he prayed not for himself and his passengers, but for the unknown drivers who might even then be moving toward the fatal highway. And he pumped the brake pedal. There was nothing else he *could* do.

Gripping the wheel, peering fearfully ahead, he pumped again and again. Suddenly the bus shuddered violently and the players tumbled forward in a jumbled heap.

Tobin stared incredulously down at the pedal. The brakes had worked! Almost reverently he pumped again. The bus slowed . . . 50 . . . 40 . . . 30. They were really stopping.

"A miracle," Tobin breathed, sagging against the wheel. "A miracle."

Later, after a garage mechanic had discovered that a freakish circumstance had held the air valve open, Coach Thomas called his players into a huddle.

"Well, boys, do you feel ready to go on and play that game?"

There was not a single dissent. And, still shaky and dazed, they played the game and won it—by a score of 35 to 14.

Back on the campus, it was hard to tell just what the students cheered most loudly—the triumph on the gridiron, the one on the bus, or Jerry Tobin, the driver who led the boys from Gunnison to victory in the most desperate game ever played by a football team.

Lilliputian Logic

IN PHILADELPHIA one of the city's small fry clubs put on a dog show for its young members. One of the six-year-olds entered the family basset hound. When the youngster returned home the father wanted to know how well the dog fared. "He would have won best of breed," his son explained, "but another basset hound showed up."

—MADELEINE MASSEY

A LITTLE GIRL just learning to sew was having a terrible time trying to thread the needle. Her mother advised, "Just put the thread through the eye, dear."

"I'm trying to," was the reply, "but every time I get the thread near the eye, it blinks."

—SUSAN CUMMINGS

by ROGER B. GOODMAN

word
WORD
word

sharpen your word sense!

WORD

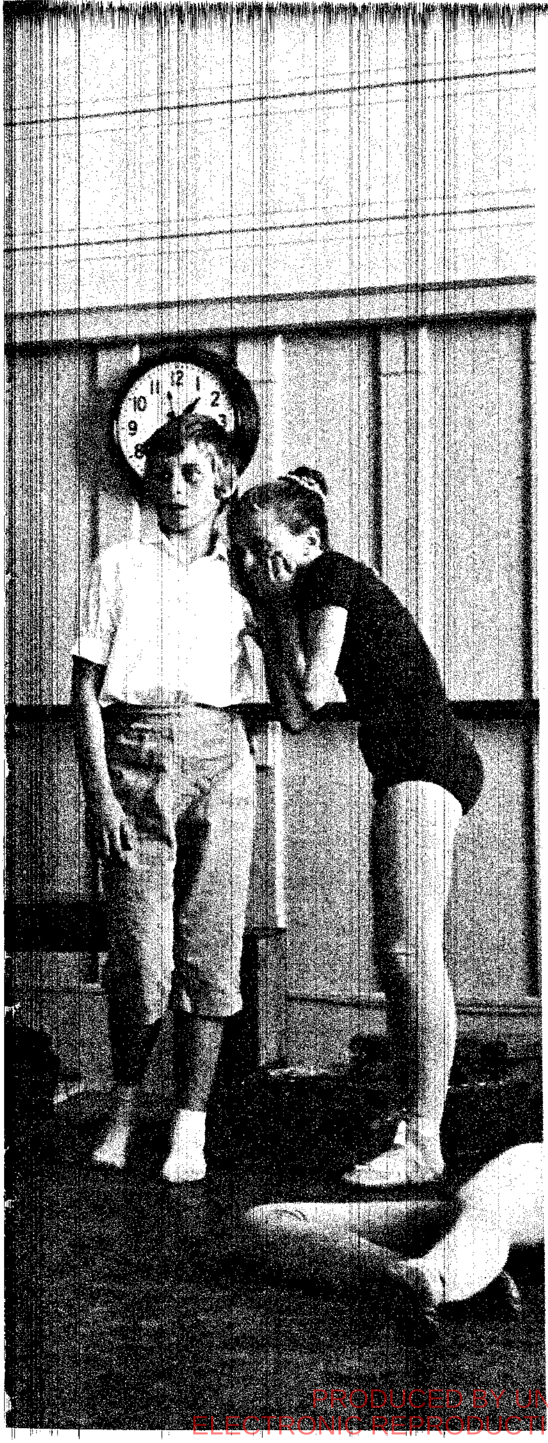
HAVEN'T you often thought, "If only I had the proper words to express what I feel!" Well, here's a quiz to sharpen your word sense. Below is a passage by a noted author, with certain words missing. Fill in the blanks with *your* choice from the list below. Then check them with the writer's words, to be found on page 148.

I NOW **(1)**__________ that the dog had **(2)**__________ into an angle of the wall, and was **(3)**__________ close against it, as if **(4)**__________ striving to **(5)**__________ his way into it. I **(6)**__________ the animal and spoke to it; the poor brute was **(7)**__________ beside itself with **(8)**__________. It showed all its teeth . . . and would certainly have **(9)**__________ me if I had **(10)**__________ it. It did not seem to **(11)**__________ me. Whoever has seen . . . a rabbit **(12)**__________ by a serpent, **(13)**__________ in a corner, may form some idea of the **(14)** __________ which the dog **(15)**__________.

Finding all efforts to **(16)**__________ the animal in vain, and **(17)** __________ that his bite might be . . . **(18)**__________ . . . I left him alone, **(19)**__________ my weapons on the table . . . and **(20)**__________ my Macaulay.

Choose one word from each group on this list:

(1) saw, noticed, perceived
(2) moved, slunk, wandered
(3) pressing, leaning, moving
(4) literally, honestly, really
(5) blast, press, force
(6) neared, went to, approached
(7) practically, evidently, almost
(8) alarm, annoyance, terror
(9) bitten, molested, resisted
(10) caressed, touched, patted
(11) like, notice, recognize
(12) fascinated, trapped, enthralled
(13) slinking, shrinking, cowering
(14) anguish, condition, state of mind
(15) exhibited, revealed, displayed
(16) approach, calm down, soothe
(17) anticipating, thinking, fearing
(18) venomous, noisome, dangerous
(19) placed, chucked, heaved
(20) recommenced, sought solace in, reopened

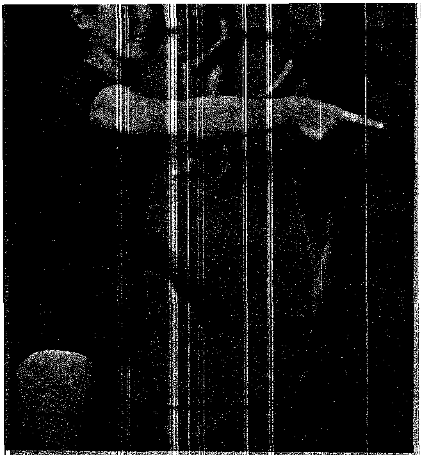


Text by Mark Nichols

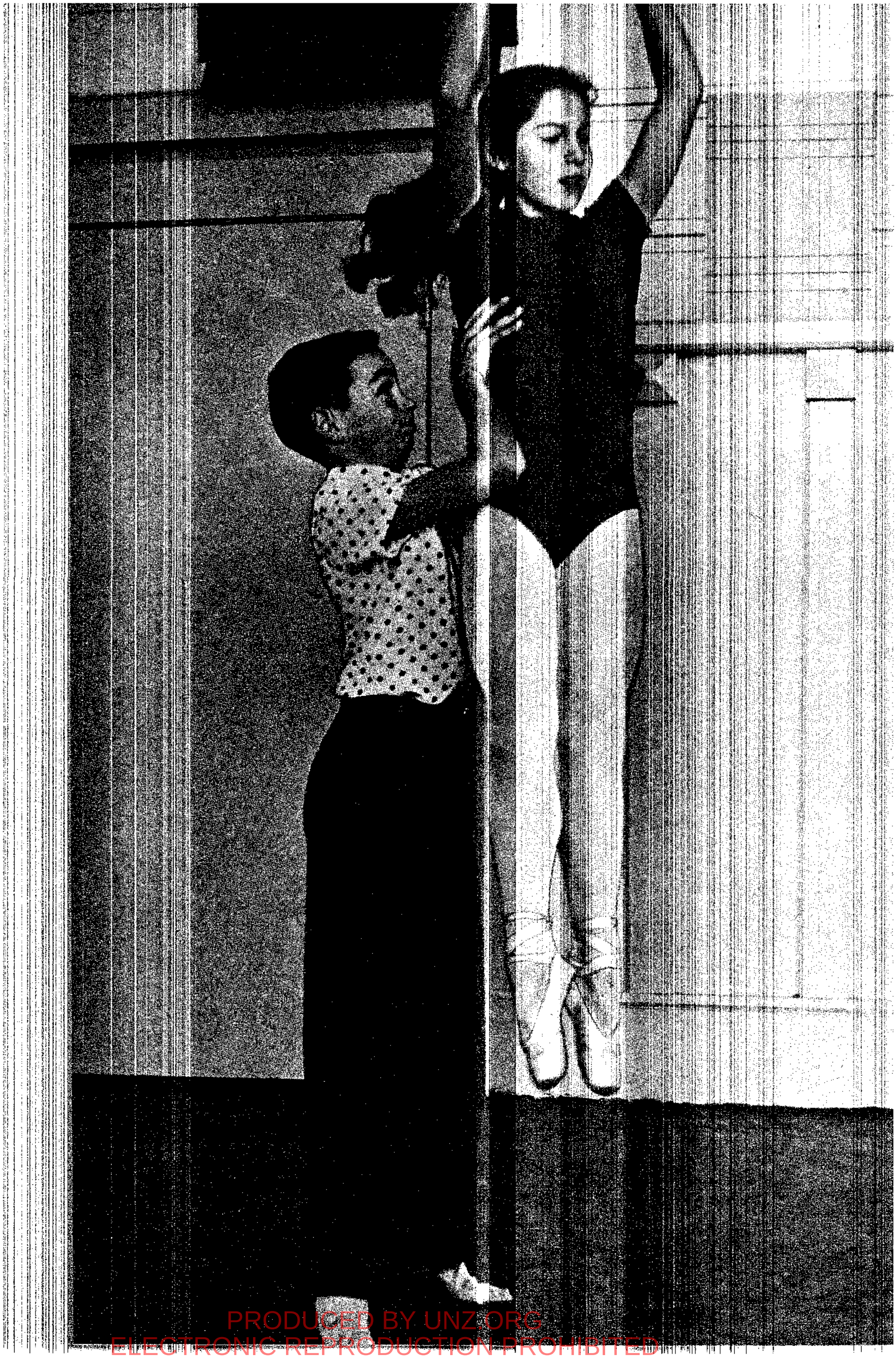
Photographs by Ted Streshinsky

Pint-sized impresario

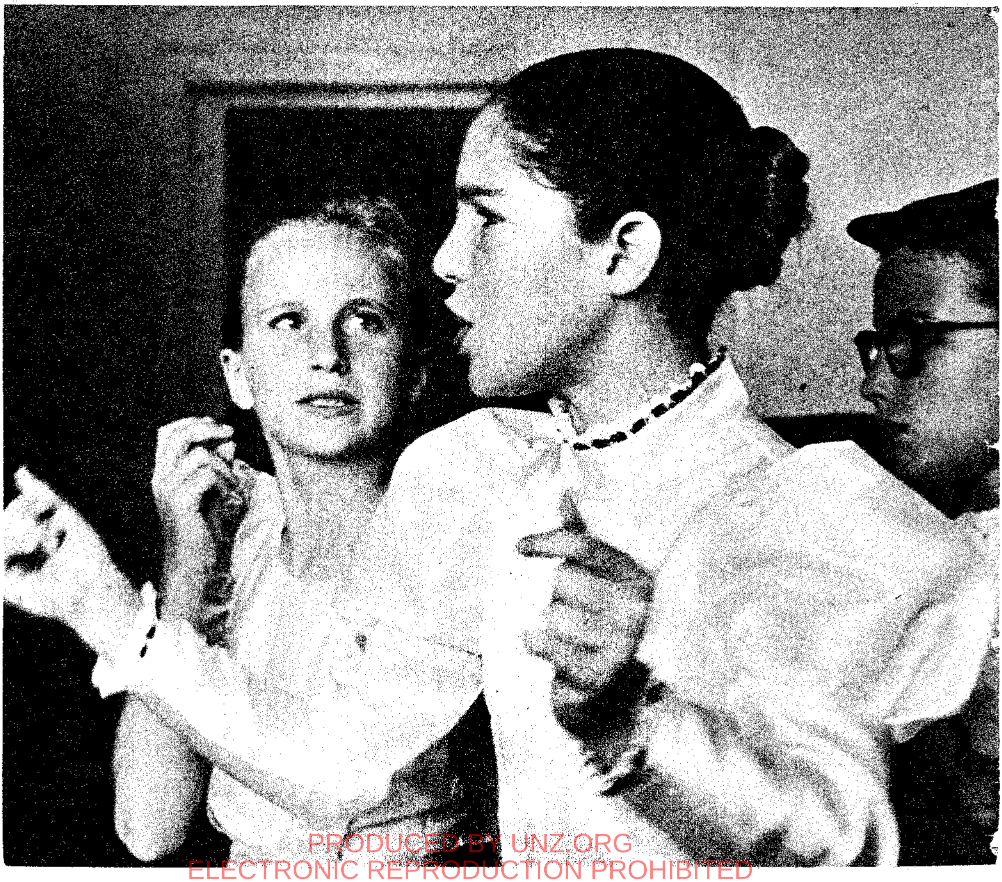
FOUR YEARS AGO, Cherry Mir of San Francisco took her first ballet lesson. "Ever since then," says Cherry, now 13, "I wanted to be a ballerina — more than anything else in the world." For her birthday not long ago, this precocious, brown-eyed daughter of an air-lines executive and a college secretary received a recording of "The Secret Garden" ballet score. Cherry, who says she has been fond of "long hair music" since she was five, was stirred by the ballet. "I just had to dance to it," she explains solemnly, "and so I made up my own interpretation." Then she began dreaming of a public performance. Children from her ballet school and her neighborhood enthusiastically agreed to join her in the project, and Cherry (left) began teaching them the steps she had devised. How she became an impresario—as well as a ballerina—is revealed in the photographs on the following pages.

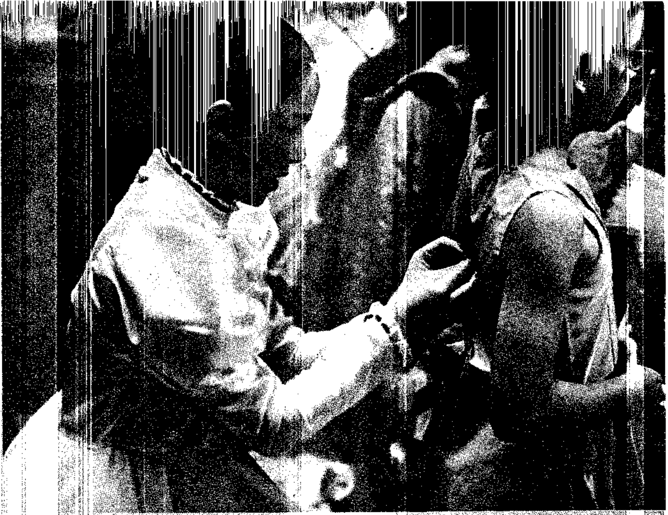


POURING HER BABY-SITTING earnings and her allowance into costumes and scenery, Cherry launches rehearsals at the Academy of Ballet, where the performance is to take place. "The Secret Garden," with music by Ted Beimess, tells of a young mother who accidentally drops and cripples her baby, then dies of grief. The father locks the garden she loved, and forbids his lame son to play there. But the boy finds the hidden key; and while playing in the garden, his mother's vision appears. In showing her son how to restore the dead roses to life, she evokes a miracle: the boy recovers, and all ends happily. Positive in her conception of the ballet, Cherry is all business at rehearsals as she directs movements (above) and shows The Roses (below) how to play dead. Among Cherry's recruits is "Skipper" Skinner, a neighborhood friend with no dance training. But Skipper's brawn is useful in a pas de deux (opposite).

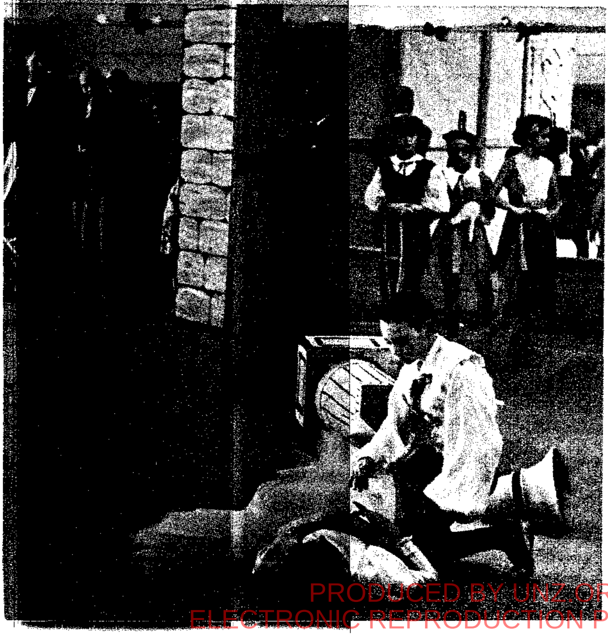


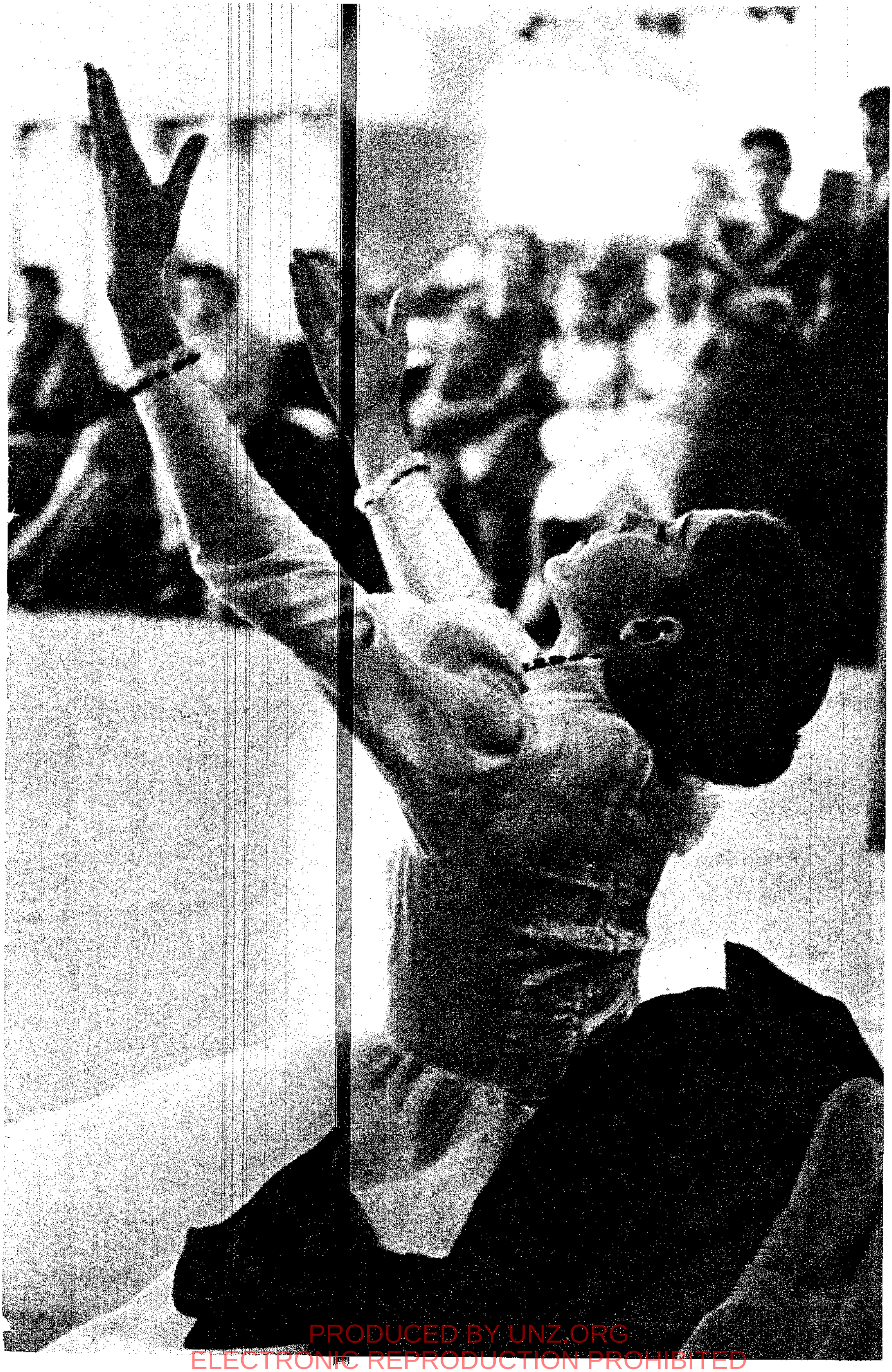
AFTER WEEKS OF INTENSIVE REHEARSAL, Performance Day arrives. For Director Cherry Mir, a pint-sized perfectionist, there are still myriad chores to do. Among them is buzzing around backstage, attending to last-minute details: snapping her fingers to keep the beat for her dance ensemble (below); helping a nine-year-old into her costume (opposite page, top); having her own make-up put on (opposite, bottom); checking the lights and calming her jittery novices. In a few moments, the strains of the overture will soar — and Cherry's dream will become a reality at last.





NOW THAT THE MAKESHIFT curtains are about to part, Cherry can't control the butterflies doing their own dance around her stomach. She confesses her anxiety to Heide Hoegg, a fellow student who is appearing in the ballet. Heide, Cherry's own age, reassures her (above). And the performance — playing to standees — comes off smoothly. In the garden scene with Skipper (below) and later, as the vision of the mother (opposite), Cherry is roundly applauded for an imaginative interpretation. Soon afterwards, flushed with success, she begins plotting her versions of two other ballets, "The Nutcracker Suite" and "The Little Mermaid."





HUMAN COMEDY

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY at one time acted as a roadside sign painter for a traveling patent-medicine agent. One day they noticed a smooth-faced rock where an evangelist had painted, "WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"

Riley crawled up the rock and painted underneath it: "TAKE BARLOW'S STOMACH BITTERS."

Returning two weeks later, Riley saw that the evangelist too had added a new line: "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD." —MRS. W. K. FRY

RUSHING OVER to the manager of the restaurant, a diner screamed, "Someone stole my topcoat!"

"What kind of topcoat did you have?" asked the manager.

"A brown tweed coat with raglan sleeves."

"Mmm!" mused the manager. "Come to think of it, I did see a man walking out with that very coat on."

"Quick!" demanded the customer. "What did the guy look like?"

The manager shook his head. "Terrible," he sighed. "The sleeves were too short for him." —AREJAS VITKAUSKAS

I HAD JUST moved into my new home and was arranging my furniture in the living room when I noticed a small boy peering in the window at me. I tried to ignore him, but after several minutes I finally went to the door and asked, "Is there something I can do for you?"

"Well," said the boy, shyly eyeing the toe of his shoe, "my mother wants to borrow two pieces of candy." —EVANGELINE CURRIE

JUST AS MANY TEACHERS do in the lower elementary grades, the first-year instructor at Alexander, Iowa, often sends notes home with the students. The idea, of course, is to remind parents of coming school events, and also to instill in the youngsters a feeling of responsibility in seeing that the notes are delivered.

One day a six-year-old told his teacher he had a new baby sister.

"How nice!" the teacher exclaimed. "I'll send your mother a card."

"You don't have to," said the boy. "She already knows it." —BILL WELCH

A CLERGYMAN received a phone call from the local income-tax man inquiring about a $535 contribution listed as having been paid his church by a parishioner. "Did he make this donation?" the tax man asked.

The clergyman hesitated, then replied: "No—but he will, he will." —CARL DENTON

A BIG-TEN FOOTBALL COACH not particularly noted for coddling his players was asked by a member of the faculty, "Why is it the boys don't love you the way they do other coaches?"

The rough and rugged grid coach eyed the scholar speculatively, then: "Professor," he said, "I've been too busy coaching to do much courting."

—MILT WEISS

STEVE OWEN, famous football star and coach, spent his youth as a cowboy. One day, an alert coach, noting Steve's size, called out, "Hey, boy, how about taking a whack at running the ball?"

Steve got off his horse, picked up the pigskin, and ran through would-be tacklers like greased lightning.

"Fine! fine!" enthused the coach. "Try that once more, but this time take off your spurs." —FRANK FORDE

NEAR THE END of the question and answer period of an oil company's annual stockholders' meeting, one of the ladies present raised her hand. After being recognized by the Chair, she ventured timidly, "Mr. Chairman, one thing has bothered me ever since I bought stock in this company. When you build a new gas station on a street corner, how do you know you'll find oil?"

—PETER WYCKOFF

A YOUNG MARRIED MAN rushed up to his boss after receiving a phone call and asked if he could go home at once, stammering, "My wife is expecting to be pregnant."

Seeing the bewildered look on his employer's face, he corrected himself: "No, I mean she is expecting to be confined."

The boss replied with a grin, "Take the day off, son. In either case you should be present."

—MRS. J. C. HUNTER

A WELL-KNOWN CONDUCTOR recently took his orchestra on tour and during his travels received the following note from a well-meaning person in one of his audiences: "I think it only fair to inform you that the man in your orchestra who blows the instrument that pulls in and out only played during the brief intervals when you were looking at him."

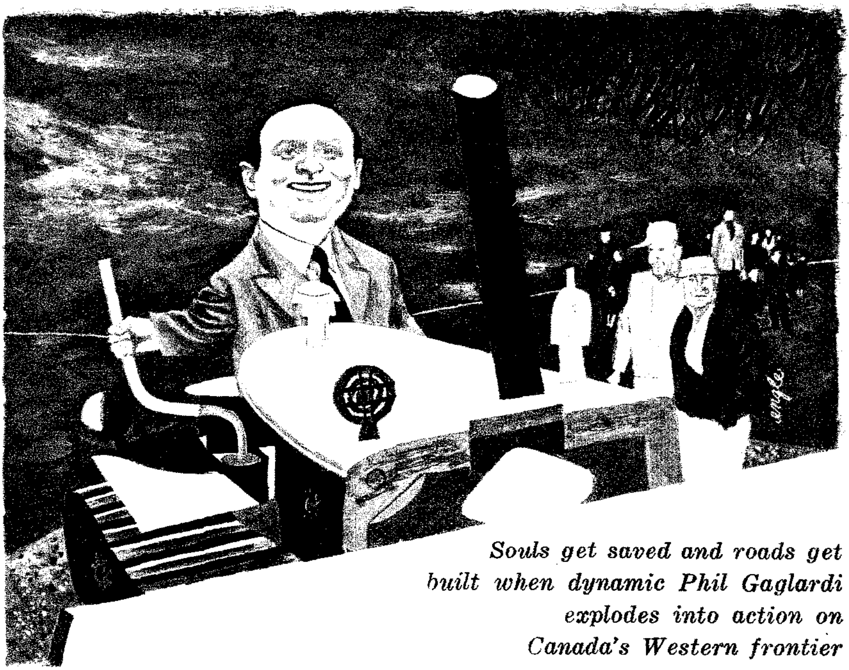
—GEORGE COOK

A SMALL BOY of six boarded a local bus clutching a cardboard container. After asking the driver to please hold it while he got his fare from his jacket pocket, he announced: "There are two goldfish in there. One is for my mother for her birthday and the other one is for Chipper, my cat." —CECILE K. GILMAN

AT THE CIVIL Aeronautics Administration, a woman applicant filling out a job questionnaire got along fine until she came to the section "Veterans preference." After thinking it over she wrote, "Sailors."

—MATT WEINSTOCK (*Los Angeles Mirror-News*)

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



Souls get saved and roads get built when dynamic Phil Gaglardi explodes into action on Canada's Western frontier

THE BULLDOZING LITTLE PREACHER

by William L. Worden

THE LITTLE MAN in the pearl-gray business suit on the high driver's seat of the 100,000-pound bulldozer was only five feet six inches tall. He could barely reach the levers and pedals. But there was confidence in his motions and a tearing hurry in his manner as he pressed the starter.

The huge engine's roar could be heard for miles around British Columbia's remote Nicola River as the bulldozer lurched against a wall of dirt; and the dirt moved—as if it did not dare refuse. The monster backed away, charged into more dirt.

For 15 minutes the little man put the brand-new machine through one test after another. Then he climbed down and walked rapidly toward a waiting automobile.

An enormous Swede workman called, "How do you get along, Phil, on those short legs?"

Philip Gaglardi whipped a hand through black hair and wiped dust from his olive skin. "Every bit as good as yours," he grinned back. "They reach the ground." Then he was in the car, and gone in a cloud of dust. The fastest-moving man in Canada was off again; and everything along the Nicola was fine. The road being built would go through, and the new bulldozer would add its muscle to one of America's most ambitious highway programs. As the road crew went back to work, a foreman spoke the key sentence. "Phil," he announced, "says it will do."

When the Rev. Philip A. Gaglardi took office as British Columbia's Minister of Public Works in 1952, he was almost completely unknown outside the town of Kamloops (pop. 9,096) where he headed a Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada church. One of his first pronouncements was:

"Ministering to highways is important and vital . . . but ministering to souls is the highest calling of man. As a dual minister, my job will be to put the highways in such shape that motorists will avoid the language which would deny them access to the highways of Heaven."

The following six, hectic, full-speed years made the name Gaglardi familiar to every resident of the huge province, which is bigger than the states of New York, Pennsylvania and Texas combined, while the man from Kamloops was building or reconstructing 4,600 miles of highways and a dozen major bridges, spending nearly $90,000,000 of public funds in a single year.

Today, Gaglardi is easily the best-known office holder in Western Canada. He may very well be the next premier of British Columbia, and quite possibly may go on to national prominence. One of the reasons is that his foreshortened, jet-propelled, 175-pound frame actually belongs not to one man but to three: Gaglardi the mechanic, Gaglardi the churchman, Gaglardi the man who instinctively understands politics.

He was born in a tent at Silverdale, a Fraser Valley hamlet, January 13, 1913, the sixth of ten children of Italian immigrants. He helped in the family's retail store during his childhood, and went along when the entire family left the Roman Catholic Church. The store failed; and Philip left school as a teenager to help his family pay off their creditors.

He was a shipliner on a grain ship, a bulldozer operator and finally a diesel-engine mechanic. He says, "I never was an alcoholic (a persistent rumor) but I drank heavily." He liked to sing; and when Miss Jennie Sandin arrived in the town of Mission City, as pastor of a Pentecostal church, she welcomed the presence and the voice of the diesel mechanic at revival services.

Nobody ever has accused Gaglardi of half-measures. Not only was he converted to the Pentecostal faith, but in 1937 he graduated from a two-year course at the Northwest Bible College in Seattle, became a traveling missionary, married Miss Sandin (who is Swedish and considerably taller than he) and took over her pastorate at Langley Prairie, where she had been transferred.

With his wife as his ministerial assistant, he later moved to Kamloops when, in 1945, the eight-member congregation of Calvary Temple offered him $15 a week. "Some weeks," said Mrs. Gaglardi, "the congregation simply couldn't pay. For some time, we lived in the church basement."

Offering only enthusiasm as security, he obtained a bank loan to improve the tottering church while Mrs. Gaglardi took over the moribund Sunday school. The church was cleaned up, the Sunday school grew, and Gaglardi could be heard, any Sunday morning, for blocks around. "My voice," he says, "is loud."

By 1957, the Temple had nearly 400 members, the Sunday school nearly 900 attending. The church bought first one and eventually seven buses, and offered free transportation to any Sunday school in town.

BUT THE BULLDOZER operator was not yet entirely submerged in the successful pastor—nor would he ever be. During disastrous floods in 1948, a call reached Gaglardi at Sunday evening services. He completed his sermon, and 15 minutes later was on a bulldozer, building emergency dikes for two solid days and nights.

"The main thing I remember," he says, "is a chap down in the mud and muck, looking up at me. He said, 'Lord, let me die. I've seen everything: a preacher running a bulldozer—and good.' "

While Gaglardi was building a firm local popularity, his name became familiar to thousands through daily religious messages which were —and still are—tape-recorded and broadcast by several radio stations in interior British Columbia and the Yukon Territory.

British Columbia's multi-party political system is made to order for such a man; and when Gaglardi, with no previous political experience, stood for the provincial legislature in 1952, he was elected. In fact, the obscure Social Credit party he had just joined elected enough legislators to control the provincial government.

A party caucus named the Hon. W. A. C. Bennett as Premier—by just one vote over Gaglardi, who became the Minister of Public Works. (In 1955, when the highways were set up under a separate department, he became Minister of Highways.) As such, he was responsible for scores of ferries, bridges and 23,000 miles of roads, mostly in atrocious condition.

There still was no good east-west highway. Coast towns such as Kitimat and Powell River had no access roads. Uncertain ferries and an aerial tram provided most crossings of the big Fraser River. None of which fazed the Rev. Mr. Gaglardi so that anybody could notice it.

There was nothing here, he indicated, that a few years of 16-hour workdays, plus boldness, plus a great deal of faith, could not cure. He placed a Bible on his desk, along with the several telephones—and took off to see what needed doing. Wherever plane, train or automobile could take him in the province, he went; and more than one bemused bulldozer operator or earth-scoop driver learned how the government wanted him to do his job by having a cabinet minister show him, personally.

"I'm no engineer," Gaglardi admits, "but I know what it should cost to move a cubic yard of dirt. That's been embarrassing to a lot of people."

Gaglardi's method is simplicity itself: personal contact, whether the problem be large or small; and personal acceptance of credit or blame.

The personal touch was demonstrated when high school students complained in a petition about a rickety bridge above the Robertson River. Three days later, a crew began putting up a new $35,000 span.

Obviously, the public approves. By successively larger votes, Gaglardi has twice been re-elected to the legislature, although the Social Credit party shows signs of strain and has been hurt by hints of scandal. "But you'll notice," says one newspaperman, "that Phil's never involved in any of them. He's always out in the sticks building a road."

Not even political blunders appear to affect Gaglardi's popularity. When he was elected, he announced that he would retain his church pastorate but would accept no more pay for it. (As a cabinet minister, he receives total government income of about $17,500 annually.) This bothered nobody, but opposition newspapers very soon noticed publicly that the minister's government airplane frequently arrived in Kamloops on Friday night or Saturday morning and returned to Victoria on Monday, occasionally carrying members of his family as well as the cabinet minister.

Gaglardi ignored the criticism. He said, "I do government business wherever I go, any day in the week. It costs the province nothing if a member of my family rides along in a vacant airplane seat."

He continued to use the aircraft as before, and still does so. In Kamloops on Saturdays, he records five 15-minute radio speeches for the next week, singing a hymn along with each speech, and conducts highway business, if any, from a local district office.

Nearly every Sunday, Gaglardi delivers at least two sermons, and a fireside chat on TV—then heads back to Victoria, leaving his wife and an assistant, as well as his two teenage sons, to head the church work during the week.

An instinctive politician, he is never long out of public attention. At the opening of the $4,000,000 Agassiz-Rosedale Bridge, a local leader trundled the highways minister across part of it in a wheelbarrow. To the crowd, Gaglardi explained, "Earl Brett said, 'Gaglardi will never build a bridge.' I told Brett he didn't know this government and he didn't know me . . . he'd have to wheel me if the bridge were built. So I'm here to collect."

Many of his public statements are similar, and audiences love it. He says, "I used to hang up my trousers when I went to bed and find them still barely swinging when I got up. . . . But now, they're still warm"—and anybody who has been with him a day or so almost believes it.

He says, "Everybody calls me Phil, except in that office (at Victoria). They just won't. They've been doing things their way for 30 years, and they're not going to change. . . . So there, I'm Mr. Gaglardi"—and frontier British Columbia loves the rib at its staid capital city.

In fact, most of the province grins with Gaglardi. He's a man people understand (even though he doesn't drink, smoke, swear, attend theaters or ever slow down). And he's a hero for every little man who believes that even a government can get things done efficiently if only somebody pushes enough, steps on enough toes and makes enough noise. All these things, Gaglardi does well—and much more.

Even in a prosperous government, there is never enough money to go around. Some time ago, Captain Alex Peabody of the Black Ball Ferry Lines urged Gaglardi to build a planned road on the Sechelt Peninsula. This, plus ferries for which Peabody already had available both boats and a franchise, would give Powell River highway access.

Gaglardi shook his head. "The only way we could build it," he said, "would be if you lent us the money, interest-free."

The astonished captain permitted his jaw to sag with amazement—but he got up the interest-free million dollars, the road was built, the ferries began making money for Peabody, and the province started paying back the loan at $100,000 a year. The people of Powell River now can get out by highway, and tourists can get in.

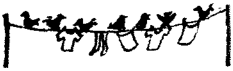
In total, perhaps the whole arrangement fits into Gaglardi's own definition of the nebulous Social Credit economic theories: "We put human values above monetary values."

It also fits the personality of Gaglardi, the churchman, who has been no more suppressed by a government job than was Gaglardi, the bulldozer man, by the requirements of the church. This is the Gaglardi who says, "The only way to curb juvenile delinquency is to set an example . . . make them proud of you, and take an interest in them. . . . A zipper, it seems to me, has replaced the old-fashioned marriage knot . . . and a lot of children are being caught in the zipper."

This is the man who recites the Twenty-Third Psalm, declaring it to be one of his favorites "because it's emphatic, it's definite. It doesn't say, 'The Lord may be my shepherd.' It says, 'The Lord *is* my shepherd.' "

He will wolf a late lunch—his first food of the day—in four minutes flat. Then he will declare, in complete seriousness, "I'm relaxed. I don't use up as much energy as people think. I'm relaxed all the time. I'm not a worrier. I'm square with God, and I sleep at night."

Sign Language



IN THE WINDOW of a store selling electric clothes dryers: "Clotheslines are for the birds." —ROBERT A. DIEDRICH

ON A MARIETTA, Georgia, tombstone: "Been Here And Gone, Had A Good Time." —HAROLD HELFER

IN A NEW YORK drugstore: "We dispense with accuracy." —*Quote*

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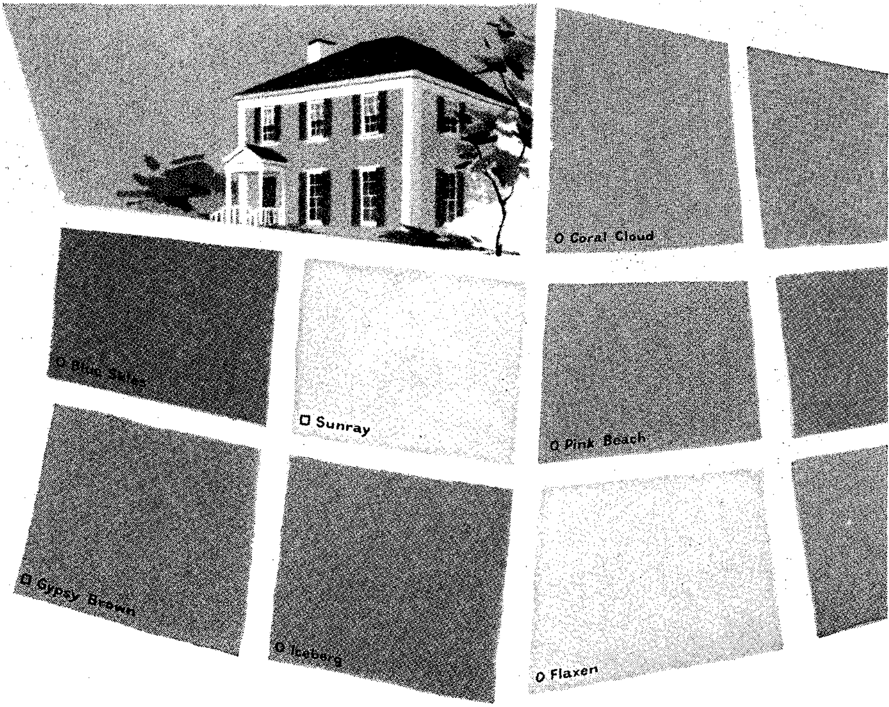
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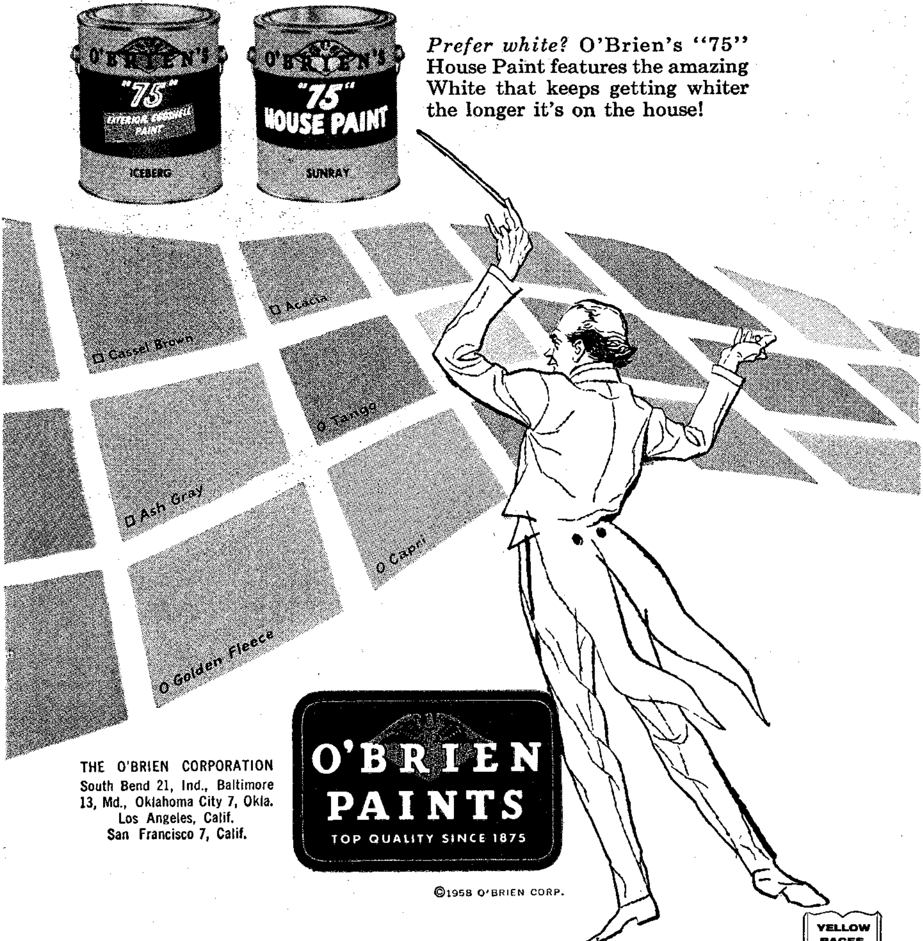
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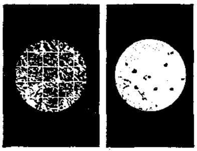

Mouth bacteria, chief cause of decay, build up overnight (shown at left). One Gleem brushing destroys up to 90% of these bacteria (shown at right)

PROOF – IN PERSON

Tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively mouth odor is stopped *all day*, for most people.

If you, like this mother, can't brush after every meal—even though it's best—take a tip from her. She knows food combines with mouth bacteria to cause both decay and mouth odor. So she depends on Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on Gleem to destroy most bacteria with just one brushing.

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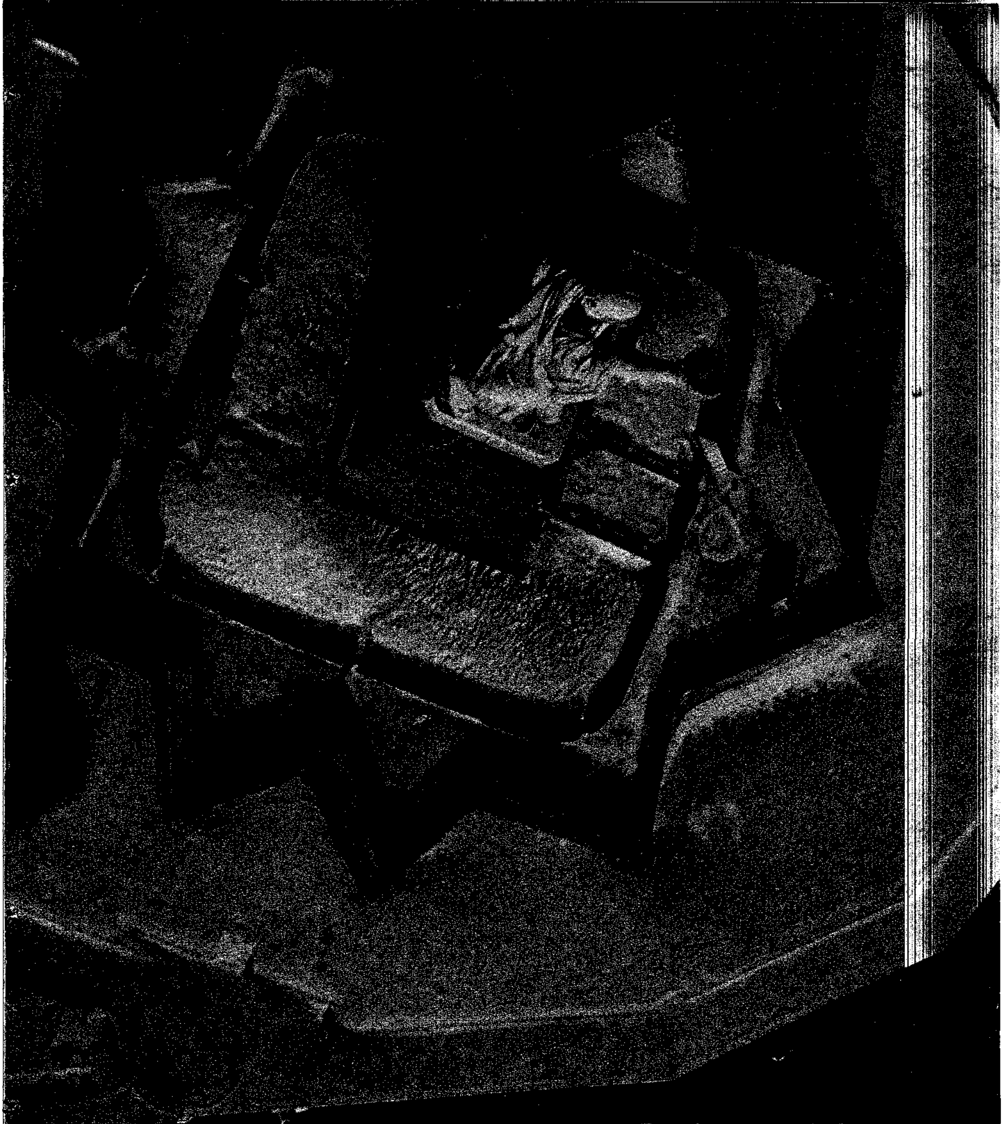
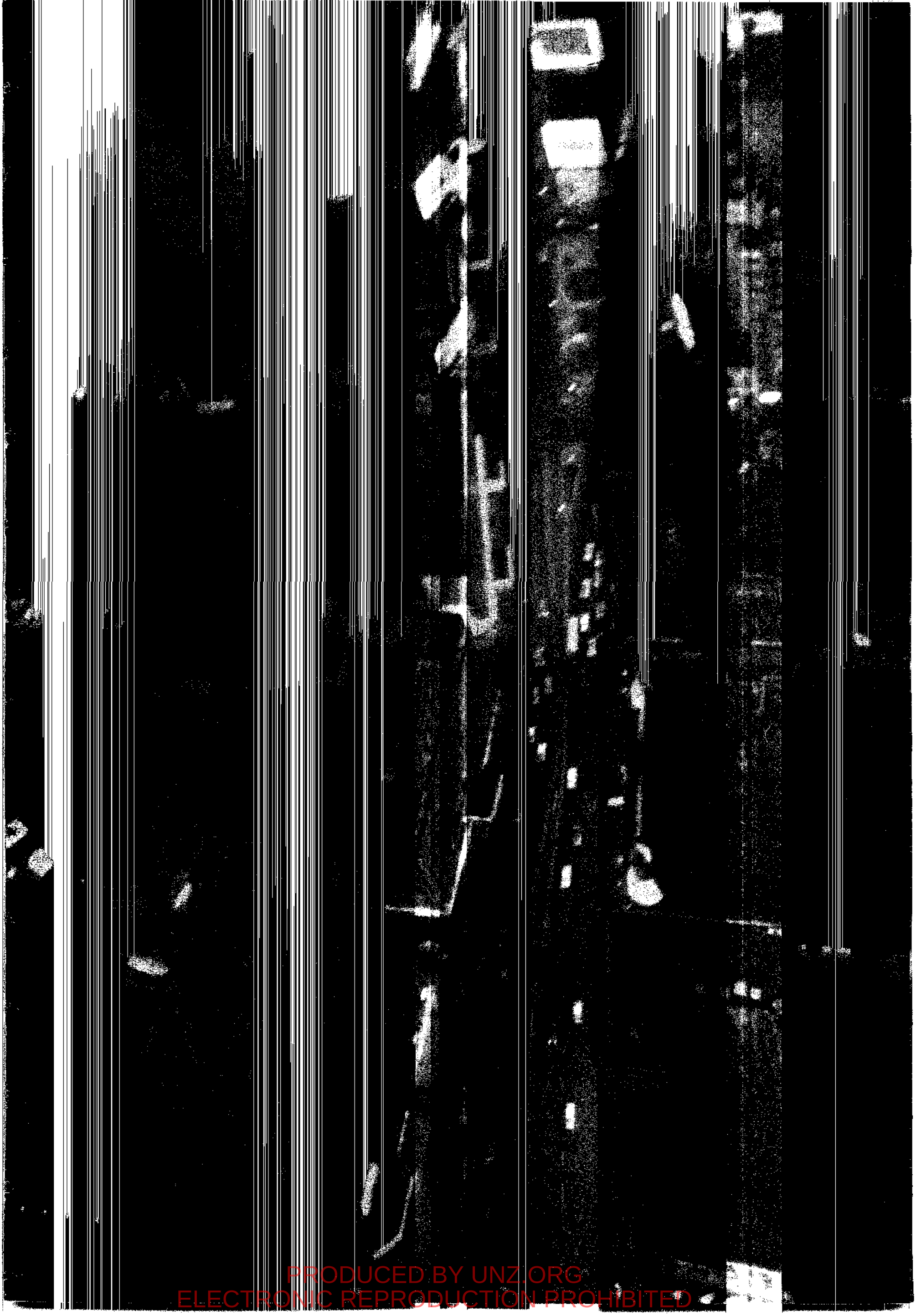


Photographs by Martin Iger
Text by James A. Skardon

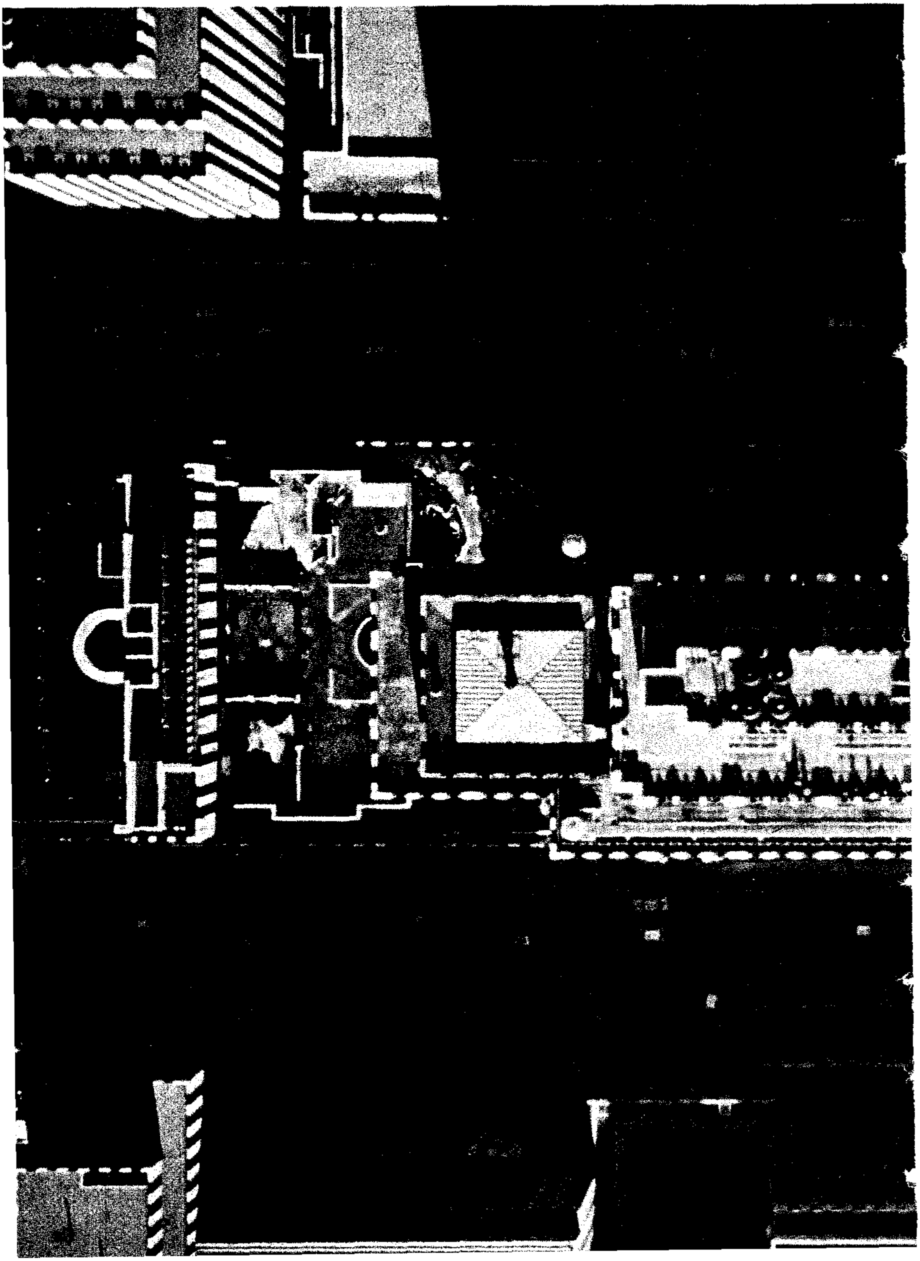
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A hovering helicopter by pilot-photographer Martin Iger, the snow-covered Statue of Liberty becomes an elaborately decorated wedding cake — revealing, along with the pictures on the following pages, a startling new facet of New York, the city of many facets.

What is often commonplace and ugly from the ground — scattered, and seemingly without order or plan — achieves new beauty and character when viewed from directly above. Designs of infinite grace and intricacy arise from the jumble of lines, creating patterns and illusions that the earthbound millions on the street below rarely see or savor.

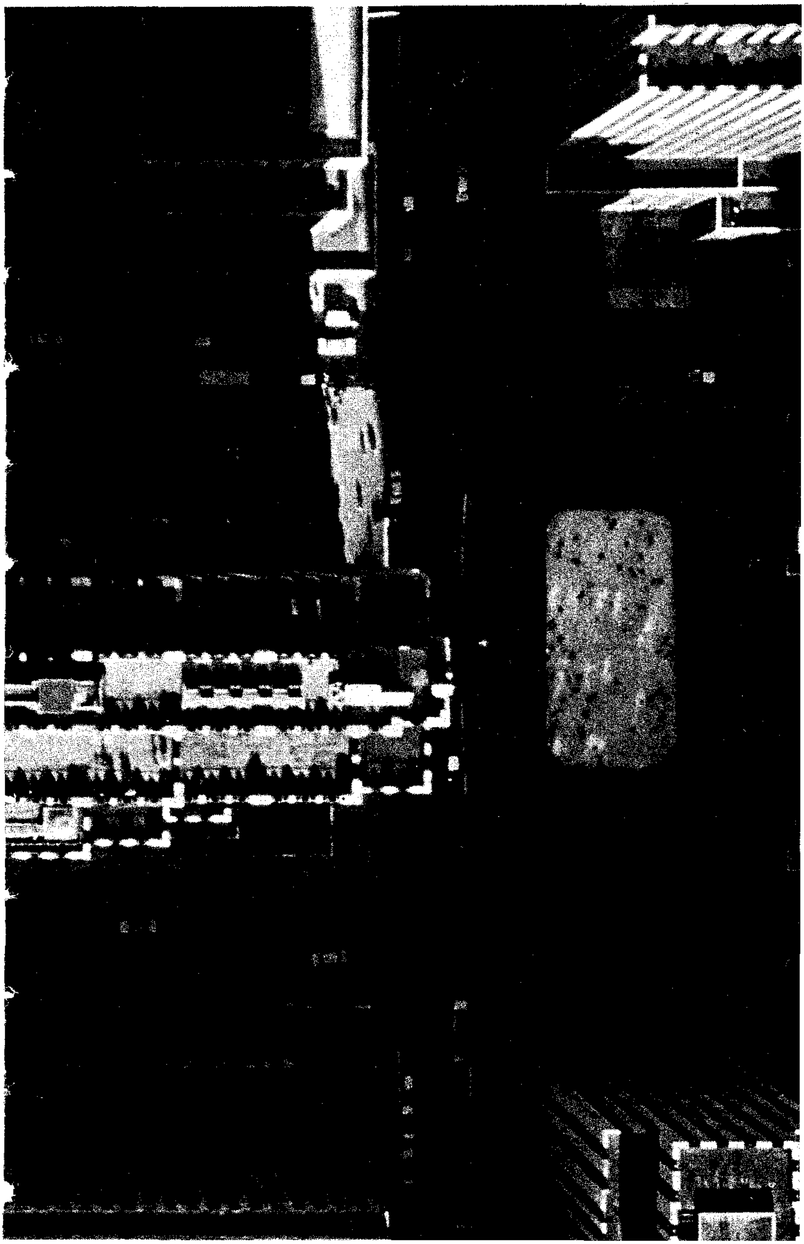
BROOKLYN BRIDGE (near right) becomes a graceful silver line, a neat and functional zipper, joining the borough of Manhattan to Brooklyn. While (far right) **TIMES SQUARE**, adorned in costume-jewelry strands of garish light, achieves a smarter, more tailored evening elegance in the vertical view.



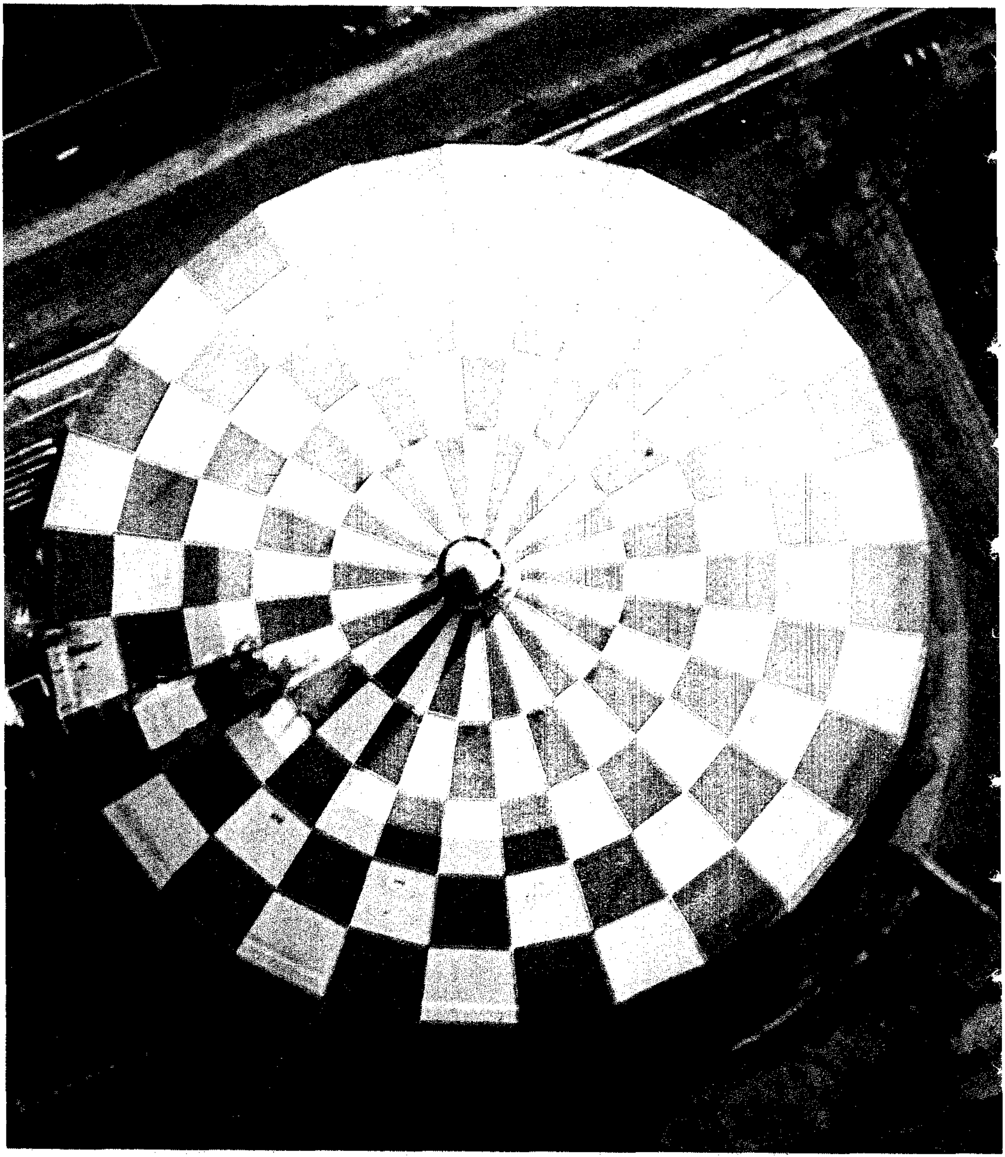
GLISTENING WALLS of Rockefeller Center take on the aura of giant church



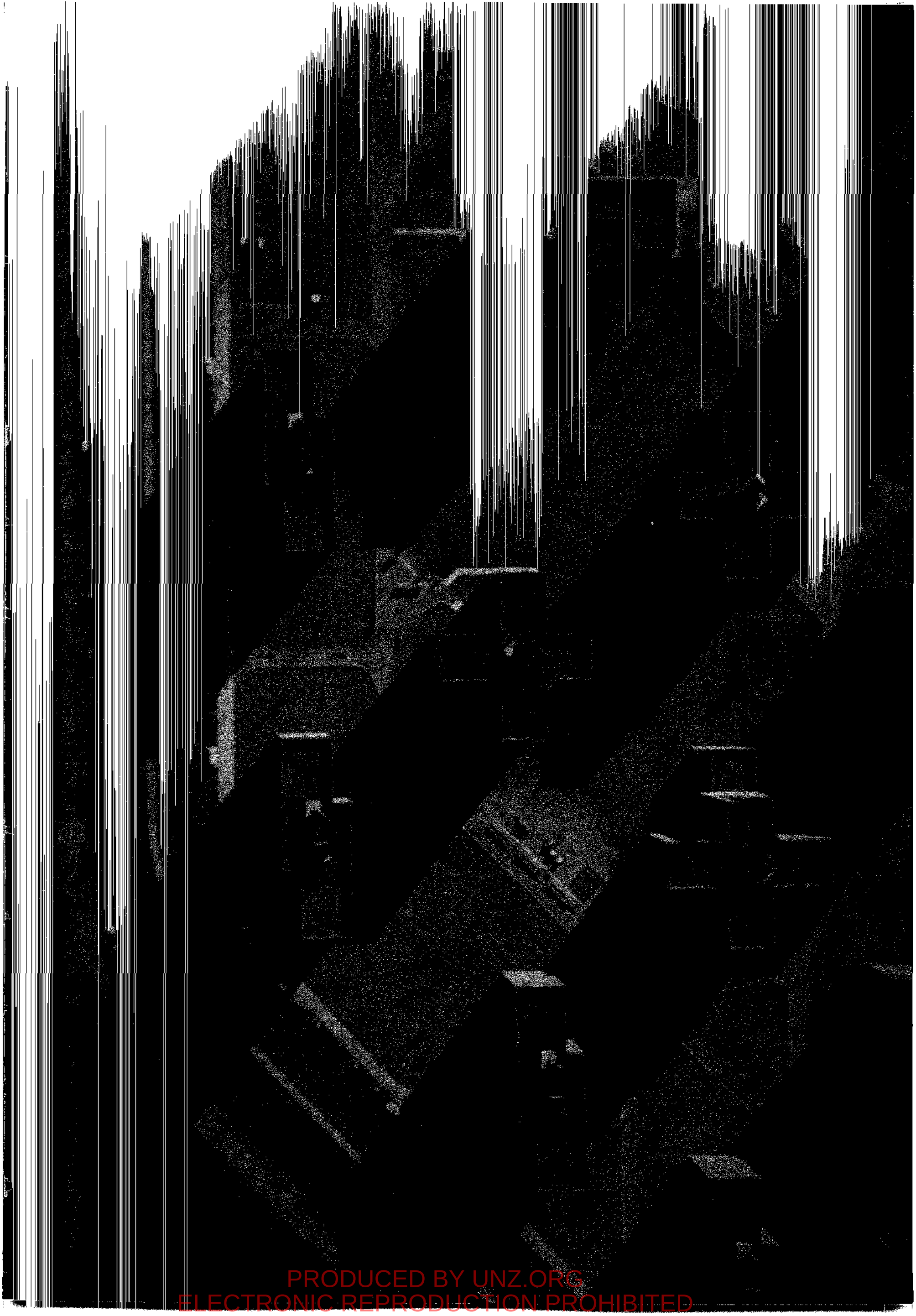
organ pipes; and skating rink is a huge TV screen, astir with tiny



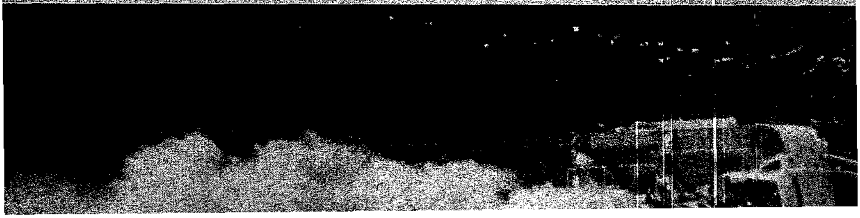
GAY AND CARNIVAL-LIKE from the air, brightly painted to warn approaching planes, this gas storage tank when seen from street level is as mundane as its dull and gray surroundings.



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW transform a Coney Island housing development (right) into a design reminiscent of a magnificent coat of arms, with bold crosses and slashing diagonal bars.



COLORFUL CLUSTERS of cars make the New York Port Authority Bus Terminal (above) a beautifully beaded child's plaything; its approach drive, a dangling pull-rope.



TRAILING COTTON BALLS of
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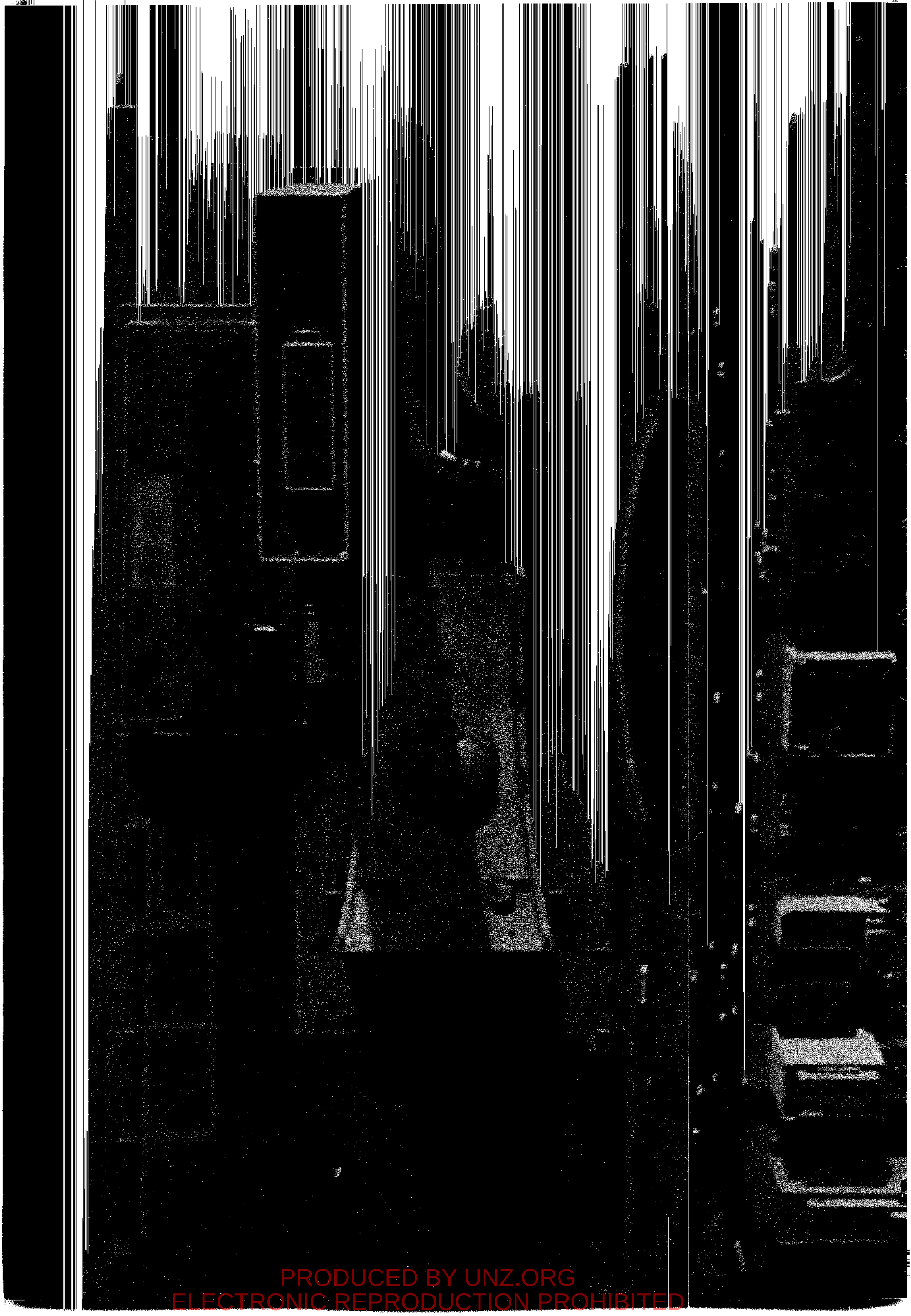
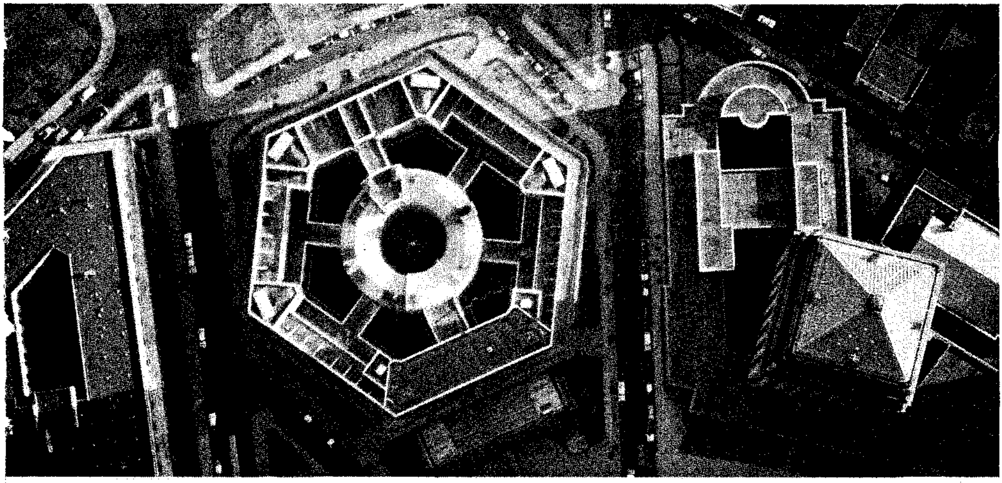
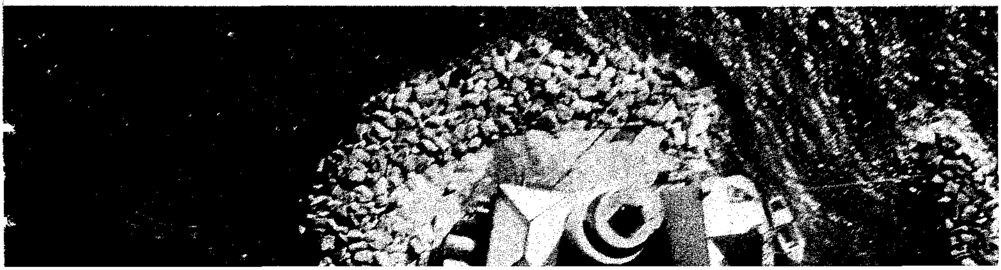


FROM 4,500 FEET the United Nations (left) seems an abstract cover painting for a gigantic record album; the Assembly Building, a shining, surrealistic horn.



NOT WASHINGTON'S PENTAGON, but the U.S. Court House at Foley Square, forming the central figure in a sparkling kaleidoscope of varied geometric designs.



MOVING FROM the congestion of 34th Street and Fifth Avenue, where the Empire State Building thrusts skyward, a huge spear, to the barren, empty flats of Rockaway Beach, the magic of the vertical view makes what is the world's tallest building seem flat, and what is flat seem high and rolling — brown sugar candy mountains perpetually changing in the city of perpetual change.

California's mystery vegetable

by *Frank Cameron*

CASTROVILLE, California, has earned the title "The Artichoke Center of the World." For around this small town on Monterey Bay, the artichoke is as common as the potato in Maine and Idaho.

To most of the rest of the U.S., however, this edible imitation of the pine cone is something of a mystery. Few housewives know how to cook it, nor do their families know how to eat it.

The artichoke is a thistle-like herb that grows to a height of about three feet. It is the cooked, green, oval-shaped buds of the plant that are edible.

There are dozens of ways to cook them; but how you eat them—hot or cold—is up to you. Some begin methodically stripping off the outer leaves and nibbling their fleshy base dipped in mayonnaise, hollandaise, French dressing or butter. Others shun the first three or four tiers of outer leaves and get right down to the yellow, tender heart.

In younger 'chokes, all of this heart is edible. In larger, older buds, most people remove the fuzzy inner "flower" that appears just above the thick, meaty bottom which is the choicest part of all.

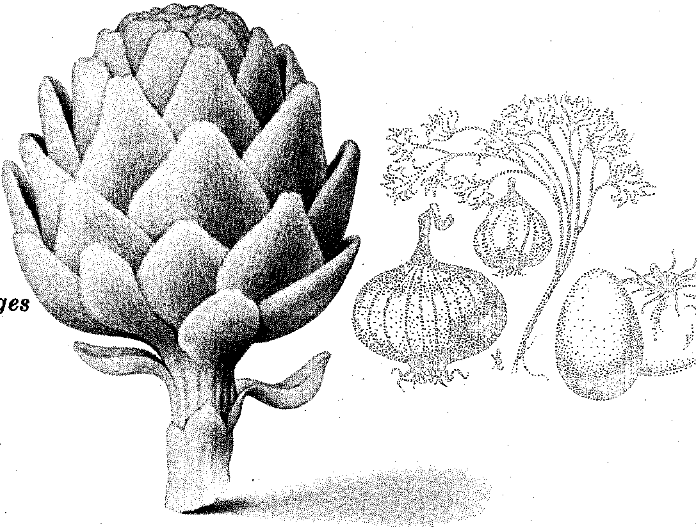
The artichoke is grown commercially in only two places in the world: Italy, where it is also considered an aristocrat among vegetables; and along a cool, fog-dampened narrow belt of coastal California. Perhaps less than 10,000 acres are planted to artichokes in the entire U.S., with a $3,000,000 annual market value.

Even though the 'choke frequently appears at a white-tie dinner, it is really a homey vegetable at heart. Its bland and delicate flavor is a combination of both eggplant and oyster; and its bottom has the meaty texture of cooked celery heart. Its color, when ripe for cutting, is of a pleasing intensity known among decorators as "artichoke green."

Around Castroville, whose residents are chiefly first- and second-generation Italian-Americans, it is used in everything from hors d'oeuvres to pie. For instance, one recipe guaranteed to stimulate the salivary glands calls for quartered artichoke hearts cooked in with Italian tomato sauce which then becomes as rich, red and regal a crown as a plate of spaghetti ever wore.

For ordinary weekday meals, most families in the artichoke belt simply boil or fry them. If company's

Grown in only few areas of the world, the little-known artichoke is a culinary will-o'-the-wisp that changes personality at the cook's whim



coming, a Castroville hostess will probably serve artichoke fritters, deep-fried in olive oil. Or, 'chokes can go into the oven alongside the roast for about 20 minutes before it is done—long enough to become brown and tender.

The more determined fanciers of artichokes use the unfrozen raw buds, with the big outside leaves still on, to bake, stuffed with anchovies or, perhaps, lean beef, onions, parsley, bread crumbs, cheese, and seasonings that never overlook garlic. Others make an artichoke casserole, or jell them in aspic, or mix them cold in any kind of green or seafood salad. They can even be reduced to pulp for cake and pie.

Food chemists praise the 'choke as a rich mine of calcium, iron and vitamins A, B-1 and C. Included regularly in the diet, it will turn soft fingernails fiddle-stick stiff. It is high in protein value and, if not smothered in rich sauces, low in calories.

The artichoke is believed to be native to the Mediterranean and was known to exist in Egypt over 2,000 years ago. French gourmets tried to raise it in Louisiana in the early 19th century. But in that hot, humid climate the plants grew tall and the buds were inedible.

Castroville maintains that some of its own citizens introduced the plant to California. In 1922, hungry for the subtle taste they had known in their native Italy, a group of men brought over a gunny sack of tuberous bulbs which became the parent stock for most of today's artichoke ranches around Half Moon Bay, Castroville and Santa Maria.

There are no hard and fast planting and growing seasons on these ranches. A typical cycle will begin in mid-September when the 'chokes start budding. These plants will produce their heaviest crop in mid-October. A normal plant (about four big shoots stemming from a single root) will yield perhaps 25 salable buds in that period, varying in size and market value.

Another heavy harvest may come in February, and by May, the rancher will cut all the plants down and use them for cattle food. In this cycle, the perennial 'choke will start its comeback in July.

Neither the artichoke's nutritive values, its delightful flavor nor its versatility have been sufficient to give it the glamor necessary for universal popularity. But now that it can be frozen and more easily distributed, it promises to become, like once-rare broccoli, a familiar and delicious dish on U.S. tables.

BAKED STUFFED ARTICHOKE

6 medium-sized or large artichokes
½ lb. ground lean beef
½ cup chopped onion
2 tbs. chopped parsley
¾ cup soft bread crumbs
1 egg
1 tomato
2 tbs. lemon juice
Salt
Dash allspice and pepper
Oil

Wash artichokes, trim stems, pull off tough outer leaves. Cut off top third and spread artichokes open by placing upside down on table and pressing stem ends firmly. With teaspoon, dig out center leaves and fuzzy portions. Brown beef and onion in about 2 tablespoons olive or other cooking oil. Remove from heat, stir in parsley, bread crumbs, egg, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper and allspice. Fill centers of artichokes with meat mixture, stand in deep baking pan, top each with thin slice of tomato. Put one inch boiling water in pan, add lemon juice, top generously with salt and oil, cover closely. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1-1½ hours or until tender. Serves 6.

ARTICHOKE EGG SCRAMBLE

3 small artichokes
2 tbs. butter or margarine
2 tbs. chopped onion
6 eggs
½ tsp. salt
⅓ cup milk

Wash artichokes, trim stems and pull off tough outer leaves. Cut one inch off top of each artichoke and cut trimmed artichokes into thin lengthwise slices. Melt butter and add artichokes. Cover and cook slowly until tender, about 15 minutes. Stir frequently to prevent browning. Add onion a few minutes before artichokes are tender. Beat eggs with salt and milk and pour over artichokes. Cook slowly until set, stirring from the bottom as mixture cooks. Serves 3 to 4.

Pirate of Penzance

AN ENGLISH FARMER was sentenced to a year in jail after police testified that he had built up his small holding by making night raids on his neighbors.

They said the haul netted: 48 laying hens and 135 other fowl, seven pigs, six doors, a complete kitchen-sink unit, a ladder, two gasoline engines—and a painting of the Rape of Lucretia, worth $140. *—Associated Press*

how BIG BUSINESS hatches small business

by Albert L. Nickerson, *President, Socony Mobil Oil Co.*

"I WANT to go into business for myself," said the young man. "Got any suggestions?"

"One that might surprise you," I told him. "Take a look at what some people think would be your competitors—big business. That's where you'll get most of your ideas—and help."

From first-hand experience, I soon convinced my young friend of the one big overlooked fact: that for the alert, small businessman the road to success frequently leads right through the gate of the nearby big firm.

Take the case of Maurice Binder, for example, who noticed that the Socony Mobil Oil refinery in Paulsboro, New Jersey, spent many man-hours reconditioning 55-gallon oil drums which are returned with paint chipped and sides dented.

Unknown to us, Binder had been watching our reconditioning operation for weeks and, when he finally approached us, his proposition was very attractive. He would do the job for us, he announced, at a price per drum less than it was costing us. We gave him a trial consignment of 200 battered empties. Today he is sprucing up every oil drum shipped back to the refinery. His small plant, operating at full capacity, now reconditions other companies' empties as well. Last year, Binder's booming business grossed over $3,000,000.

Then there's an enterprising fellow named Bob Chambers. One afternoon he was driving past one of United States Steel Corporation's smoking dumps, some 15 miles north of Pittsburgh, when he noticed it was well salted with scrap metal of all kinds, together with broken pieces of furnace linings.

Chambers got U. S. Steel's permission to pick over the piles of

Albert L. Nickerson has had a close-up view of both small and big business. He began his career 25 years ago as a $19-a-week gas station attendant and today, at 47, heads one of the world's largest oil companies.

slag and open-hearth refuse. Within a week or so, he had figured that 1 or 2 percent of the stuff was valuable metal, some of it recoverable by hand. With U. S. Steel's skeptical okay, Chambers plunged into the slag heap with "a pair of gloves, a hired man, and an old truck," and began to mine the stuff at so much per ton. Today, just a few years later, Chambers' cranes, electromagnets, shovels, trucks and tractors roam between the slag heaps to extract the last ounce of vital metal from what U. S. Steel once considered a useless mess.

BIG FIRMS like U. S. Steel, General Motors Corporation, E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Company, Inc., United States Rubber Company, Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation, Monsanto Chemical Company and others together spend billions of dollars with countless small companies for goods and services needed to run their businesses. Of course, the giants don't do business with the midgets out of charity or sentiment. They freely admit that there are essential jobs for which a big company is no more suited than a sledgehammer for swatting flies.

Every year, for example, my company pays out nearly $450,000,000 to 30,000 small companies, all but a handful of which employ fewer than 20 people. We rely on the ingenuity and resourcefulness of small businessmen from the moment we start to hunt for oil until our gasoline and oil gets poured into your automobile. We need the man who prints geological maps as much as we need the independent service station dealer, the company that manufactures drilling bits as much as the people who make metal signs. And in between, we depend on countless other manufacturers and service organizations.

For instance, Ralph and Clifford Bergh were once linoleum layers employed by a well-known firm in New York. Less than five years ago, they pooled their savings and went into business for themselves as industrial floor-covering jobbers, with a tiny store-front office and showroom in downtown New York. They got an order from us for recarpeting a couple of small offices.

A few months later, the Berghs heard that we were receiving bids for carpeting 25 floors of our new office building. "Don't waste your time trying to get that contract," well-meaning friends in the trade told the Berghs. "One of the big boys will get it for sure."

Undaunted, the Berghs put in their bid—and came away with a $500,000 order, the biggest industrial carpeting contract ever signed. As a result of what the brothers call their "magic carpet," orders from other large firms have swept them to the forefront of their trade.

How did the Berghs win out over some of New York's biggest carpeters? Price alone wasn't the answer. From the beginning, they showed every sign of giving us efficient and honest service. Moreover, when our purchasing agents looked over the Berghs' bid, they found facts and figures which detailed the job almost down to the last carpet tack.

The way big and small businesses depend on each other in a single town is evident in Newport, Delaware, where DuPont runs a modern 1,200-man plant. More than three-dozen local businessmen profit from making a useful contribution to the smooth operation of their large industrial neighbor.

Maybe you wouldn't expect a small-town locksmith to have as a customer one of the largest corporations in the world. Yet Bill Donovan of Newport didn't hesitate to suggest to DuPont that he could maintain all the locks in the plant far more cheaply than they could do it themselves. After a quick investigation, DuPont agreed, and now Donovan's four-man shop gets business from DuPont to the tune of several hundred dollars a month.

The variety of small businesses that get started by serving large corporations is astonishing. A couple of years ago, the General Petroleum Corporation decided to beautify the grounds around its new office building at its Torrance refinery in California. Young Ted Sakai, a local gardener, heard about the company's project and, as he mowed lawns and pruned rose bushes for his 20-odd clients along the nearby beachfront, his mind conjured up complete plans for landscaping the General Petroleum property. A month later, Sakai shyly presented some breathtaking color sketches of the proposed landscaping, along with his competitive bid.

From the moment the General Petroleum people set eyes on his sketches, there was no question that Sakai would get the contract. Today, the Torrance refinery, with its lawns, flowers and shrubbery, is considered one of the most beautiful industrial installations in that part of the country.

What of Ted Sakai? Nobody calls him a gardener any more. He's a landscape specialist, with a talent that has won him contracts from several other big companies.

Some small businessmen get the idea for their business while working for a large company. For example, a traveling lunch service in Nashville, Tennessee, was the inspiration of a man who had long worked in a local factory which provided no cafeteria for its employees. After doing a little market research of his own, he discovered that thousands of other nearby factory and office workers brought their lunches from home. His service, operating from a small van, was an instant success. Today, his fleet of lunch vans do business at factory gates throughout the city.

In Buffalo, a Socony Mobil employee named Charlie Hall devised a money-saving idea for packaging our asphalt, a petroleum product with a variety of important uses. With our blessings, Charlie quit the company and set up an asphalt-packaging plant in an abandoned warehouse nearby. His four-spout hose, which fills four cartons of asphalt in the time it normally takes to fill one, is helping to reduce our costs—and is making Charlie Hall a successful small businessman.

While the small businessman may perform a service or make a product the big company needs, it is also true that many a small business draws its lifeblood from the mass-produced goods of large manufacturers. Tens of thousands of small firms do a handsome business selling or processing goods they could not possibly make themselves. The development of Dacron, for instance, cost DuPont about $25,000,000, but hundreds of small companies which make Dacron apparel are now reaping the benefits.

Indeed, the scientific research of big companies often gives birth to countless small businesses in the fields of plastics, synthetic fibers, petrochemicals and many others. For example, weed control specialists are now almost as common as rodent exterminators. Many of these custom sprayers are small-town merchants who went into the business with the encouragement of a big corporation whose branded weed-killers they use.

Some big company research teams admit they could never even dream of the uses to which many ingenious small businessmen have put the discoveries originally made by the larger companies.

One such business was started in the basement of a Long Island home by a young lawyer and his engineer friend. Charlie Corben's and George Rolfe's goal was a new use for a resin put out by one of the nation's biggest chemical companies. After months of experimenting, they found that the resin effectively insulated high-temperature wire. Six years ago, their factory was a rented garage, but today Hitemp Wires, Inc., employs 240 people in a new plant in Westbury, New York, and services more than 1,000 customers with wire for aircraft, missiles, and military and industrial electronic gear.

Have you ever seen a product called Silly Putty? It's a small wad of silicone, a versatile chemical compound produced by the General Electric Company. In the hands of Peter Hodgeson of New Haven, Connecticut, the stuff became a fascinating toy for children and grown-ups alike. One evening a chemist pal of Hodgeson's left a piece of silicone putty at his home, and as Hodgeson idly played with it he made some amusing discoveries. It bounced like a rubber ball, stretched like taffy, and broke into small pieces when hit with a hammer. It also picked up the imprint of newspaper photos, so that, with a little stretching, he was able to fashion hilarious caricatures of well-known personalities.

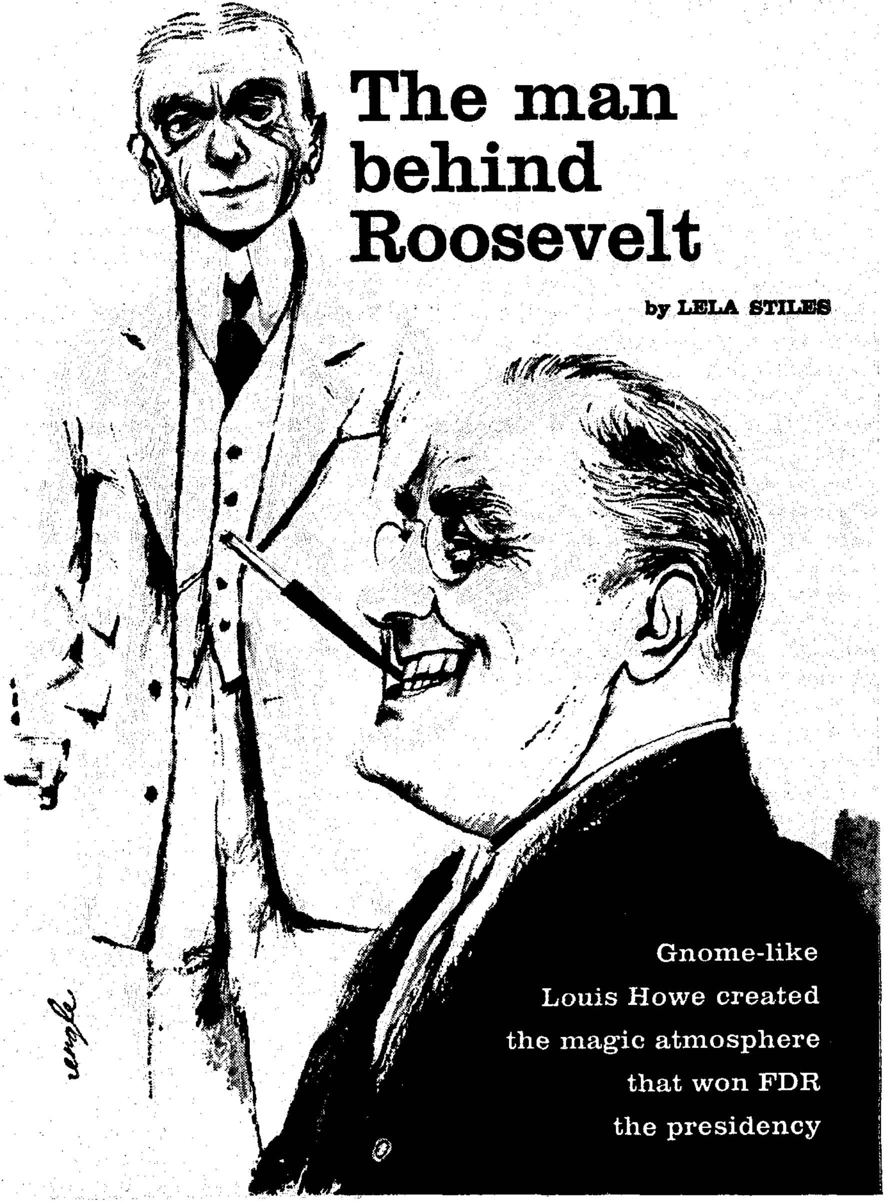
Hodgeson put the putty in brightly colored plastic eggs, and advertised in the catalog of a local toy store. The fame of Silly Putty spread to toy, stationery and drugstores across the country, and today Hodgeson's New Haven plant employs 30 workers. Sales in 1957 topped $1,000,000.

What do all these small businesses have in common? They responded to the need of a large company, or they visualized a new market for such a company's products. Just as important, they recognized that quality and service may count as much as competitive prices. Of course, none of this means that small businesses like these are invulnerable to failure. Nevertheless, because small business can do so many things cheaper and more efficiently than big business, its place in our economy is assured. ♛ ♛ ♛

CORONET BOOK CONDENSATION

The man behind Roosevelt

by **LELA STILES**



Gnome-like
Louis Howe created
the magic atmosphere
that won FDR
the presidency

From THE MAN BEHIND ROOSEVELT, by Lela Stiles. The World Publishing Company, Cleveland, Publishers. Copyright, 1954, by Lela Stiles.

On January 30, 1958, the hit play "Sunrise at Campobello" opened in New York. It chronicled the critical 34 months of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's personal ordeal, from the time he was stricken with infantile paralysis to the day he nominated Al Smith for President to the Democratic convention at Madison Square Garden and thereby re-entered the political arena. The play placed the spotlight of history on Louis McHenry Howe, the little-known and almost forgotten figure who was the driving force behind Roosevelt. This is the story of "The Man Behind Roosevelt," written by former newspaper woman, Lela Stiles, who was Howe's assistant for many years.

On THE PLATFORM in Madison Square Garden, on a blistering summer day in 1924, a tall, handsome man rose slowly to his feet. His son helped him with his crutches. A hush fell over the crowded hall as all the lights were dimmed, except for the brilliant ones over the platform.

Louis McHenry Howe, sitting up in the balcony, peered through the haze of cigarette smoke, intent on the spotlighted figure. Howe counted something more important than his own heartbeats. He counted the six steps from the chair to the safety of the speaker's podium. On that distance hung a long cherished dream. As the man came hesitantly forward, Howe's taut nerves unwound. Around him burst the cheers, swelling to a mighty crescendo.

Then Howe heard the voice of Franklin Delano Roosevelt—that strong, magnetic voice. He heard Roosevelt coin the historic phrase that dubbed Al Smith "The Happy Warrior." And he knew his dream of power was secure.

Louis wiped his forehead. Already he was thinking far beyond today, beyond Smith, to the convention when FDR would be The Man. And those who wanted to know more about Roosevelt were wise if they obtained Howe's confidence. For, as a newspaper article said of Howe, he was "the closest man alive to Roosevelt; the real head and directing mind of the Roosevelt drive for the Presidency. He was a rare bird in political life, this curious little man who served his master with the unhesitating fidelity of a loyal dog."

But there was more to Howe's loyalty than this. As Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt later said: "There has seldom been a story of greater devotion to another man's success. But this was not due to any lack of ambition on the part of Howe. He loved power, but he also recognized realities and he decided that in the end he would exercise more power through someone else, and he prided himself on the judgment he used in choosing the individual with whom and for whom he was going to work."

The paths of the two men did not cross until Howe was past forty. He was born in Indianapolis in 1871, the son of Army Capt. Edward Porter Howe and Eliza Blake Ray, both descended from early Puritan families. When Louis was seven his parents moved to Saratoga Springs, New York, which was then the fashionable mecca of the politicos and the "400." There his father was edi-

"I was so impressed with Roosevelt," said Howe, "I made up my mind nothing but an accident could keep him from becoming President."

tor of the Saratoga *Sun* and Saratoga correspondent for the New York *Herald*.

At 17, Louis became assistant editor of the *Sun*. He was such an astute political observer that his pre-election canvasses of upstate sentiment were widely quoted. When his father's health failed, Louis took over as *Herald* correspondent.

Howe married pretty Grace Hartley of Fall River, Massachusetts, in 1898. The following year a daughter, Mary, was born. And later, a son, Hartley E. The only flaw in their happiness was Louis' always delicate health. He had a heart murmur, and asthma which was aggravated by prolonged bouts of bronchitis. Poor health plagued Howe all his life, but he rarely gave in to it.

In 1907, Louis was made Albany correspondent for the New York *Telegram*, an evening paper. Louis liked his job best when it was enlivened by the unusual. So he took notice in 1910 when he heard that Dutchess County, always Republican, was sending a Democrat named Roosevelt to the State Senate at Albany. Louis, though a Democrat, had always admired Teddy. And he was intrigued by the idea of a Democrat with the magical Roosevelt name. He wanted to meet this man.

Finally, Louis' editor told him to interview young Roosevelt. It was Howe's first meeting with FDR. He saw a tall man in his late twenties, glasses glinting on his patrician nose, and a step so buoyant he seemed to spring.

Roosevelt beheld an entirely different figure. Louis was once described by a reporter as "a diminutive, incredibly thin, gnome-like individual with his head overlarge for his body. His clothes hung on him, baggy, unpressed; his trousers confined perilously by a carelessly buckled belt. But there was nothing baggy about his intelligence."

Mismatched as these two were in appearance, their personalities jelled immediately. "I was so impressed with Roosevelt," Howe said, "that from that moment we became friends and—almost at that first meeting—I made up my mind that nothing but an accident could keep him from becoming President of the United States!"

In the spring of 1912, Roosevelt became chairman of the executive committee of the New York State Wilson Conference, an organization of independent Democrats supporting Woodrow Wilson for President. FDR asked Howe to handle publicity. Howe agreed.

One letter he wrote FDR in June 1912 addressed him as "Beloved and Revered Future President." Howe little dreamed that the letter would one day prove, without question, that he was the original "Roosevelt for President" man.

Two days after Wilson's inauguration in 1913, Roosevelt was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Roosevelt promptly invited

Louis to join him in Washington. Louis gave up his newspaper job and wired FDR: "I am game. But it's going to break me!"

During his tenure as Assistant Navy Secretary, Roosevelt grew steadily in political stature, and by the summer of 1920, he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco.

Louis was hanging over the news ticker when the news came that James M. Cox, nominated for President, had told his campaign manager that he wanted Roosevelt as running mate. State after state fell into line and Roosevelt was nominated by acclamation. Back in Washington, Howe looked closer at the jigsaw plans he had been formulating and quietly began to fit them into place.

Howe was undaunted by the Republican victory in 1920. Shortly after the election he was looking out the window of his Navy Department office, with Samuel McGowan, Rear Admiral Christian Peoples and Lieut. Comdr. S. R. Fuller, Jr. Louis put one hand on McGowan's shoulder and the other on the shoulder of Peoples. "Do you see that building over there?" he said, nodding toward the White House. "That's where Franklin is going some day. Franklin and I!"

"There are times," Howe later said, "when I doubt if Franklin might ever have been President if he had not been stricken with infantile paralysis, tragic though it was. You see, he had a thousand interests. You couldn't pin him down. Then suddenly he was flat on his back, with nothing to do but think. He began to read, he talked, he gathered people around him—his thoughts expanded, his horizon widened. He began to see the other fellow's point of view. Lying there, he grew bigger day by day."

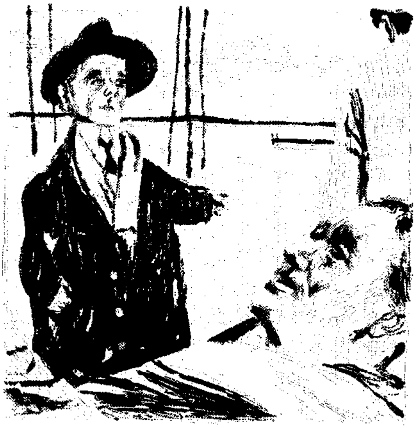
Louis added with his characteristic pixieish humor, "Perhaps a year or two in bed should be prescribed for all our statesmen to enable them to study and learn the complexities of our modern life."

The words "infantile paralysis" had dire implications in 1921, so Howe took elaborate pains to conceal the news. He told the press that Roosevelt was confined to his bed at Campobello with a heavy cold. Louis explained to Mrs. Roosevelt, "If the public heard the words 'infantile paralysis,' it might think that Franklin's mind had been affected. The public must not see him again until it can see him cheerful and smiling. The wrong thing at this time might wreck his political career."

"Do you really believe Franklin still has a political future?" Mrs. Roosevelt asked in bewilderment.

"I believe," said Howe, "that some day Franklin will be President." As Roosevelt lay white and still during those long summer days, Howe sat devotedly by his side. Finally, Roosevelt was to be taken from his summer home on Campobello Island, New Brunswick, Canada, to the Presbyterian Hospital in New York. Louis planned each step.

He arranged for a stretcher to be brought to the house. Roosevelt was placed on it and carried to the private dock. There a faithful family friend waited in his motorboat. They



By moving FDR to the other side of the harbor, Howe cleverly outwitted the waiting throngs.

laid Roosevelt on the floor boards. Then the boat chugged slowly across the bay to Eastport, Maine. But, as Howe had carefully planned in advance, they did not land at the dock where the crowd waited, but on the opposite side of the harbor where there were no spectators.

They put FDR on a baggage cart and Louis and a few others walked alongside shielding him from view until they reached the private railroad car. Only when they had FDR safely aboard and propped up by an open window did Louis send word to the dock. Reporters and townspeople streamed over to the car and saw Roosevelt by the window, his cigarette tilted jauntily, smiling and calling greetings. He kept shouting greetings until the train faded from view. Howe sat back in the car, and heaved a sigh of relief.

In New York, a specialist told Louis frankly that though Roosevelt's condition would grow no worse, his improvement would be very slight unless he had extraordinary will and patience—and that years of constant effort would be needed to bring the muscles back. When Louis told this to the family, Eleanor Roosevelt agreed with his suggestion that under no circumstances should they ever treat Roosevelt as an invalid. Instead, they would treat him as a normal human being, temporarily unable to get about.

Roosevelt's mother, however, did not go along with this program. She had made up her mind that her son would never lead an active life again. Why couldn't he come to Hyde Park to live? He could study, write, and manage the estate. "You have good common sense, Louis," she said. "Can't you see that a political future is out of the question for my son?"

Howe looked at her steadily. "I expect him to be President," he said quietly. "Anyway, he is going to have his chance."

Then Louis flung his challenge to FDR: "Either you can retire and become a country squire, or gather your courage and plunge forward as though nothing had happened.

"Besides," Howe said half in earnest, half in jest, "this makes it certain that you'll be President. You'll get the sympathy of the public and be spared the handshaking, platform stomping, and all the political nonsense that ruins so many men." Louis added firmly, "You are a man of destiny, and I will go along with you every inch of the hard way, if that is the way you choose."

Roosevelt listened quietly. When

Louis had finished, he flashed a smile. "Well," he said cheerfully, "when do we begin?"

"I knew then," said Howe, "that you could never lick Franklin!"

Early in May, 1924, Roosevelt became chairman of "Citizens for Al Smith." It was not the custom to have a campaign chairman put a man's name in nomination, but Smith asked FDR anyway. Howe's heart leaped. For the first time since he was stricken, Franklin was to appear in the national political spotlight.

The convention met in Madison Square Garden in the heat of June. Strong arms carried FDR in his wheelchair to the speaker's platform, out of sight of the crowd. Before starting his walk to the podium, FDR asked Joseph F. Guffey of Pennsylvania to shake it to see if it would support his weight.

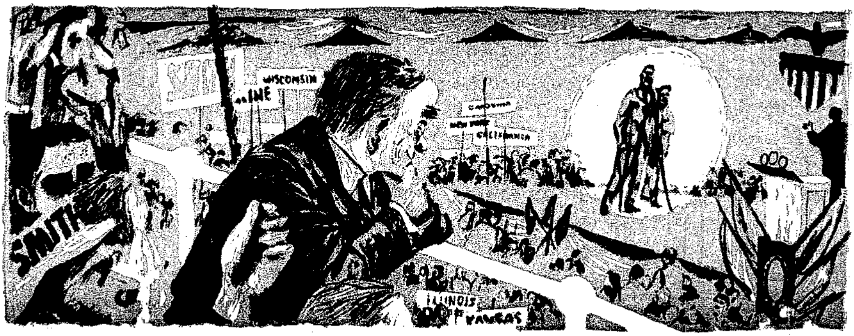
Guffey shook the stand vigorously, smiled at FDR and told him it was all right. Then, carefully adjusting his crutches, and taking the arm of his son Jimmy, FDR made his slow and painful way to the stand.

When he finished his famous "Happy Warrior" speech, the applause beat upon the blistering air of the Garden. There was a split second when Howe wondered, half in panic, if this was it; was the party hesitating on the verge of a stampede—to Roosevelt? It wasn't. But neither did it nominate Smith. The victor was John W. Davis.

However, when the 1928 campaign arrived, the convention at Houston heeded Roosevelt, and named Smith to head the Democratic ticket.

Louis was satisfied that the intervening years had been well spent. The national publicity Franklin had received in 1924 had made him a popular figure and now Howe had a definite time for him—1936. He was sure Hoover would defeat Smith in 1928, and that Hoover would probably serve two terms. Louis planned for FDR to run for Governor of New York in 1932.

Many stories have been written about why Roosevelt changed his mind and decided to run for Governor in 1928, after he had said flatly he would not—that he intended to stay in Warm Springs, Georgia,



Howe's heart leaped. The spotlight was on FDR—for the first time since he was stricken.

where the healing waters were doing so much for him. Some stories said that the whole thing was a plot hatched by Mrs. Roosevelt, Smith and Howe, and that FDR was aware of it all the time. In *This Is My Story,* Mrs. Roosevelt proves she had no part in it. But it is well known that Smith wanted Roosevelt to run to strengthen the ticket in New York, and put strong pressure on him.

Howe was against it. He wanted Franklin to wait until he could put aside those crutches. On September 25, he wired FDR: "Papers are running stories that you are being forced to run. My conviction that you should not run is stronger than ever and Eleanor agrees with me. There is no answer to the health plea, but any other reason will be overruled by the Governor himself. (Signed) Luhowe," a *nom de plume* he often used in wires and cablegrams.

On October 1st, as the State Convention met in Rochester, Louis continued to fire similar telegrams. But when the convention unanimously nominated Roosevelt, Louis changed his mind in a hurry, and wrote him:

"Suggest you limit your speeches to the four big cities with a radio hook-up and generally make your campaign on the 'Never mind me, vote for Al basis!' That will avoid debate on state issues with practically no preparation."

Howe lost fights the same way he won them—with calmness. Before the day was over, he had started his battle to elect Franklin as Governor.

On election night at the state headquarters at the Hotel Biltmore in New York, Sara Delano Roosevelt, who had wanted her son to abandon politics after he was stricken, and Howe, who had never wanted him to get into this race, were the two pulling hardest for him to win. It was plain by midnight that Smith had lost the national election. Howe's blood thinned when he heard that the election of Albert N. Ottinger, the Republican nominee for Governor, was being announced in early editions of the newspapers. Then the pendulum began to swing. Daylight was streaking the sky when the weary tabulators announced that Roosevelt had won.

A few days after the election, Louis ran into Charlie Michelson, then with the New York *World,* but later director of publicity for the Democratic National Committee. "Charlie," said Louis, "Al Smith isn't going to like this a bit. He has lost New York and Franklin has carried it. The country isn't going to forget this when 1932 comes around and the Democrats pick a candidate for President."

"It's easy to see, Louis," Michelson said, "what's in your never idle mind." Michelson was right, for it was then that Louis began to see that his goal for 1936 was backing up and that 1932 might be Franklin's year.

Later, Louis summed up the Smith-Roosevelt break in a few words. "Smith," he said, "considered Franklin a little boy who didn't know anything about politics. That left Franklin free."

The day after Roosevelt had been re-elected Governor of New York in 1930, Howe came out in the open with FDR's bid for the Presidency. However, Louis kept his own name out of the announcement. Knowing that some kind of statement was expected after this sweeping victory, Louis loosened his collar and went to work. The statement was issued in the name of James A. Farley, chairman of the State Democratic Committee, who collaborated in its preparation.

The Democrats, Farley said, would want as their candidate a man who had shown himself capable of carrying the most important state in the Union by a record-breaking majority. "I do not see," the statement read, "how Mr. Roosevelt can escape becoming the next Presidential nominee, even if no one raises a finger to bring it about."

Louis and Farley claimed that they had not consulted FDR before issuing the statement. When Farley phoned the Governor at Albany and told him the statement had been issued, FDR said, "You know that anything you do is all right with me."

HOWE ALWAYS HAD the most disorderly office in New York. The spring of 1931 was no exception. In the center of the room he had a big desk, in one corner a dilapidated couch, and a chair. But what made the room look like a rat's nest was his method of disposing of his morning mail. He would sit down, light a Sweet Caporal cigarette, roll up his sleeves and rip open the letters himself. One look was all he needed. If he didn't like the contents, he just threw the letter over his head.

Once, when he was opening Roosevelt's mail, someone asked him what he did with those marked "Personal and Confidential." He said, "I always open them *first.*"

Disorderly as his office was, his plans were so precise they would have gladdened the heart of a general. Howe sat down with Roosevelt in February, 1932, mapped out a campaign trip, with pins stuck in the map where speeches were to be made, and planned the type of speech for each section of the nation.

In the heat and confusion at the Chicago convention in 1932, a worry as big as the fate of Roosevelt began to plague the staff of Howe. They thought Howe was going to die. His weight had fallen off so alarmingly that his clothes hung on him like rags, and his always frequent coughing spells had become constant.

But a newspaperman who had known Louis for years said, "Howe has come this far, half-alive, and he isn't going to die until he sees Roosevelt nominated for President." Farley finally brought Howe the news he had been waiting to hear. "It's in the bag," said Jim. "Texas is with us."

Louis, always calm to the point of ennui in a crisis, looked at Farley for a moment with nothing showing in his tired, closed-off face. "Jim," he said, "that is fine." A strange reaction to the most thrilling words he had heard in 20 years. But that was the way of this strange and unpredictable little man.

Perhaps if Howe had known when he went to bed on Election Night in 1932 that he'd wake up famous, his reaction might have been equally strange. As it was, he always said Franklin played a mean trick on him when he stood before a microphone

Bursting with pride, Howe saw his dream become a reality as FDR told the nation, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

in the Biltmore that night and said: "There are two people in the United States more than anybody else who are responsible for this great victory. One is my old friend and associate, Louis McHenry Howe, and the other is that splendid American, Jim Farley."

Reporters and magazine writers began cranking out stories about Howe. Despite his hatred of publicity, Louis really didn't mind being called "The Medieval Gnome." Often when his phone rang, he'd pick it up and say in a sepulchral tone, "This is the Medieval Gnome speaking." And, tying up many of the names which had been conferred on him, he even had cards printed with the awesome title, "Colonel Louis Rasputin Voltaire Talleyrand Simon Legree Howe."

A few days before Louis left for Washington, he was talking to Walter Trumbull, an old newspaper friend, about the terrible conditions in the country and the problems that faced Roosevelt. "I don't care what else Franklin says in his Inaugural Address," Howe told Trumbull, "as long as he tells the people that the only thing they have to fear is fear."

The inauguration fell on a raw bitter day but Howe didn't mind. He sat there practically swallowed in a high silk hat, his eyes fixed on Franklin, with whom he had come so far since another cold winter in Albany 22 years before. And one could almost see his slight form swell with pride as Roosevelt spoke the words that cheered and thrilled a weary nation: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself!"

Louis, as Secretary to the President, was installed in a corner office with pale green walls, and furniture much too massive for him. There was not much difference in Louis' salary and those of the Assistant Secretaries Steve T. Early and Marvin McIntyre. But making Louis Chief Secretary was one way FDR could honor him for his long and faithful service. Besides, when official callers started coming, Roosevelt knew he could not see them all, and that they would feel better if they could talk to one who was designated as "top secretary," the man closest to the Presidential ear.

FDR insisted that Louis live in the White House, and he was given the big Lincoln bedroom with its famous Lincoln bed, a connecting dressing room and private bath. When Louis looked at the big room and the big bed and compared it with his small frame, he laughed. "Put up a bed in that little room in there," he said, indicating the dressing room, "so I won't rattle around like a pea in a pod."

On March 9, when the President closed the banks and called Congress into special session to pass the Emergency Banking Act, a few frightened souls ran to Howe. This was going too far, they yelped.

Louis told them: "Any country that has for its theme song *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf* isn't going to be too scared by what Franklin is trying to do."

Louis, isolated in the White House where visitors usually tell only the news they think one wants to hear, soon began to feel the need of his old system of keeping up with what the editors of the country were saying. So he started what he called "The Press Intelligence Bulletin," which immediately became known as "Louis Howe's Daily Bugle." He had hundreds of newspapers combed and an indexed digest of articles and editorials promptly laid on his desk and those of other officials.

One day a caller came to see Howe, and told him he knew Louis was the kingmaker and the power behind the throne. Suddenly Louis cut him off. "It's no trick to make a President," he said. "Give me a man who stays reasonably sober, shaves and wears a clean shirt every day, and I can make him President."

After the caller had scurried away in horror, the office staff found Louis rocking with fiendish laughter.

Despite the pains Roosevelt took to see that Louis did not overwork, Howe began to fail alarmingly during his second year in the White House, and by the fall of 1934, he was doing much of his work from his bedroom.

But even after he was moved to the Naval Hospital, he directed strategy whenever he was physically able. As the year 1936 loomed, Louis began to fret about Roosevelt's State of the Union speech. It was election year and FDR was facing a fight in Congress on his legislative program. Louis decided it was time for another bold Roosevelt stroke. He dictated a long letter to the President which said in essence:

"Franklin, get in there and fight. Give them the old 'Roosevelt Dutch' in this speech. Remind them of the conditions in the country when you took over. Give them a résumé of the laws passed for the benefit of the people. You have a lot to brag about, nothing to apologize for. Let 'em have it. They'll lap it up!"

And they did too, for FDR took Louis' advice and gave them a fighting speech that had Congressmen on their feet cheering. Lying there, his ear to the radio, listening to the roar of approval, Howe was content.

Time was running out for Louis, and he knew it, though to Franklin and his family, he said nothing. Not long before he died, Howe talked to John Keller, the young man who read to him in the hospital. Louis said how much he'd love to be there to run the election campaign.

"But you *will* be there," Keller said. "They can't run it without you." Louis lay hunched up in bed, his breathing, as always, coming hard. "No," he said simply, "I will not be there. Franklin is on his own now."

On the night of April 18, 1936, Howe died in his sleep. Roosevelt canceled all engagements for the next week, arranged for a state funeral and ordered that the White House flag be lowered to half-staff.

Among the Roosevelt personal papers at Hyde Park, there reposes today this little memo, addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt: "I suggest the following to be put on Louis' tombstone: 'Devoted friend, adviser and associate of the President.' F.D.R."

by *Irwin Porges*

BATS — and bombs away!

A fantastic plan to blast Japanese cities with bat-carried incendiaries was sidetracked by the A-bomb

THE DOOMED VILLAGE sprawled as if in slumber beneath the scorching desert sun. Its rough, sandy main street was deserted, its flimsy houses blanketed in unnatural quiet as the bombing plane droned toward it high above.

When the plane was on target, the bomb-bay doors opened and a strange-looking contrivance dropped out—a round white container with a parachute attached to one end. The chute opened a few seconds later, and the container drifted down.

At a height of about a thousand feet, hundreds of small black objects tumbled out and went twisting through the air. Just above the village they took wing and, after circling the area for a moment, swooped down upon the houses.

For a while nothing happened. Then suddenly a brilliant flame burst from a house in the center of town. Spurts of fire shot up in adjoining houses and soon the entire village was a mass of flames.

Operation X-Ray, a World War II project designed to utilize the most fantastic secret weapon ever conceived, had just conducted a spectacularly successful test. From the container dropped by the bombing plane, the world's smallest incendiary bomb carriers had emerged—Mexican free-tailed bats.

Swarming into the dummy village—as they were scheduled to enter the paper and wood cities of Japan—they had sought shelter under the darkened eaves of the houses. And there, a few minutes later, their tiny incendiaries had turned the town into a flaming holocaust.

Dr. L. S. Adams, a Pennsylvania surgeon, conceived the idea for Operation X-Ray on the afternoon of December 7, 1941, when America, stunned and angered by the Pearl Harbor attack, began organizing for swift retaliation. Dr. Adams was returning from the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico where he had witnessed the flights of thousands of bats when the inspiration came to him.

What if these swarms of bats, each equipped with a small incendiary bomb, could be dropped over Japan? He pictured the bats, swooping like miniature planes into the Japanese jerry-built cities. Their close-packed houses, as inflammable as matchwood, made each city a giant tinderbox waiting for the spark to set it off. The bats, in instinctive search of concealment, would burrow under the roofs of the houses. There the incendiaries would explode, one after another, setting a series of uncontrollable fires.

DR. ADAMS considered the obstacles. Could large numbers of bats be captured? Could they carry bombs? If dropped from a high altitude would they live? All these things had to be determined.

Convinced nevertheless that the idea was practical, the doctor hurried to Washington. War Department officials, impressed, took the plan to President Roosevelt, and authorization was quickly granted.

Naturalists, under Adams' leadership, began at once to investigate the country's caves for information about bat concentrations. Most of the caves are located in the Southwestern part of the U.S. and northern Mexico where, in the midst of explosive nitrate deposits which cover the slimy floors, bats have lived and died for centuries.

Meanwhile, other scientists tested bat species to determine which should be chosen to carry the bombs. Investigation showed that some could carry up to three times their own weight.

First trials were made with the enormous Mastiff bat, the biggest on the American continent, with a wingspread of more than 20 inches. The Mastiff was able to tote a one-pound stick of dynamite, but there were not enough of them.

Finally, the Mexican free-tailed bat, which averaged only a half-ounce in weight but was able to carry a one-ounce bomb, was selected. Free-tailed bats existed in unbelievable numbers in the caves and mines of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico and were not difficult to capture.

The U.S. Navy joined in the project by taking over four Texas caves and detailing Marines to guard them. Large screened enclosures were placed at the entrances to the caves. Gates allowed the bats to go in or out to feed when necessary, and when these were closed it was possible to trap as many as a million bats in one night.

But how to transport them and keep them alive? Experiments showed that they could be kept in an inactive state of hibernation when the temperature was lowered. During tests, some bats were literally frozen solid at temperatures of ten degrees below zero. When thawed out they showed no harmful aftereffects. Bats stored at a 40-degree temperature existed upon their body food reserves for long periods, and regular feeding was unnecessary.

Now, how to drop the bats from a high altitude? Not only must they arrive at the target area uninjured, but they must be given time to warm up and get ready to fly.

The bomb container finally approved was filled with trays like an egg crate, and could carry from 1,000 to 5,000 bats. Stored in a refrigerator room, the dormant bats were stacked neatly in individual compartments, each with its one-ounce incendiary and a safety device to prevent premature explosion.

The bomb, which would burn for eight minutes and produce a 22-inch flame, was fastened to the loose skin over the bat's chest by a surgical clip and a piece of string. Tests showed that when the bat found its place of concealment it would save its own life by chewing off the string and then moving about to explore.

The destruction of the dummy village in the desert, which so successfully demonstrated the effectiveness of the new secret weapon, was not the only test of the bat bombers. During the experimental period, a few loaded bats escaped and sought refuge in the air base near Carlsbad, New Mexico. Once safely under the roofs of the barracks they proceeded to prove that Dr. Adams and his scientists had not labored in vain. The barracks lit up like torches, and before the fire could be brought under control most of the base was destroyed.

In October, 1944, with about $2,000,000 spent and the project nearing completion, the War Department suddenly ordered its termination. The atom bomb was almost ready.

If Operation X-Ray had been carried out, what would the bat bombers have done to Japan? Dr. Adams believes they would have set sufficient fires to burn any of Japan's crowded cities to the ground. With tests revealing that the bats would scatter up to 20 miles from where the container opened, all indications were that the fires would break out at the same time in a circle of about 40 miles in diameter. The winged incendiaries would undoubtedly have caused widespread destruction with comparatively small loss of life.

In the tiny bat bomber, weighing a little more than an ounce when loaded, science had discovered the most potent, devastating and yet humane weapon that never went off!

Super Service

IN DU QUOIN, ILLINOIS, a gas station has installed an adjoining "Dogs' Service Station" complete with water and food pans and an imitation fire plug to accommodate the pets of tourists.

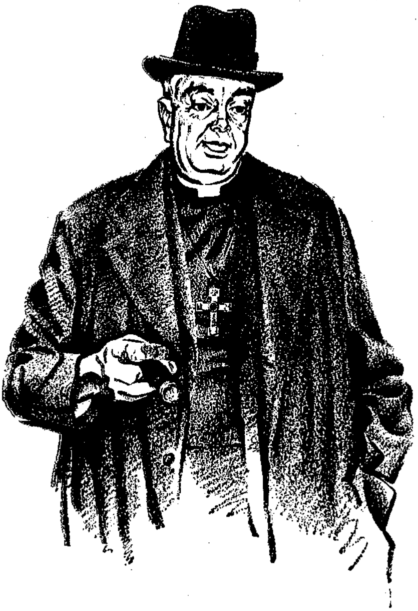
VIENNA MUSICIANS tuning violins can get a perfect "A" note by dialing an automatic telephone service.

—HERMAN E. KRIMMEL

As the first American to head this 50,000,000-member flock, cigar-smoking Dr. Fry blends the practical and spiritual

"Mr. Lutheran"

by William Peters



LAST AUGUST, when the Rev. Dr. Franklin Clark Fry became the first American president of the Lutheran World Federation, he also became the spiritual leader of 50,000,000 of the world's 70,000,000 Lutherans. It was only natural that he be dubbed "Mr. Lutheran."

Dr. Fry, a tall, dark-haired man with hulking frame and slouching posture, refuses to take the label seriously. "In its best sense, I am unworthy of it," he says. "In its worse sense, the title is unworthy of Lutheranism."

However valid this protest, it is nonetheless a fact that Dr. Fry, at 57, is today the outstanding Protestant leader in America. His right to that description rests on a record of solid achievement both within his denomination and — through such groups as the World Council of Churches, whose Central Committee he heads — within the larger Protestant and Christian communities of the world.

Seated in his Manhattan office in what was once financier J. P. Morgan's Madison Avenue mansion, Dr. Fry seems almost the stereotype of the hard-driving businessman (albeit in ministerial clothes) with his Homburg on the hatrack, his cigar, his bluff, hearty manner and the fact that his assistants refer to him as "F.C.F." His constant travel, his refusal to take vacations, his daily commuting from suburban New Rochelle, and his fondness for murder mysteries and the New York Yankees heighten this superficial resemblance.

The pace at which Dr. Fry drives himself—and those around him—is almost frightening. Some years ago, when he was pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, in Akron, Ohio, a new assistant, the Rev. Thomas B. Kline, arrived at 8:30 one morning. Dr. Fry began immediately to show the young minister his duties. By 9:30, both men were visiting the sick at St. Thomas Hospital.

"About three weeks later," Kline recalls, "I finally got all my bags out of the car."

Surface appearances, however, are

more than usually deceptive in the case of Franklin Clark Fry. For behind his hearty, thigh-slapping laugh lies a deep self-consciousness; beneath his worldly manner is a strong spiritual strain.

When his mobile face is in repose, there is a remote, almost sad expressiveness about his eyes. One senses that the Lutheran leader's reputation as a nimble-witted presiding officer and extroverted conciliator may well have been won at the cost of a lifelong battle against a basically introspective nature.

This ability to lead decisively without offending has resulted in significant victories for Franklin Clark Fry. The very existence of the Lutheran World Federation, for example, is in no small part due to his persistent determination in the face of tremendous odds. Founded in 1947, the Federation represents a considerable achievement for a minister who, just three years earlier at the age of 44, had been elected president of the United Lutheran Church in America with a membership of more than 2,335,000.

"Because there were large numbers of Lutherans on both sides," Dr. Fry explains, "World War II hit European Lutherans hard. When it was over, leaders in Europe found themselves alienated from each other by what seemed insuperable obstacles of national hatred and distrust."

It was into this climate of bitterness that Dr. Fry plunged in November, 1945, when he went to Europe with Dr. Ralph H. Long, executive director of the National Lutheran Council, and Dr. Johan A. Aasgaard, president of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Their mission was to survey the need for physical relief and to try to reactivate the Lutheran World Convention, a loose, consultative body which had included most of the Lutheran groups in the world.

Back from Europe with an overpowering picture of the devastation of Germany in his mind, Dr. Fry became the first American to make a strong appeal for relief for the German people. Many, including some church leaders, attacked the proposal with venom.

But the need was there and, with Dr. Long, Dr. Fry organized Lutheran World Relief, Inc., which has shipped almost $75,000,000 worth of clothing, bedding, food and other items to 29 countries throughout the world.

The attempted revival of the Lutheran World Convention proved more difficult. Bishop Eivind Berggrav, one of the great war heroes of Norway, said he would find it impossible to sit down with Swedes and Finns, because of the positions taken by their countries during the war. To meet with Germans was quite out of the question.

Nevertheless, Dr. Fry and Dr. Long won the late Archbishop Aleksi Lehtonen, of Turku, Finland, to their cause. Where they failed to enlist the support of top Lutherans in various countries, they pleaded for representatives to be sent.

And at Lund, Sweden, in 1947, the Lutheran World Federation came into being, replacing the prewar Convention. Bishop Anders Nygren, of Lund, became the new group's first president, and Franklin Clark Fry, whose labors had helped to bring it about, was elected a member of the Executive Committee.

Now, 11 years later, the Lutheran World Federation is composed of 57 member churches in 29 countries. Its work in the fields of refugee service, material relief and the maintenance of missions is known everywhere.

Until recently, the Federation's missions, most of which had been cut off by the war from parent mission societies in Germany, were managed in New York by a group headed by Dr. Fry.

"We have registered a good many firsts in the mission field," he says. "We purchased and operated the first mission airplane, the *St. Paul,* and with it we evacuated scores of Chinese and Western refugees from the Chinese mainland ahead of the Communist armies. Often the *St. Paul* landed, loaded and took off under actual fire from Chinese Communist troops."

KNOWN FOR GENERATIONS in America primarily as an immigrant church, the Lutherans have been regarded by many as an odd sect, divided into dozens of splinter groups, speaking as many languages, worshiping in different ways.

"Before the settlement of America," Dr. Fry explains, "the Lutheran Church did not exist in English-speaking countries, so that as Lutherans came here from many nations at many different times, each group brought with it the coloration and language of its own country. Among the earliest Lutherans were Germans who settled in Pennsylvania. As they became Americanized, so, too, did their church."

The older American Lutherans in many places gave up the typical responsive, liturgical Lutheran service for a free, impromptu form of worship. Traditional beliefs about the sacraments blurred, and baptism became a Christian custom rather than a giving, by God, of grace, forgiveness and a promise of salvation. Even the traditional Lutheran church architecture was affected, with altars and pulpits giving way to reading desks and informal worship rooms.

"The newer immigrant churches retained the older forms," Dr. Fry says. "At one time or another there have been nearly 100 separate Lutheran church bodies in existence. More recently, though, the trend has been toward unification. The most Americanized branch of the Church has regained its traditional Lutheranism, and many small groups have joined together.

"In 1917, three separate Norwegian groups united in the Evangelical Lutheran Church and, a year later, the three successor bodies to the earliest strains of Lutheranism in America formed the United Lutheran Church in America. In 1930, three German groups formed the American Lutheran Church.

"Today, this trend is still happily in evidence. Within the next two or three years, the Evangelical Lutheran Church and the American Lutheran Church will combine with a small Danish group, the United Evangelical Lutheran Church. We, of the United Lutheran Church in America, are actively discussing union with the Augustana Evangelical Lutheran Church (of Swedish origin), the American Evangelical Lutheran Church (Danish) and the Finnish Evangelical Lutheran Church.

"When all of these unions have taken place, there will be just three large Lutheran groups in America—the third being the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod—and perhaps a dozen very small ones."

Franklin Clark Fry's origins lie in the earliest Lutheran group in America. The Fry family came to Trappe, Pennsylvania, in the early 1700s, and Jacob Fry, Dr. Fry's grandfather, was known during his 67 years of service as an ordained Lutheran minister as the "distinguished son of the old Trappe Church." For 29 years, he was professor of homiletics and pastor of the Church of the Ascension at Lutheran Theological Seminary, in Philadelphia.

Dr. Fry was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, on August 30, 1900, though he grew up in Rochester, New York, where his father, Franklin Foster Fry, was pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Reformation.

"I guess I always knew I'd be a minister," Dr. Fry says now, "though there was one summer during my seminary days when I was compelled by my studies and a desire for intellectual integrity to think through my personal faith with great care. I remember that summer as one of tremendous inner struggle, and I have valued the experience ever since. It convinced me that every religious teacher ought first to have come into hand-to-hand combat with the tremendous questions of faith, of good and evil, before attempting to help others."

As a child he was something of an introvert. His mother recalls that he used to read the minutes of the Synod, which came to the house, at an age when most young boys were playing ball. At Rochester's East High School, Fry conquered his shyness sufficiently to become an effective member of the debating team.

He graduated from Hamilton College in 1921 as valedictorian of his class. His next year was spent at the American School for Classical Studies, in Athens, Greece, and then he returned home to enter the seminary in Philadelphia where his grandfather, now dead, had taught.

In 1925, he moved to his first pastorate at the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, in suburban Yonkers, New York, where two years later he married Hilda Drewes, a member of the choir. In 1929, the young minister moved to Akron, Ohio, to become pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, a post he held until his election to the presidency of the United Lutheran Church in America.

One of the Frys' two sons has followed his father into the ministry; the other is an attorney. Their daughter is the wife of a young Lutheran minister.

Under Dr. Fry's leadership, the United Lutheran Church in America has shared with other Protestant churches in the postwar religious revival. In two important respects, however, it has been moving somewhat against the general Protestant trend. Where many churches, formerly deeply committed to programs of social action, have turned recently to an emphasis on personal religion, the United Lutheran Church, while retaining its traditional emphasis on personal religion, has been giving more thought to social questions than ever before.

"Lutherans all over the world," Dr. Fry explains, "were sobered and shaken by what happened to the Church in Europe before and during the war. The result has been a new attitude and an awakened conviction that to fulfill its full ministry, the Church must have much to say and do about the climate and context in which Christians are called upon to live in our day."

Among the results of this social awakening have been strong stands by the United Lutheran Church in favor of continued separation of church and state, against public aid to denominational schools, against U.S. diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and urging Lutheran congregations to "contribute to the solution of the problems (of desegregation) by demonstrating in their own corporate lives the possibility of integration."

The other place in which the United Lutheran Church appears to be moving against the trend is in its preparation of both adults and children for church membership. At a time when many Protestant churches have eased membership standards to capitalize on the growing interest in religion, the Lutheran Church, typically, has increased the amount of preparation and study which normally precedes full membership.

"The greatest dangers inherent in the current religious revival," Dr. Fry maintains, "are, first, the danger of mistaking an opportunity for an accomplished result, and, second, the danger to the Church's being used for other purposes—on behalf of systems of government or economics, or for strictly personal ends."

Though the Rev. Dr. Franklin Clark Fry seems destined to be known best for his effective work as a church administrator, he still feels that his calling was as a parish pastor.

Without a regular pulpit from which to preach, he sometimes takes advantage of whatever opportunity presents itself. On a television program, when the master of ceremonies expressed an ignorance of ministerial vestments, Dr. Fry saw such a chance.

"Well," he said seriously, "why not go to church and find out for yourself?"

If the master of ceremonies was discomfited by the suggestion, it is a good bet that thousands of churchgoing viewers were slyly amused.

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

(Answers to quiz on page 91)

The passage was taken from Edward Bulwer-Lytton's *The Haunters and The Haunted*. Bulwer-Lytton chose these words: 1. perceived; 2. slunk; 3. pressing; 4. literally; 5. force; 6. approached; 7. evidently; 8. terror; 9. bitten; 10. touched; 11. recognize; 12. fascinated; 13. cowering; 14. anguish; 15. exhibited; 16. soothe; 17. fearing; 18. venomous; 19. placed; 20. recommenced.

Want pancakes, perfume, paint, a bandage, breakfast cereal, a doggie deodorant? Just push the button and that marvelous modern genie—the aerosol—makes your wish come true in a cloud of spray

INDUSTRY'S SPECTACULAR SQUIRT

by Lester David

BECAUSE OF A MOSQUITO, a great new industry was born in America. This is how it happened:

During World War II, the anopheles mosquito was causing more casualties on the global battlefronts with its stinger than the enemy with his guns. More and more reports of malaria and other insect-borne diseases poured into the Pentagon and alarm grew.

The Army had plenty of bug killer on hand; but what was urgently needed was a method by which individual soldiers in isolated areas could do their own job of insect control. To the U.S. Department of Agriculture went the assignment—find it, and fast.

Officials turned to two earnest young scientists, Dr. Lyle D. Goodhue and William N. Sullivan, Jr., who for several years had been hunting for a more deadly insect killer and a newer, better way to unleash it. They wanted to shoot bugs to death with an aerosol spray, something which had been dreamed of before, and even tried, but without much success.

Finally, after interminable frustrations, the scientists mixed a powerful insecticide called pyrethrum with Freon 12, a propellant, enclosed the mixture in a steel container and found it could be successfully shot through a valve by the pressure of the Freon.

The result was the familiar black "bug bomb," known to GIs all over the world. And out of this came the lusty young aerosol industry which is accomplishing such miracles as the following:

At the tap of her finger, a housewife now can spray a ready-made barbecue sauce on spare ribs, squirt a water-resistant finish on her son's jacket. If a youngster cuts a leg, she can spray a thin, transparent plastic bandage on the injury.

In fact, from paints to perfumes, insecticides to ignition coating, garlic sprays to golf ball refinishers, waxes to weed killers, aerosols are making jobs a lot simpler for housewives and home handymen. People love them, and because they do, the industry is already marketing nearly 150 different products totaling $400,000,000 in annual sales. This year, predicts William J. Milton, president of the Can Manufacturers Institute, more than 600,000,000 aerosols will be produced and within two years total annual output will top a billion units. Eventually, experts in the field say, everything that can be sprayed, sprinkled, daubed, dusted or spread will come out of a sealed, pressurized container at the touch of a fingertip.

Just what is an aerosol? It is a pressure-packaged, self-spraying unit consisting of a container, a push-button valve, a chemical acting as a propellant and a product which emerges as a fine spray, a foam, a liquid or a powder.

The valve is a combination of fine machined parts and molded plastic components whose opening is often as small as 18/1,000ths of an inch. It is connected to a plastic siphon tube that extends to the bottom of the container. The propellants, called fluoro-hydro-carbons, are inside the container in the form of liquefied gases, under pressure.

When your finger taps the valve, the pressurized propelling agent forces the contents of the container through the siphon tube and out the tiny opening.

What will you be able to squirt next? The Chemical Specialties Manufacturing Association, Inc., spokesman for the aerosol industry, sees unlimited possibilities in the food and pharmaceutical fields. Mother, for instance, will reach into the pantry, take out a container and spray Junior's cereal right into his breakfast bowl. As he eats, she will fix his lunch for school by spraying a sandwich spread onto slices of bread. For housekeeping, she'll have "liquid gloves," spray-on flexible coatings to protect her hands as she works.

All this and more will be possible because the one major barrier the industry faced in expanding into the food and pharmaceutical arenas has now been hurdled. The problem: there had to be absolute certainty that the gas propellant within the container did not alter the properties, taste and smell of the product.

Many container manufacturers had been conducting wide-scale tests with compressed gases such as nitrogen, nitrous oxide, argon and carbon dioxide, approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration as non-toxic. Up to recently, however, these gases would not produce a spray or stream, nor would they dispense a great enough proportion of the product, leaving as much as a fifth in the can after the pressure had been spent.

Then last fall came a dramatic breakthrough. Scientists succeeded in creating a mixture of gases and new types of valves which would do the trick. Now the industry can gallop ahead.

Already several companies are marketing an anti-static spray which makes dust-catching surfaces actually repel dust. There is an aerosol fire alarm that screeches like mad when excessive heat causes the valve to open, permitting the propellant inside to expand. And one firm has perfected a method of putting pancake batter into a pressurized container.

For the home handyman, there are lubricants of all kinds, rust cutters, waterproofers, paints, paint removers, lacquers, enamels, adhesives, soil fumigants and fungicides. For the pooch, there is a dry bath, a flea killer, a mange treatment and even a doggie deodorant.

For the farmer, there are vapor inhalants for chickens stricken with dangerous respiratory congestion, preservative dressings for canvas and tarpaulins, and medications to combat cattle diseases such as screwworm and ear ticks.

What is the secret of the aerosol's popularity? A broad-scale study by W. Alec Jordan Associates, New York marketing experts, reveals the surprising fact that one of its prime selling points is the sense of power it gives the user.

"Strangely enough," the report states, "the hissing sound of an aerosol in action is stimulating and satisfying. It connotes action; it mirrors power; it carries the stimulus of commanding."

There are practical as well as psychological reasons, other business experts point out, and chief of these is the slick quickness of getting a job done.

How did the bug bomb created by Dr. Goodhue and Mr. Sullivan become the aerosols of today? Actually, it very nearly didn't.

When the fighting ended, the bomb found its way to the civilian market via war surplus counters, but businessmen showed little interest. Because the containers were packed at a pressure of 70 pounds per square inch, they had to be made of heavy welded steel and weighed a pound each. Manufacturers, who couldn't see housewives rushing to buy one-pound spray bombs, shied away.

Nonetheless, private industry kept stealing searching looks at the bug bomb and before long launched experiments to lighten the container. These tests soon revealed that another fluorinated hydro-carbon, Freon 11, could be mixed with Freon 12, the propellant heretofore used, to lower the pressure in the container without harming the product. A driving force in popularizing the low-pressure, beer-can type of container used today was another expert of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, Robert A. Fulton.

On March 7, 1947, the first lightweight, disposable container which would successfully hold a pressure of 35 pounds per square inch, half that of the bug bomb, was filled experimentally. In less than a year, major production was under way, and a new industry, designed to make living more pleasant for Americans, had begun its spectacular ascent.

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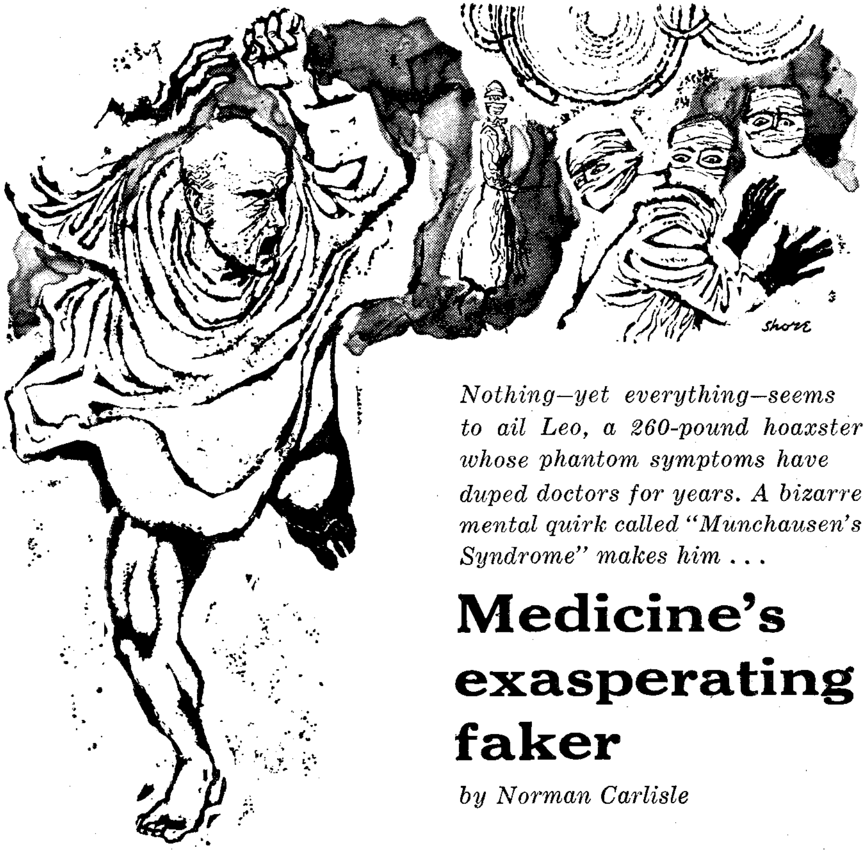

Nothing—yet everything—seems to ail Leo, a 260-pound hoaxster whose phantom symptoms have duped doctors for years. A bizarre mental quirk called "Munchausen's Syndrome" makes him . . .

Medicine's exasperating faker

by Norman Carlisle

THE SCENE: an operating room in a Salt Lake City Hospital. The time: the tense moment before surgery begins.

A hush falls over the room. The doctors and nurses stand ready. The anesthetist checks the needle administering the spinal anesthetic and nods.

Then suddenly, with a wild shout the patient—a giant of a man—leaps from the operating table. With bull-like strength he quickly thrusts aside restraining hands and kicks over a tray of sterile instruments.

"You won't operate on me!" he screams.

In a moment he has lunged out the door. The operating-room personnel stand transfixed, then race after him as he dashes down the corridor, the needle still sticking from his back, dripping vital spinal fluid.

Leo Lamphere, the man who is already a medical legend as America's most exasperating patient, had added another shocking exploit to a record of bizarre actions that have bedeviled medical institutions from coast to coast. Yet while he has been enraging doctors and mulcting hospitals of high-priced medical care, Lamphere has also proved such a fascinating phenomenon that doctors boast of having worked on his case, and write accounts of his doings for such eminent publications as *The Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Well they may, for the strange case of Leo Lamphere is certain to go down in medical history. Leo is the first reported American victim (medical men think the word "practitioner" might be a better one) of a weird "ailment" which doctors have dubbed Munchausen's Syndrome.

The tongue-in-cheek title is applied to the behavior of a person who has a compulsion to wander from hospital to hospital with a bewildering succession of afflictions. And, like Baron Karl Friedrich Hieronymus von Munchausen, the 18th-century braggart, he is impelled to astound sympathetic listeners with outlandish, yet none the less credible, accounts of his exploits.

Lamphere is a walking medical encyclopedia of symptoms, including a startling one which has caused him to be rushed to hospitals time and time again in ambulances, police cars, and the automobiles of good Samaritan motorists. And it has invariably assured him immediate attention in emergency rooms.

It has also raised a bewildering medical controversy: is he a sick man with terrible afflictions; or is he a fantastically successful faker?

Just where, and when, Leo was first afflicted with Munchausen's Syndrome no one knows exactly. It *is* known that he was born in Watertown, New York, and that he has been a seaman, stevedore, professional wrestler, and wandering adventurer who for years has been getting free attention in institutions all over the U.S., and in some foreign countries.

In Iowa, several years ago, for example, a 260-pound giant of a man burst into a hospital emergency room. He was spitting blood and groaning in agony.

The doctors in attendance wasted no time, for a quick examination showed distended, hot legs with swollen veins. This, coupled with his blood spitting, and his cries of anguish at the pain in the left side of his chest, convinced them the man was the victim of "pulmonary embolus," a blood clot in the lungs. They administered anti-coagulants and pain-killing drugs, and decided to operate and tie off a vein.

When they conveyed this news to Leo, to their horrified astonishment, he leaped out of bed. Vowing that they would carry out no surgery on him, he headed for the closet to get his clothes. Only the doctor's assurances that they would not operate if he didn't want them to brought him back to bed.

The doctors held a conference, for an uneasy suspicion had come to them that their patient seemed too robust and active to be as sick as he appeared. Perhaps this wasn't such an emergency, after all.

Sure enough, a bronchoscopy showed that there was really nothing wrong with his lungs. They knew perfectly well that a man just can't make his lungs bleed and stop bleeding at will. Therefore he must be getting the blood someplace else—from a cut, perhaps.

They searched Leo, as one doctor put it, "from scalp to sole." Not a trace of a cut or laceration from which he could get the blood was found.

Leo seemed to enjoy all the consternation. And whenever a doctor came around thereafter, he would say, "Look, Doc, blood."

If Leo's exploits were limited to his ability to produce symptoms the doctors can't explain, his presence in hospitals might be merely frustrating. But this is only a part of his nerve-wracking shenanigans.

Look in on Leo's performance on what, for him, was an ordinary day as a hospital patient. This also happened in Iowa. Around mid-morning, a nurse came screaming from his room, with the burly Leo in hot pursuit. She had insulted him, he cried.

As she fled down the hall, Leo stopped suddenly, a look of pure joy spreading across his broad face. There in the hall sat a cart full of metal water pitchers.

With a single thrust of his mighty right hand, Leo upended it. Water pitchers went crashing and clattering in all directions in a shower of ice water. Patients appeared at doors, nurses and doctors came running, and again Leo was the center of attention.

"Go back to bed," an exasperated doctor shouted, "or we'll have to put you there! You'll kill yourself if you stay up."

"*You're* killing me!" Leo shouted back, and rushed away down the hall, disappearing into the ward utility room.

He reappeared, brandishing a pair of scissors. Nurses and doctors cried out with horror as he slashed them across his left thigh. Blood spurted and Leo roared, "See what you made me do. You wouldn't let the clot out, so I had to do it. You're killing me!"

Dripping blood at every step, he took off again with the doctors, now more horrified than ever, close behind. When he saw that they were gaining on him, he snatched up a chair and stood swinging it in violent arcs around his head.

Doctors pleaded with him, but Leo only swung the chair more vigorously. Then suddenly he sagged to the floor in a pool of blood.

They got the big man to the operating room. Here the doctors who had lately been pursuing him set to work suturing his gaping scissor-inflicted wound, while he was given blood transfusions to make up for the loss of blood.

HE SHOWED UP in the emergency room of Milwaukee County Hospital, gasping for breath, spitting blood and holding his leg. Doctors who rushed to attend him found a terrible wound on his thigh.

"Cut it . . . on . . . a . . . scythe," he gasped. "It was healing up . . . but it started to bleed."

Doctors gave him blood coagulants and got him to bed. The next day, when they examined the wound, it was bleeding again. That caused considerable consternation—until a nurse happened to walk into Leo's room and found him opening the wound with his fingers.

When a doctor came in to reason with him, Leo leaped to his feet, brandishing a table knife. The doctor fled. Leo was soon out of there and wandering on his strange way.

Baron Munchausen would surely have met his match in Leo, whose entrance into any hospital, in addition to being a masterpiece of showmanship, is generally accompanied by a suitable story to fit the occasion.

In San Francisco, he appeared bruised, battered and bleeding, with a tale about a tremendous waterfront battle in which he had beaten off half a dozen assailants. For hospitals in rural areas, he has a story about being a farmhand, and speaks knowingly of agricultural matters. In occasional efforts to get into VA hospitals, he has become a veteran, with wondrous accounts of daring deeds. They sound authentic—but Leo is no veteran of the U.S. Armed Services.

Doctors hesitate to say which of Leo's stories are fact and which fancy. He certainly has indisputable wounds, whether self-inflicted or acquired in the violent manner he describes in detail. For each of the many scars that mark his body he gives a medical history calculated to make a doctor's hair stand on end.

One scar, he avers, was from an emergency appendectomy performed aboard a tugboat off Belfast, Ireland, on a wild and stormy night by a seaman who was not a doctor.

Leo's skill as a narrator reaches its highest point, however, in his reports of accidents which have befallen him. Numerous red-faced and exasperated insurance investigators can testify to that. For they have been led to pay out considerable sums to this fellow who seems to be dogged by ill luck.

For instance, there was a mop that was allegedly left sticking out in a dangerous manner in a San Francisco theater. Of course, Leo tripped over it.

In this case, as in those of all his other claims, Leo was able to show bruises and assorted symptoms guaranteed to make any insurance company shudder at the thought of his showing them off before a judge or jury. Generally, they settled out of court.

Doctors listen with particular interest to Leo's tales about his childhood, hoping to find some clue there to his strange behavior.

He seems to have had a rather troubled boyhood in Watertown. His father, a laborer, evidently spent little time at home, and his mother, judging from Leo's accounts, did not lavish on him the tender loving care she gave her other children. Leo was not a particularly bad boy, but he seems to have been pretty thoroughly unwanted.

Once he fell out of a tree, and his mother gave him solicitous attention when it was assumed that he had broken his leg. He was carried to the office of a doctor who pronounced the leg unbroken, however.

Leo admits that he exaggerated his description of this mishap to his playmates. And it may well be that he took great pleasure in his mother's unexpectedly warm reaction. Similar episodes may have been contributing factors in his malady.

One of the doctors who has examined Leo closely is Dr. John S. Chapman, of the College of Medicine, State University of Iowa. Dr. Chapman, who wrote the A.M.A. *Journal's* report on Lamphere, says that a person who possesses the symptoms of Munchausen's Syndrome may be brought to his behavior by any of several possible causes. (While Leo is its supreme practitioner, he is not the only victim.)

One major cause, says Dr. Chapman, is that "possibly these people get psychological enjoyment from the dramatic role of the patient. Possessing terrifying and attention-drawing symptoms, they relish becoming the cynosure in a chain of exciting events that inevitably follow their dramatic appearance in the emergency room."

Other possible motivations, aside from the ever-present possibility of true insanity, are an urge to get even with the medical profession in payment of a grudge, a desire for drugs, or even a hope for free lodging.

For years, Leo was insulted at any suggestion that he was not of completely sound mind and might profit by psychiatric treatment. In at least three states he was fruitlessly sent to mental institutions.

Warned that they were going to receive a package of human dynamite, doctors in a Wisconsin institution were astounded when Leo arrived, wearing a sad smile of resignation. How anybody could think he was crazy was past his comprehension, he averred. He was just a poor man, in need of medical attention.

The doctors were not taken in by his story. But the longer he stayed, the more officials found themselves agreeing with Leo. A few months later he walked out.

He is still remembered there as a meek, mild-mannered man.

Last February, in Crawfordsville, Indiana, Lamphere told one lie too many. He limped into a police station complaining of severe pain in his leg, and pleaded for medical care. The hoodwinked police rushed him to Culver Union Hospital where, as usual, Lamphere brazenly registered under his right name and began his familiar dodge of coughing blood.

But Hospital Superintendent Ralph Haas had read the A.M.A. *Journal's* article on the case of the Munchausen Syndrome. He enlightened the police, who hustled the protesting "patient" out of bed and off to jail. Ironically, as they did so, Lamphere's nurses argued that he was too sick to be moved!

After a short stay in prison on a vagrancy charge, Lamphere consented to undergo treatment at Westville, Indiana's state hospital, a maximum security mental institution. There, psychiatrists are hoping to discover what makes this "Medical Munchausen" tick.

Squeeze

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—LUKE NEELY
—*Wall Street Journal*

GIANT JACKPOT for INFORMERS

Each year Uncle Sam pays out $1,000,000 to those who overcome their reluctance to "squeal." Motives range from patriotism to fear; from jealousy to greed

by Erwin van Swol

IN THE LEXICON of America's crime-busters, there is a common phrase that is glossed over quickly on the witness stand. But it is behind the solution of more cases than Sherlock Holmes ever dreamed about.

It consists of these four words: "acting on secret information. . . ."

This mysterious expression usually conjures up a picture of midnight shadows, cloak-and-dagger meetings and furtive coded messages. Sometimes it happens just that way—but not always.

Often the secret informant is an ordinary citizen who has chanced on an extraordinary opportunity—and who realizes that if he tells what he knows to the right people, there's money in it; sometimes enough to compensate for his squirming at the thought of being an "informer."

Whispering the right tip to Uncle Sam can often pay off handsomely. Every year the U.S. Government hands out more than $1,000,000 in rewards for information. But the identities of the individuals who share in this giant jackpot is a closely guarded secret.

The biggest payoff comes from the Internal Revenue Service. Last year it split a total of $518,437 among 624 informants and turned down 3,732 others who applied for awards. Next in line is the Customs Service which this year is spending around $125,000 to lubricate the lips of tipsters.

In general, Federal rewards range from $5 to $50,000. But on July 15, 1955, Congress set up the granddaddy of them all: $500,000 to be paid the person who gives information leading to the detection of an atomic weapon or special nuclear material being smuggled into the U.S., or being illegally manufactured or acquired in this country, its territories or possessions.

The sum of $100,000 was paid to Noh Kum Suk, a North Korean who deserted from the Communist air force, for bringing to the free world the first undamaged Russian MIG jet fighter.

When Noh Kum Suk made off with the plane, he didn't know about the standing reward. But the person who put the finger on a prosperous physician knew he was playing for big stakes. The tipster revealed that the doctor failed to report all his fees and also concealed large stock market profits. The conniving physician had to pay the Government an additional $2,400,000 in income taxes, and the informer's cut was $41,274.25.

Small in comparison was the sum paid to the eavesdropper who indulged in that prevalent country custom: listening in on the telephone party line. He reported to the Internal Revenue Service that he had heard a corporation official explain how his concern was falsifying the amount it received for sales of equipment. Acting on that tip, tax agents investigated and found skullduggery in the firm's books. The tipster received $99.

SUCH REWARDS are based on the amount recovered in taxes and penalties, as well as on the completeness of the information given. That influenced the award in this case of a strange legacy:

On his deathbed a man told his wife he was leaving her almost penniless. His illness had taken their savings. In his bitterness, he said he would have been better off had he been a chiseler like the president of his company, who had secreted away the proceeds of certain sales.

The wife was shocked at this emphatic allegation.

"If you don't believe me," said her husband, "take a look at that red manila envelope in our safe deposit box."

Later, the widow found in this envelope an itemized record of the deals her husband had been talking about. That evidence resulted in the Government being paid approximately $140,000 in taxes and penalties, and the widow was awarded $14,000.

When the office manager of another large firm asked for a raise, his boss told him: "If the company makes more money, you'll get more pay. I don't get much more salary than you do, but I work here because I have faith in the future of the business." That was doubly galling to the office manager, who knew the boss was grabbing large sums for himself as "business expenses" and living in high style.

The disgruntled employee turned over to the Internal Revenue Service a list of "expense" checks which the boss had diverted to his personal use. This resulted in the Government collecting $313,000. The office manager's reward was figured at $8,830 and, since all tips are kept confidential, he stayed on the job. A brief summer job in an accounting department paid another tipster generously. In less than four months, he collected evidence that led the Government to recover $652,000 in back taxes and penalties. For this he was granted a $7,500 reward.

The tax collectors find they have no friend like a woman scorned. One irate wife turned in her es-

Announce New Way To Shrink Hemorrhoids

By James Henry Weston

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain, Stops Itching As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain—without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug counters. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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tranged husband, his two brothers and a brother-in-law for failing to report on their tax returns money they had earned on odd jobs. She got 10 percent of the $1,000 they had to pay out, but probably infinitely more in the sweetness of revenge.

Another woman hired a private detective to find out how much her unfaithful husband was worth financially, so that she would know how much alimony to demand. The private eye found that the husband was running two businesses and paying taxes on only one. The wife suggested that the detective take his information to the G-men. The errant husband was hit for $21,500 and the sleuth was awarded $1,075 for his tip.

While the big rewards paid by the Secret Service usually go to confidential informants who work closely with the agency over a long period, the alert cashier of a New Jersey supermarket earned $100 in about five minutes.

A male customer handed her a $10 bill to pay for a small purchase. The money looked counterfeit to her and she told the customer to wait while she got change from the manager's office. Instead, she told the manager to call the police. The customer, suspicious of the delay, dashed out. But the description the cashier gave enabled police to pick the suspect up. Another phony bill was found in his pocket, and his arrest led to the apprehension of a whole counterfeiting ring.

In two recent instances, the Customs Service paid $38,706 and $50,000 to informers. Both of these cases involved the smuggling of diamonds.

As the result of one tip, $265,000 worth of gems were revealed by X rays to be concealed inside the hollowed-out boards of a box containing glassware that had been shipped from abroad by air express. In the other case, customs agents arrested a woman transatlantic plane passenger. They had been informed she was transporting $494,000 worth of undeclared diamonds. Half of the gems were hidden in the heels of her wedgies, the other half in the framework of her suitcase.

There's a standing reward of $500 per kilogram offered by the Customs Service for information leading to the seizure of smuggled heroin in any U.S. port. Placards in Chinese, Japanese and almost every other language advertise the rate on some of the toughest waterfronts of the world. The Customs Service pledges that any customs officer who gets a valid lead will see to it that the tipster is paid, in cash, immediately after the seizure of the dope, with the identity of the informer fully protected. Cash is also paid for tips leading to smuggled opium, morphine, marijuana or other narcotics. The Narcotics Bureau, incidentally, is reported to have paid as much as $20,000 for information on dope peddling.

The Immigration and Naturalization Service pays small rewards, usually $25 or $50, with a rare top of $100, for information leading to the exposure of an illegal alien.

Not long ago, Federal agents acting on a tip picked up a Hungarian refugee. He seemed like any one of the thousands of freedom-fighters

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who escaped from Hungary after the October, 1956, uprising. Moreover, he seemed to be an ideal immigrant. Soon after his arrival in the U.S., he not only sent for his wife, two small daughters and a woman relative, but, to make a home for them, he held a regular job in a factory and worked part-time in a gas station.

Under questioning, however, this ideal immigrant admitted he had been a captain in the Soviet Army and that, instead of being a freedom fighter, he had been an active Communist. Sending him back to Hungary meant that the real freedom-fighters in this country legitimately could breathe easier. The refugee who had exposed the impostor had done a service to all. A Soviet spy in their midst could mean danger to loved ones still trapped behind the Iron Curtain.

Just how much is paid out each year by Uncle Sam for information can only be approximated. The reason is that reward funds and informer money are hidden away in the over-all allotments of the various Federal agencies.

For example, what the Federal Bureau of Investigation actually pays for tips and the salaries of informers is buried in its $101,450,000 annual appropriation. But the FBI says emphatically that people supply information—and take great personal risks to do so—for many reasons beside the monetary reward.

Quickly cited is Herbert A. Philbrick, a secret agent for the FBI, who joined the Communist Party to bare its machinations. And the Rev. Obadiah Jones, another secret agent, who averaged about $1,400 a year from the FBI for the eight years he spied on the Reds.

One FBI reward is historic. Anna Sage, "The Lady in Red," received $5,000 for putting the finger on notorious bank robber John Dillinger, killed by FBI agents outside a Chicago movie theater in 1934. But Mrs. Sage's moment of glory was brief. In 1936, she was deported to her native Rumania as an undesirable alien after twice being convicted of running disorderly houses.

Last year, confidential tipsters supplied facts that enabled FBI agents to arrest 1,400 persons, and to pass on to other law officers information that resulted in 1,400 additional arrests.

In putting his signet on the seal of secrecy surrounding the confidential informants, J. Edgar Hoover says: "The very basis of our success is the FBI's assurance to this country's citizens that the information they give will be maintained in the strictest confidence in our files."

The informer, no matter what his reason for telling, is the ally of the law. And when somebody is ready to talk, Federal law enforcers are always willing to listen, to check out any tip. As one official puts it: "When it comes to getting information, you don't look a gift horse in the mouth—particularly not if you suspect his teeth might be dirty."

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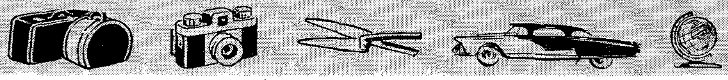

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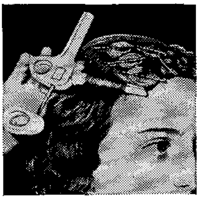

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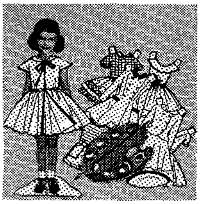

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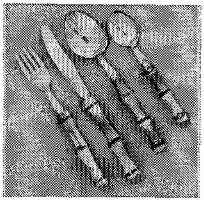
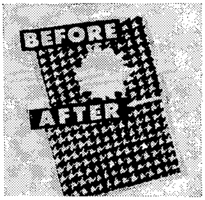
16 PCS. BAMBOO-HANDLED STAINLESS



Four 4-pc. place settings for outdoor dining and practical daily use! Glowing stainless with handles of everlasting whangee-root bamboo for a lifetime of service. 4 knives, 4 forks, 4 teaspoons, 4 soup spoons. 16 pcs. for $3.99 postage *collect from the* Akron, 4367 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 29, Calif. Check or M.O. Money-back guar.

MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME

Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it *at home* in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabricon, Dept. 396, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.



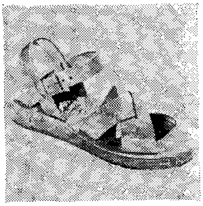
SAFE, SURE INSECT KILLER

Clean house
Kills insects

In 2 hours your home is completely rid of pests. Light Incense Cone, place *in ashtray. Airborne* chemical penetrates every corner, kills flies, ants, moths, gnats, roaches, spiders, bed bugs, etc. Harmless to humans, pets, plants. No after odor. 17 cones $1.00 ppd. Money back guarantee. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-F Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

MADE ENTIRELY BY HAND

Men and women, for that casual feeling, you'll like the easy, airy comfort of these cork platform sandals, handmade of leather imported from India. The natural color, long-wearing Water Buffalo leather is perfect for year-round wear. Brochure available. Sizes 3-13. $7.65 ppd. Bloom's, Dept. CO-68, 311 6th Ave., New York 14, New York.



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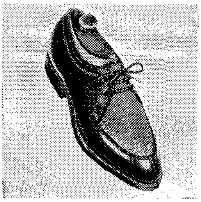
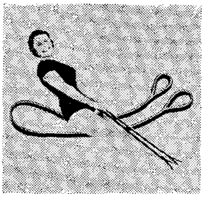
To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 169



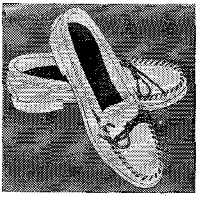
DON'T ENVY TALL MEN . . . BE ONE!

You "grow" almost 2 inches taller . . . instantly . . . when you step into "Elevators." These amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. "Elevators" add to your height, your poise and confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone-Tarlow, Dept. C668, Brockton 68, Mass.



IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE, $1.98

Stretch your way to a trimmer You with new, sturdy rubber Stretch-a-Way. Make any room your private gym. Compl. with chart showing safe method of toning muscles. Improve tummy, thighs, hip & bust measurements. Keep fit, trim. Stores in any drawer. Guar. or money back! $1.98, pstg. pd. Order from Sunset House, 2436 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Cal.



MOCCASINS FIT FOR A QUEEN

Narrow as an arrow are handlaced mocs for the lass who's hard to fit. Over 223 sizes of comfortable mocs for outdoor girls who like to hike or gals who relax indoors. Foam soles; smoke, white, red or taffy leather; full & half sizes 3 to 13. AAAAAA to EEE. Purchases can be exchanged. COD's accepted. $5.95 plus 50¢ post. Milo Fashions, 58-CH Buffum, Lynn, Mass.

FREE HANDWRITING ANALYSIS BOOKS

Analyze handwriting for more income, prestige, success! Earn money on radio, TV, talks, helping others. Eunice Smith, Ohio, reports $224 business result one talk. Ezell Eiland, Texas, $20.00 an hour! Exciting, uncrowded field! Write for free 48-page book. Trial lesson. I.G.A.S., Inc., Desk FS, 2307 National Station, Springfield, Missouri.

F. Chester Brown
30 Smith Street
Babylon, L.I. N.Y.

DE LUXE RUBBER STAMP

Personalize all your stationery, envelopes, bills, checks, receipts, books, music—even clothing! Your name and address stamp, inking pad, in smart, unbreakable brown plastic 2½" case. Fits in purse or pocket. For home, office, school, gifts! Prevents loss, errors! Up to 4 lines of type. $2.00 ppd. St. Regis Workshop, Dept. C-6, Box 22, Babylon, N. Y.

Silver

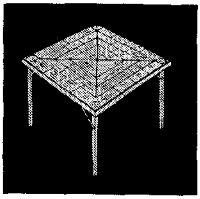
As I went on duty at the hospital one night, I heard the depressing report that another patient was not expected to live through the night. I walked down the hall wondering why I hadn't had the sense to become a secretary or a clerk, or almost anything except a nurse.

As I started past Miss "K.'s" door, she called me. She was a pathetic case. A former teacher, she had Parkinson's disease and arthritis. Her head was drawn forward, her hands were claw-like and her lower jaw was in constant tremor, making

SOUTH PACIFIC

SAVE $1.00 REG. $4.98 SPECIAL $3.98

New RCA L.P. "South Pacific" album. All the fabulous songs from Rodgers' & Hammerstein's greatest musical. Original sound-track from the thrilling new movie. An exceptional bargain! Send Check or M.O. for $3.98, get this album postpaid and Cut-Rate Record Catalog Free. House of Records, P.O. Box 2891, Sarasota, Florida.



CHURCHES, WOMEN'S CLUBS, SOCIETIES

Earn $50 to $500 Cash, plus 24 card tables simply by selling advertising space on the table tops—to local merchants who gladly cooperate. 6 different plans to pick from. No risk, nothing to pay, not even freight charges. Established 1940. A sure method to earn money and tables for your group. Write F. W. Mathers, Dept. C. T., Mt. Ephraim, N. J. (Camden County)

Linings

it extremely difficult for her to speak. Through all her illness, however, her deformities were scarcely noticeable in the light of her personality.

She had learned that I was of Irish descent, and she'd remembered a little song she thought I'd like.

Listening to Miss "K." singing softly (so she wouldn't "waken any of those poor, *sick* people") "How Ireland Got Its Name"—I wouldn't have traded jobs with anyone in the world.

—TERESA PULLEY

INSTANT
PROTECTION
SPAIRE
IN A CAN
TIRE OR FIRE

SPAIRE TIRE IN A CAN

Spaire, amazing tire inflator, every car needs it. End dirty, annoying tire changing, inflates tire in just 90 seconds. Connect valve and presto, job is done. Also puts out fires. Won Mechanix Illustrated "Bright Idea" Award. At car dealers and gas stations or send $2.50 to Spaire, Liquid Glaze Inc., Lansing, Michigan. Prepaid.

LIVE LONGER, BETTER IN FLORIDA

At Highlands Park Estates on Highlands Lake (Lake Istokpoga) near Sebring. Spacious ¼ acre homesites only $10 down, $10 monthly; full price $595. Write for Free brochures & details. Get full info. on how we can help you plan, build, and finance your Low Cost, Tax-Exempt home. Florida Realty Bureau, Inc., Dept. YC6, 520 N.E. 79th St., Miami 38, Florida.

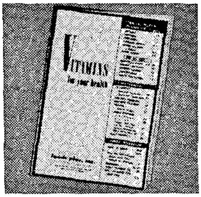
BABY
CALCULATOR

REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY $2.95

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home, students, tax work. Send name, address. $2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. ($3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. V-85, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

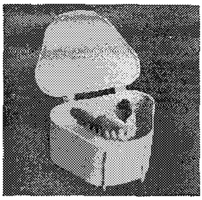
NATURAL HAIRPIECE FOR MEN

Now! — a realistic hairpiece, by Louis Feder. Looks, feels like your own hair; friends invariably approve. Comb it, sleep in it, swim in it—it's hurricane-proof! Individually designed. Choice of styles, including popular crew cut. Average price $170. Write for Booklet A, "The Only Solution to Baldness." House of Louis Feder, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17.



NEW VITAMIN BOOKLET

A free booklet is now available on the uses of vitamins for infants, children, teen-agers, average adults, older people and special categories. This booklet also shows how to save up to 50% by buying vitamins direct from manufacturer. For your free copy, send post card with the words "vitamin booklet" to Foods Plus, Dept. 265, New York 36, N. Y.



NEW! HYGIENIC DENTURE BATH

Den-Shur-Cup to meet your denture care needs at last! Safe, appropriate container is unbreakable opaque plastic. Spill-proof sealed lid, slip-proof finger grips. Endorsed by dentists —over 140,000 in use for dentures, plates, bridgework. Specify white, pink, blue, green. $1.00 ppd. Cash, ck., or m.o. from Den-Shur-Cup Co., 3092E Steinway St., Long Island City, N.Y.

LIFE INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

If under 80, you can still apply for a $1000 regular Old Line Legal Reserve life insurance policy. Entire transaction handled by mail. No one will call on you. Mail post card or letter today. Give name, address & age. Complete info. sent by return mail. Address Old American Insurance Company, 1 West 9th Street, Dept. L625M, Kansas City, Missouri.

(Continued on next page)

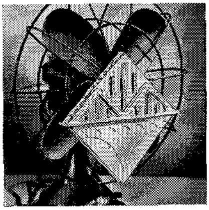
Silver Linings continued

MY THIRD GRADE class had a favorite game in which one pupil flashed cards with addition problems while two pupils raced to see who could answer first correctly. The winner then moved to the next child and so on until each one had raced against another.

In the class were two children who were handicapped, one mentally and the other physically. Sue could work only the simplest problems. Sam, although physically retarded was excellent in his studies.

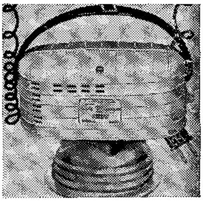
$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-NZ, Lynn, Massachusetts.



2-WAY AIR CONDITIONER $1

Beat summer heat, enjoy cool breezes without cost. Simply attach to any fan, fill water tank, and turn on. Evaporation chills and conditions air. Also perfect for humidifying dry indoor air. Fits any fan or grilled air duct. Only $1.00 ppd. Money back guarantee. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-F Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.



REDUCE FAT—RELIEVE ACHES & PAINS

Body massager used in privacy of home, firms flabby tissues! Reduces unwanted bulges. For aches & pains due to overexercise. Gives you a more youthful, graceful figure. Marvelous stimulant for poor circulation. U. L. approved. Standard model $9.98. Amazing Deluxe model $12.98 ppd. Body Massager Co., Dept. B-15, 403 Market St., Newark, N. J.

"35-PLUS" ROYAL JELLY

Sensational Royal Jelly, offered as a new food supplement in convenient liquid or capsules. In the bee kingdom, it has always been the miraculous food of the Queen Bee, 25 Capsules for $3.00, 50 for $5.00. Liquid (3-week supply) 15 cc for $5.00, 30 cc for $8.00. Check or money order to Bio-Labs, Inc., Dept. C, 34 Grove Street, Ridgefield, Connecticut.

WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

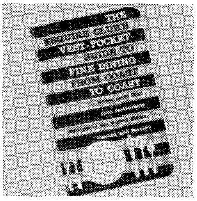
Men-women! Qualify for hundreds fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts coast-to-coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. P116, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.

COLOR MURALS BEAUTIFY WALLS

Beautiful 32 page book on murals. Shows variety of color subjects available; Do-it-yourself suggestions, lighting, window treatments, etc. Living rms., offices, recreation rooms, dens, windowless areas all take on a spacious new look with murals—65"x45" only $8.95. Send 25¢. (deducted from first order) Arrow Photo Mural. 523 Plymouth Ct., Chicago 5.

AMAZING NEW ELECTRIC SCISSORS

puts magic in palm of your hand. (Especially useful for persons with arthritis.) Quick, accurate, effortless cutting. Plug in, press button. Cuts thin, heavy fabrics, double thickness of materials & pattern. Thumb operated button. Easy to grip. Goes around corners easily. Compl. with carrying case $9.95 ppd. Newark Dressmaker Supply, 140-C Halsey, Newark, N. J.



*** FREE OFFER! QUANTITY LIMITED!**

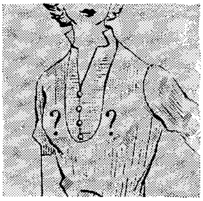
150-pg. pocketsize Guide lists 2500 of America's top restaurants. Gives complete "inside" information—cuisine, specialties, entertainment, etc., carefully prepared by editors of Esquire—foremost authority on gracious living. Send only 25¢ in coin for postage and handling to Esquire Club "Guide." Dept. CC68, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, New York 19, N. Y.

The class realized the differences and were always kind and helpful.

One day I let Joan be the leader and flash the cards. Sam was ahead of all the others when he reached Sue. Joan shuffled the cards until she found the easiest addition numbers. Sam, sensing that Joan wanted to give Sue a chance, waited until Sue could count and happily call out the answers. For the first time in her life, and probably the last, Sue won a game of mental skills.

Every child in that class knew Sam had let Sue win, but no one ever let her know or spoiled her triumph.

—JEAN WIDAMAN



AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., authorized dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. C, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, N. Y.

POSTES MONACO

FAMOUS POSTAGE STAMPS

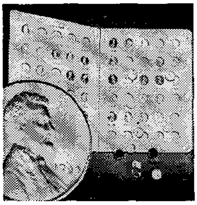
Stamps become famous for their age, their extreme beauty or their scarcity. Then they advance faster in value than others. Our specialty are low priced famous stamps offered on approval. Just send only 10¢ for Monaco Elephant, U. S. Edison, San Marino Dog and 100 more. Additional approval stamps included. Globus Stamps 268 4th Av., 14A, N.Y. 10, N.Y.

SAVE COSTLY PLUMBING BILLS

Free Booklet offered on How to clean clogged-up Sinks, House-to-Street Sewers, Toilets, Urinals up to 200 ft. Easy to trigger, new Plumbers Flush Gun uses Water Impact to melt away Roots, Grease, Rags. Amazingly effective. Write now, or Phone Kildare 5-1702, Free Details, Miller Sewer Tools, Dept. CR-J, 4642 N. Central Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois.

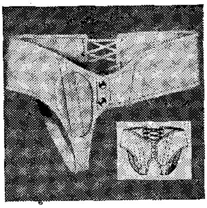
EASY WAY TO FILE CHECKS—$1

Check-Safe holds 800 cancelled checks, a 5-yr. record. Safe, clean—always in place for easy reference. Helps budget. Keep a check on personal spending habits. Green Ripplette covered box, gold stamped. 7¼" x 5" x 3¼". Tab index dividers incl. Guar, or money back! Only $1 postage paid. Order Check-Safe *Sunset House*, 2428 *Sunset* Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Cal.



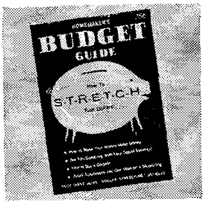
59 LINCOLN CENTS WORTH $35-$120

according to leading U.S. coin authorities. There are spaces for 59 Lincoln cents in this album ($1). Some easy to find, others harder to come by. All Cents Are In Circulation! Save other sets worth hundreds of dollars. All information sent with 1st album. Send $1 to Hobbies Unlimited, Box 97, Dept. C-9, Oakland Gardens Station, Flushing, New York.



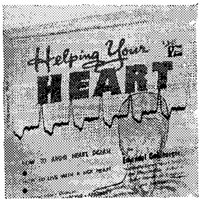
AMAZING NEW RUPTURE RELIEF

Rupture-Easer.® Patented, strong, form-fitting cloth support for reducible inguinal hernia. No fitting, adjustable. Soft flat foam pad. Washable. For men, women. Give measure around lower abdomen. State right, left, double. $4.95 single, $5.95 double. Postpaid except on COD's. *Piper Brace, Dept.* CX68, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Missouri.



STRETCH YOUR DOLLARS

"Homemaker's Budget Guide," an invaluable pocket-size book shows how you can buy more, save more, and secure your financial future all on your present income. Hundreds of money-saving ideas. Written by experts. "Homemaker's Budget Guide" on sale at all newsstands or send 35¢ to P. O. Box 402, Radio City Station, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

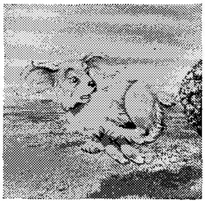


HELP YOUR HEART! LIVE LONGER!

Dr. Emanuel Goldberger's *amazing book*, 128 pgs, 65 photos, diagram. Heart specialist tells how to help your heart stay 'young,' vigorous; helps you live longer without needless worry over high blood pressure, hardening of arteries; how to curb heart disease, headaches, dizziness, difficult breathing. Send $1 to U.S. Health Club, Dept. C, Bergenfield, N. J.

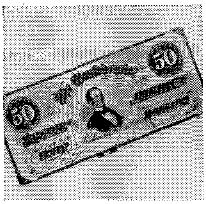
(*Continued on next page*)

STOP DOG AND CAT DAMAGE—$1



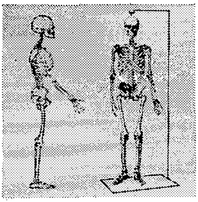
Dog Wicks are perfect solution for repelling pets. One sniff, away they'll run! Hang chemical Wick on shrub or branch. Safe, harmless to animals. Use inside or out—protects lawns, garbage pails, flowers, furniture. Trains your pets & neighbor's dogs. Guar. or money back! Pack of 20 $1, pstg. pd. Sunset House, 2445 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Calif.

$1,000,000.00 IN CONFEDERATE MONEY



in genuine, authentic reproductions for $2.98. Be a deep-south millionaire with money to burn. Do everything with this money but spend it. A million bucks in $10's, $20's, $50's, etc. Light your cigarettes or cigars with a ten-spot. A million for $2.98 or 4 million for $10. Ppd. Body Massager Co., Dept. M-299, 401 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

ONE FT. HIGH HUMAN SKELETON MODEL



Developed after yrs. of research, this precise working scale model of a human skeleton is perfectly articulated, anatomically accurate. Fine for doctors, nurses, students; for children or dad's den, desk, office, etc. (And what a gag!). Easy to assemble. With numbered identification chart, $2.95; with stand, $3.95 ppd. Chabon Scientific, 411 Lincoln Bldg., N.Y. 17.

NUTRIA . . . NEWEST OPPORTUNITY

New fur-bearing animal now being bred in U.S. Offers huge profits to breeders. 15 to 20 young per yr. 1½¢ per day to feed. Any Climate, disease resistant. The Cabana Marrone strain is obtainable Only through Cabana Nutria, Inc., & its authorized dealers & distributors. For free bklt. write: Cabana Nutria, Inc., Dept. 22, 636-C, W. Lemon Ave., Arcadia, Cal.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY FAST

Full or Part Time. Everybody's talking "Reducing." Tell 'em about Redusan—the faster method that reduces overweight. You can lose 1 to 5 lbs. a week—eat often—feel satisfied! Show men—or women—the proven Redusan Method. Unique chain-selling plan earns big repeat profits. Free Samples & full info. Write Visan Labs., Box 1037, Dept. C-68, Burbank, Cal.

RESORT and TRAVEL

Coronet readers planning vacations and trips will find interesting places to visit in this new section.

ATLANTIC CITY

VACATION CAPITAL OF THE NATION

Atlantic City combines all the elements of a good, carefree, funloving time—a threefold paradise of health, climate and entertainment—recreation for every age—amusement for every taste—fine accommodations in hundreds of hotels & motels for every pocket. For information write to Department C-3, Convention Hall, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

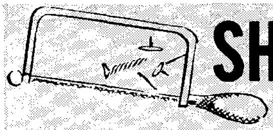
NEW YORK STATE

THE NEVELE, Ellenville, Vacationing At Its Best The Year 'Round. Waikiki Indoor Pool and Health Club. 100% Air-Conditioned. Olympic Outdoor Filtered Pool and Aquabana. Golf Course—Riding—Tennis—All Sports. Entertainment Nightly—3 Bands—Day Camp. Under 2 Hrs. from N. Y. C.

U. S. A.

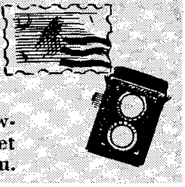
*FREE Offer! Esquire Club's 150-page Vest-Pocket Guide to Fine Dining, lists 2500 of America's top restaurants. Listings include type of cuisine, specialties, entertainment facilities, etc. All restaurants carefully screened by editors of Esquire. Quantity limited. *Send only 25¢ in coin for postage and handling to Esquire Club "Guide," Dept. C68, P.O. Box 402, Radio City P.O., New York 19, New York.

TO RESORT & TRAVEL ADVERTISERS: More than 3,000,000 Coronet families regularly take extended travel vacations. You can reach them effectively and economically through Coronet Family Shopper's Resort Travel Section. For full information write to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

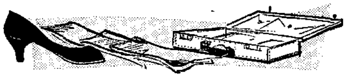
HOLD Cosmetic Parties. Earn $25 for 3 hours work. Make 60% profit. Hire others. Everything furnished. Send name for full details and free usable samples. Write Studio Girl Cosmetics, Party Div. 1886R, 3618 San Fernando Road, Glendale, California.

MAKE Money Spare Time Sewing Babywear—Play-Time Dresses; lacing Leather Moccasins; New Baby Sandals. Make $50-$100 and more, fast, easy! No house selling! Rush stamped, addressed envelope. Cutie Cuties, Warsaw 151, Indiana.

MAKE Money Sewing at Home, part or full time. We instruct. No selling. Free details: Jud-San, Box 2107, Dept. F, Cleveland 2, Ohio.

FREE shoe style booklet for Narrow Feet! New Spring-Summer fashions, widths to AAAAAA (6A's—count 'em), sizes to 12. Order by mail—perfect fit guaranteed or money back. Write for Booklet A: Mooney & Gilbert, 17 West 57 St., New York, N. Y.

WIDE *Shoes for Women. See biggest selection of* new summer styles & colors in your own home. Choose from all heel heights, widths C to EEE, all sizes 4 to 12. Only $4.95 to $10.95, money back guarantee. Write for free 16-page summer fashion catalog now. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.



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(*Continued on next page*)

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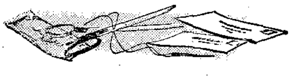

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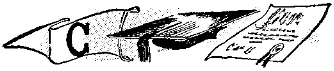

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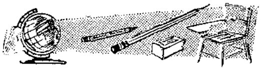

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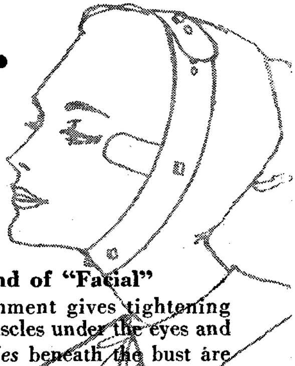

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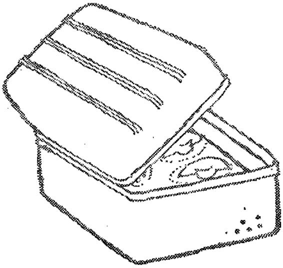
This small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercise" without making the user tired. No effort is required; she simply places small circular pads or "Beauty Belts" over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen...and other parts of her body, turns a dial...and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests...*at home.*

When used during a diet regimen, the tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused by weight loss.



New kind of "Facial"

A "Facial" attachment gives tightening exercise to the muscles under the eyes and chin. Chest *muscles* beneath the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing, massage-like exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

Relax-A-cizor looks much like a small make-up case. Measures 11" x 9" x 6"; weighs about 9 pounds.

This new method requires only 30 minutes daily use...even less after the first month. It is used while the user rests, reads, watches TV...or even during sleep.

It is completely safe. Because there is no effort the user gets the full benefit of active exercise—but without any feeling of tiredness. The results are as beneficial as the usually prescribed "reducing exercises."

Clinically Tested by Physicians

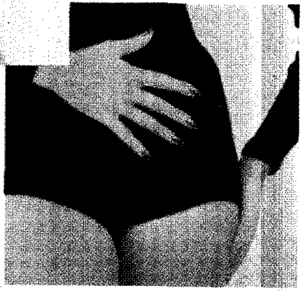
Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment, in the home. Expertly trained consultants are available for both men and women.

(Advertisement)

REPLACEMENT OR ★ REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



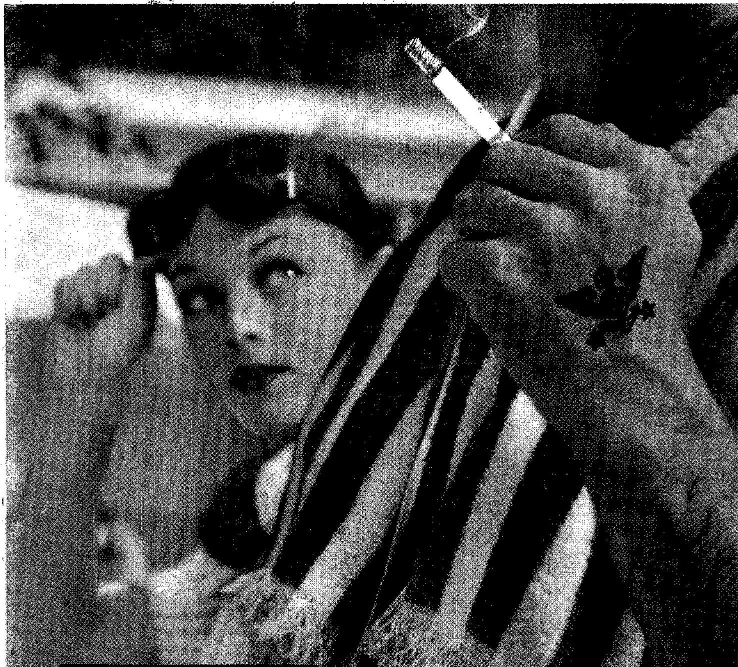
Has Many Uses

Relax-A-cizor has uses for the entire family. Husbands use it to trim down their bulging waistlines...and, also to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a day of bending over a desk. High school sons use it to exercise sore throwing arms. Big sister finds it helpful for exercise of chest muscles. Grandfather uses it for soothing, massage-like exercise of back, feet and leg muscles.

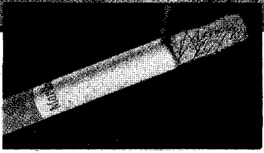
National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine...whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" says: "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" praised it in a double-page editorial story.

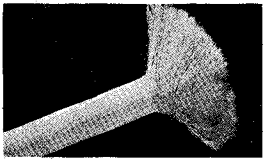
Where there's a Man...
there's a Marlboro



The cigarette designed for men that women like.

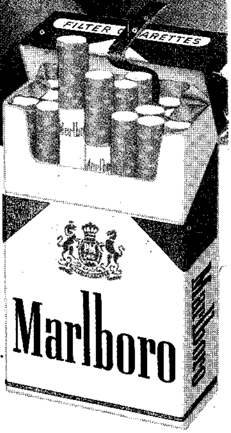


A long white ash—always a sign of good tobacco and a mild smoke.



The "filter flower" shows the cellulose acetate (the modern effective filter material) in just one Marlboro exclusive Selectrate Filter.

Mild-burning Marlboro combines a prized recipe (created in Richmond, Virginia) of the world's great tobaccos with a cellulose acetate filter of consistent dependability. You get big friendly flavor with all the mildness a man could ask for.



Sturdiest box of all—
with the exclusive self-starter

Marlboro

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